



R. B. Bacon

THE
AMERICAN
WHIG REVIEW.

“TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION.”

JULY, 1852.

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W. Corwin

THE

AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

No. XCI.

FOR JULY, 1852.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

WE confess we had a little curiosity, a few weeks ago, to know what would be the precise result of the Democratic Convention. For the first time in many years, public sentiment had failed to indicate with any degree of certainty, before the meeting of that body, who would finally be selected as the standard-bearers—we had almost said the *pall-bearers*—of the party. Perhaps the difficulty of predicting who would be the nominees was not a little enhanced by the somewhat miscellaneous character of the candidates themselves. A more perfect specimen of political mosaic, than was exhibited by the different aspirants for the nomination, was scarcely ever beheld. Joseph's coat was but an inadequate emblem of their grotesque hues. Internal improvements and anti-internal improvements, intervention and non-intervention, the high tariff democracy of Pennsylvania and the free trade democracy of Virginia and South Carolina, strict construction and latitudinarianism, old hunkerism and free-soil, the ribald democracy of Tom Paine and the black cockade of ancient federalism, as exhibited in Messrs. Cass and Buchanan, and last and least, old fogysm and Young America; all these principles, antagonistical as they are to each other, were advocated with apparent earnestness and sincerity by the different candidates for the honors of that

Convention. To an indifferent spectator, the idea of mingling oil and water would seem like quite a rational and feasible undertaking, when compared with the attempt to unite in harmonious action the rampant advocates of these conflicting principles. Black and white, light and darkness, are not more opposite. No wonder, therefore, that among political men speculation was rife at an early day as to which color of the motley group should become the popular favorite of the national Democracy. Nor was it at all certain that any serious attempt would be made to fix upon or adopt any particular *single color* for a party standard. It seemed much more probable to reflecting men, that the flag which the Democracy would ultimately run up would be "a striped flag," exhibiting all the colors of the rainbow. If not, the alternative would be to nominate a man who entertained no settled opinions upon any important question on which the party were divided, reserving to the different sections of the party the privilege of imputing to him, as to the chameleon, any shade of opinion which might be agreeable to the beholder, (depending of course upon the point of compass from which he was observed,) and claim *that* to be the true complexion of his political faith. This would have been quite in keeping with the general character and conduct of the party. In-

deed, it is an old trick with the Democracy. They have gained by it a temporary triumph in many a hard-fought field. The "judicious tariff" letter of General Jackson is one of the earliest instances that now occurs to us of the successful adoption of this policy. A judicious tariff at the North meant high protection. At the South it indicated a system of horizontal duties. With General Jackson himself it signified anything or nothing. Another and later instance we recollect, in which the same game was played successfully. We refer to the campaign of 1844. Every body remembers the celebrated Kane letter, as well as the deceptive sentiment of "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of 1842," which was blazoned in bold characters on every Democratic banner in Pennsylvania, in the animated canvass of that year. What intelligent Whig has forgotten with what audacious effrontery all the leading Democratic organs of the North assured the people that Mr. Polk was a better tariff man than Mr. Clay, while at the South he was held up as the exclusive champion of free trade? And who does not know that, without that bold swindle, the gallant Kentucky courser would have won the race, distancing the dishonest nag of Tennessee?

Indeed, the Democratic party is an anomaly. It has in history no prototype or parallel. It has rarely gained a victory, either State or national, by an honest and straight-forward avowal of its principles. And the instances are few, indeed, in which it has carried out in power the policy it has professed while seeking it. We know this is strong language and a bold charge to apply to a great and powerful party. But for its exact and literal truth we confidently appeal to history. Before that august and impartial tribunal are we willing the truth and justice of the charge should be tested.

We will cite a few examples. Take the most popular and powerful of the Democratic Presidents, General Jackson. What was the platform on which he was elected President? It was in some respects plain and specific. The wayfaring man, though a fool, could not fail to understand it. He complained of the extravagance of his predecessor, and promised to reduce the national expenses. He redeemed this pledge by quadrupling the annual disbursements. He denounced Mr. Adams for removing from office his political enemies, and appointing

his friends in their places, and promised to "proscribe proscription," if he should be elected. This promise he fulfilled by removing from office more political opponents than all the administrations which had preceded him put together. He censured the practice of appointing members of Congress to office, as tending to corruption, and pledged himself to reform this abuse. During his administration, he appointed to office twenty members of Congress for every one that any of his predecessors had appointed in the same period of time. He condemned, in the strongest language, the practice of office-holders interfering in elections, and promised effectually to arrest it, if the people would give him their suffrages. Instead of reproving office-holders under him for such interference, he made that their principal duty. He was the original author of the doctrine of "one Presidential term," and proclaimed this in the canvass which resulted in his election, as a cardinal principle of his administration. Yet, in the face of this pledge, at the close of his first term, he sought through his friends and accepted a second nomination. In short, every important pledge which he made previous to his election, and by which he obtained the popular suffrages, he unscrupulously violated during his administration.

The only answer to these specifications which any attorney for the Democracy can put in, (even under the Code,) is, that so long a time has elapsed since General Jackson's administration closed, that the statute of limitations has run upon it. We do not know that we should blame them for interposing such an answer, inasmuch as it is the *only* defense which is available. And whatever consolation such a plea is calculated to administer, the party is of course entitled to the benefit of it. To avoid, however, all such ponderous objections, we will specify another instance.

Take the case of Mr. Polk, who was a *projection* of General Jackson, and the last example of a Democratic administration. What were the principles upon which he came into power? We answer: *First*, he proclaimed himself a friend of a protective tariff in the *Kane letter*, and that letter was universally interpreted at the North, particularly in Pennsylvania, as pledging both him and his administration to the support of the tariff of 1842. Nor was this con-

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struction a forced one. On the contrary, it was quite natural. Mark the circumstances under which the letter was written. It was addressed to a gentleman of Philadelphia, and designed for the Pennsylvania market. The Whigs in that State had universally asserted that, if Mr. Polk was elected President, the tariff of 1842 would be repealed. The Democrats denied the charge, and, as an evidence that it was false, the Kane letter was published in all the organs of the party. Immediately after its publication, the inscription of "*Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of 1842,*" was placed upon the banners of the Democracy at all their popular demonstrations; and as an evidence of the truth of the sentiment indicated by that inscription, the Kane letter was read from the stump by all the orators of the Democracy *who could read*. The audacious impudence of the thing shocked the moral sense of the country. Every intelligent man knew that Mr. Polk was one of the deadliest enemies of the protective principle, and yet this letter represented him as one of its warmest friends. The game was entirely successful. The deception was complete. The twenty-six electoral votes of Pennsylvania were carried for Mr. Polk on the strength of the hopes excited by that letter, and the adroit use that was made of it by unscrupulous partisans.

Notwithstanding all this, no sooner was the election over, and Mr. Polk comfortably seated in the executive chair, than he recommended the repeal of the "*tariff of 1842,*" which many a simple Pennsylvanian supposed was a part of the Democratic ticket. The recommendation was effectual. That tariff, on the merits of which the great Democratic party of the North dared not make an issue before the people, and for which they were compelled to feign a friendship during the canvass, was repealed as soon as the election was over. It is true, it required the casting vote of Pennsylvania's favorite son, Mr. Vice-President Dallas, to accomplish the object. But the victim was ready, and the sacrifice cheerfully made.

Now we ask, in all soberness and sincerity, if the act of obtaining the suffrages of half a million of freemen, by falsely pretending to favor a great and cherished object of national policy, is not a fraud, as much more atrocious than the act of obtaining goods under false pretenses, as the election of a President of the United States is more im-

portant than the sale of a crate of crockery? But this is not all. Previous to the election of 1844, both Mr. Polk and the Convention which nominated him were committed, as unequivocally as the English language could commit them, to the policy of "*fifty-four forty, or fight.*" This was another of the inscriptions which graced the banners of the Democracy, both North and South, in that memorable campaign. "*The whole or none*" of Oregon was the popular war-cry with which the ears of the nation were stunned. The patriotic sentiment graced the columns of the whole Democratic press. It was emblazoned, in conspicuous letters, on all their banners, as they gaily floated in the breeze. The capacious lungs of the party were put in requisition, to make it resound through the land, and ambulatory orators shouted it from every stump. Indeed, the sentiment was set to music, so universally was it adopted. And, even after the election was over, and the President and his cabinet were comfortably installed in their offices, the confidential organ of the Executive proclaimed, with emphasis and apparent sincerity, in led columns of elaborate editorial "long drawn out," that on this subject the President had "put down his foot," and he would "take no step backwards." Over and over again, in every form in which the doctrine could be asserted, and by all the accredited exponents of Democracy, was the American title to Oregon, up to 54° 40', proclaimed to be good and without a flaw. And from this position there was to be no retreat. The colors of the Democracy were nailed to the mast. This was the "*ultimatum.*" Our readers but too well remember the mortifying result of all this swaggering. And if there was an unusual disparity between the amount of territory so vociferously and confidently claimed and the amount we were finally compelled to put up with, all we can say is, that, in the felicitous language of Mr. Webster, "it is not the first time, in the history of human events, that the vigor and success of the war have not quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto."

Nor is this facility of practically disregarding after the election the principles it has solemnly professed before it occurred, confined to the Democratic party of the nation alone. On the contrary, the same party, in almost every State in the Union, have put

into successful operation the same system of tactics in their local elections. We might cite a score of instances in proof of this position, but shall limit ourselves to a single specification as a fair sample of the whole. Take for example the last election for State officers in the State of New-York. The Legislature had enacted a law for the purpose of enlarging the State canals, those great arteries of trade and prolific sources of wealth and power. Before its enactment, the Democratic members of the Legislature had struggled desperately to defeat the passage of the law; and when all other expedients had failed to accomplish that object, had, by a midnight conspiracy, resorted even to the radical and revolutionary measure of a concerted and simultaneous resignation of their seats. Special elections had been held to fill the vacancies thus created, and the verdict of the people triumphantly sustained the policy of canal enlargement, and indignantly rebuked the agrarian movement which was designed to defeat it. An extra session of the Legislature had been called, and the act providing for the enlargement of the canals was promptly carried through all the necessary forms, and became a law of the State, though it had encountered the fiercest opposition of the Democratic members at every stage of its passage. At this critical juncture of affairs, the two great parties called their Conventions for the purpose of nominating State officers. The Whigs boldly avowed themselves to be the friends of the canal policy, and charged their political opponents with being its implacable foes. The Democrats roundly denied the charge, and their State Convention, after presenting to the electors a ticket for State officers, unanimously passed a resolution directly committing the party to the policy of canal enlargement. The Whigs all over the State asserted that this resolution was designed for political effect; that it was either false in its terms or deceptive in its import; that the Democratic nominees were actually opposed to the law, and that, if elected, they would do all in their power to thwart its execution. These declarations alarmed the Democratic candidates, who had sagacity enough to perceive that the popular current was strongly setting in favor of enlargement. They accordingly came out, over their own signatures, just previous to the election, avowed themselves in a public card designed

for the perusal of the electors to be the friends of the law, and explicitly declared that, if elected, they would carry out with fairness and fidelity all its provisions. The people took them at their word. Most of the Democratic nominees were elected by small majorities. They got the control of the Canal Board by thus publicly avowing themselves to be the friends of the canal policy. And the world is now gazing with amazement at the cool assurance with which the State officers have turned their backs upon the solemn pledges which they gave the people before their election, and the fiendish malice with which they have procured the annulment of the law.

Now, we ask if these instances are not abundantly sufficient to establish the justice of our charge? Do they not exhibit, on the part of the Democratic party, such a want of respect for its public professions, such a numbness of conscience, such a reckless defiance of the public judgment, as is most corrupting in its influence upon the political morality of the country, and would fully justify an entire withdrawal of the public confidence from its customary declaration of political faith? If not, we confess we know not by what means public confidence can be forfeited, or the moral sense of a great party debauched. What can be more corrupting in its influence, or more humiliating as an example to the admirers of republican institutions, than to see a deliberative body of educated men, experienced in affairs, holding respectable social positions, and claiming to act as the representative delegates of one half of the freemen of this great nation, coolly setting themselves at work to construct a platform designed to be expressive of the political faith of those for whom they act, with the deliberate intention (to be carried into practical effect as soon as they get the power) of setting it at utter defiance in the administration of the offices which they acquire by means of its erection? And yet such has been the habitual practice of the Democratic party, ever since its first organization. We think we have sufficiently established this position by the instances we have already cited.

This particular trait in the character of the party is doubtless a necessary result of the incongruous elements of which it is composed. There are hardly any two sections of the country, for instance, in which demo-

cracy means the same thing. The Democrats of the South are generally sturdy advocates of free trade. At the North, particularly in Pennsylvannia, they favor protection. At the West, they advocate a moderate system of internal improvements. At the South, that system is considered unconstitutional. Among the Democrats of the North and West, the doctrine of intervention commands a high premium. With the Southern Democracy it is at a great discount. Nor is democracy the same thing at different periods of time. The Democratic party, for instance, have established a National Bank at one time; at another, they have overthrown it. They have scouted the Sub-Treasury system, as a financial scheme by an almost unanimous vote, and in a few years after, as unanimously established it. At one time they have passed revenue laws imposing high protective duties; at another, they have repealed them because they were unconstitutional. Under some Democratic administrations millions have been graciously appropriated for purposes of internal improvements. Under others, laws of precisely the same character have encountered the Presidential veto—that extreme medicine of the Constitution. When it became manifest that he could not be reëlected, Mr. Polk thought one Presidential term the most democratic; when it was obvious that he could be, General Jackson thought two terms not too much. Even at as late a period as the commencement of the present session of Congress, a caucus of the Democratic members rejected a resolution endorsing the Compromise measures as a final settlement. At the recent Baltimore Convention that was the only point on which all the candidates agreed.

Thus it will be seen, that what the party consider canonical and orthodox in one place, is entirely heterodox in another; and what is sound democracy one day is “flat burglary” the next. In short, if we were called upon to give a definition of democracy that would hold water at all times and in all places, we should feel constrained to summon the inspired Shakspeare to our aid. In one of his most popular plays, the following dialogue occurs:

“*Shallow*.— . . . Accommodated! It comes from *accommodo*. Very good; a good phrase.

“*Bardolph*.—Pardon me, sir. I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? By the good day, I

know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated. That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.”—HENRY IV., *First Part*.

So, the only definition of democracy which would be perfectly accurate, and suit all latitudes and all times, must be constructed upon a somewhat similar principle. Democracy is, when a party is, as they say, democratic; or when a party is—being—whereby—it may be thought to be democratic, “*which is an excellent thing*.”

If the celebrated sentiment of Patrick Henry be correct, that the only safe way of judging the future conduct of a party is by its past history, then no one can attach any great importance to any of the resolutions adopted by the Democracy at their late Convention, or any professions their candidates may make. From the imperfect sketch we have given of the party, it sufficiently appears that it would be as absurd to expect to bind them by their most solemn pledges as it was to think of binding Samson with the green withes. They would break them with equal facility the moment they apprehended the Philistines were upon them.

But, notwithstanding the proceedings of the Convention afford no satisfactory indication of the future policy of the party, yet it is unquestionably our duty, as a matter of courtesy, to pay our respects to them. The deliberate action of such an assembly of our fellow-citizens is certainly entitled to a passing notice at our hands. The principle upon which they were convened imparted to their proceedings something of a majestic air. They were called together for the avowed purpose of giving outward expression to the will of the national Democracy. They claimed to act as the accredited exponents of that will. The object of their deliberation was one of the highest importance and dignity. It was a Convention of the delegated Democracy, assembled from the extreme parts of the Union, to designate the man whom they wished to have occupy the most conspicuous and honorable position in the world—that of the chosen ruler of a great, and powerful, and intelligent, and free people. There is always something of grandeur in the action of popular masses on such occasions, especially when the excitement is high

and the subject of their action is one of intense popular interest. The eyes of a nation of freemen are bent upon them with a look of lively anxiety, which is reflected back by the assembly with equal animation. The excitement, in such cases, is mutual, and reciprocally magnetic. The masses are anxious to know the result of the action of their delegates; the delegates covet the popular approbation. And when the result is proclaimed, a tempest of passionate and ungovernable emotion is always exhibited. It matters not what may have been the action of the Convention,—whether it has been judicious and discreet, or rash and inconsiderate,—the Democratic masses are equally wild with excitement. This is a necessary consequence of our free institutions. To many the spectacle is an odious one, because it is turbulent and stormy. To us it is always agreeable, because it is natural. Indeed, there is a kind of sublimity in these enthusiastic demonstrations of the popular masses. They may possess many features which are by no means attractive. They may be intemperate, ungovernable, tempestuous, wild. Yet they always have some of the elements of true poetry in them. They are like the roaring of the forest, when the summer wind passes over it. Nor is the popular excitement which attends such events at all likely to diminish as we grow older. On the contrary, as we advance in years, it will naturally augment with our expanding population and power. And, if it does not ultimately swell into a tempest, that will sweep away all the barriers of our Constitution, it will doubtless tend to purify the political atmosphere, by the very violence of its action.

But it becomes our duty to notice another and less attractive feature of this Convention. It styled itself a Democratic Convention. It claimed to represent the national Democracy. It avowed its confidence in the Democratic creed. And those who expect to find any harmony between its declaration of faith, and the principles which governed its action, are doomed to be sadly disappointed in its proceedings. One of the very first rules it adopted was a practical repudiation of every democratic sentiment. Democracy indicates the absolute sovereignty of the popular will. A democratic government is a government of a majority of wills. Whatever the majority sanctions is absolute law. Nor is this

an *incident*, merely, of democracy. It is of its very essence and nature. It is a fundamental, indispensable element in its composition. Without that element democracy is but an empty name. A true Democrat, therefore, when he ascertains clearly what the will of the majority is, is religiously bound to do all in his power to carry it into practical effect. This is the principal article in his creed. If he is unwilling to live up to it, he is no Democrat. He is an enemy of democracy. He practically repudiates it, and, of course, can have no faith in its principles. If he claims to be a Democrat, and refuses to submit to the will of the majority, he is a hypocrite. He is but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

When, therefore, the Democratic Convention adopted a resolution requiring a vote of two thirds of the delegates to make a valid nomination, they declared, in effect, that the majority should not rule. They turned their backs upon a cardinal doctrine of the Democratic creed. They discarded the only principle by which genuine democracy is distinguished. They rejected the keystone of the arch. And they must not be much surprised, therefore, if an intelligent people decline to repose much confidence in their profession of democratic faith. Nor is this the first time the same party have adopted that arbitrary rule for the government of their National Conventions. They adopted it in 1848. And it was through the instrumentality of this rule that an arrogant and factious minority, in 1844, were enabled to defeat the nomination of Mr. Van Buren, who was unquestionably the first choice of a vast majority of the Democratic masses, as he was, also, of a decisive majority of delegates. And we must confess our surprise that, after having witnessed the mischievous operation of that rule, on that memorable occasion, so many of the Democratic delegates from New-York should have peaceably acquiesced in its adoption again at their recent Convention. This rule is not only wrong in principle, but grossly oppressive in its practical operation. It enables the minority to rule the Convention. Or, what is the same thing, it enables them to defeat the will of the majority, and, by an obstinate and factious opposition to it, to bring the Convention to their own terms. Such was the result of the adoption of that rule in 1844, and what a train of evil con-

sequences followed it—the breach of solemn treaty obligations, the annexation of Texas, the war with Mexico, and the conquest of an immense territory, which, whatever may be its value as a national acquisition, can never compensate for the stain it brought upon our then unsullied escutcheon. Indeed, it has already proved to be a fruitful source of angry feeling and embittered controversy between the different sections of the Union, and threatened, at one time, to sever the golden bands by which we are united. And we fear we have not yet seen the worst of it. On the contrary, it promises still further to engender all kinds of fraternal strife, discord, anger, sectional jealousy, and unnatural alienation. And all these consequences flowed legitimately from the simple adoption of the two-thirds rule by the Democratic Convention, in 1844. For, if the will of the *majority* had prevailed in that body, Mr. Van Buren would have been the Democratic nominee, and both he and Mr. Clay had planted themselves firmly upon the anti-Texas platform. Thus it will be seen that, by the violation of a cardinal principle of democracy—the principle, namely, that the majority shall rule—a *small minority* of the Democratic party were enabled to defeat the candidate of the majority, force upon that majority a candidate of their own, compel the party to adopt the political policy of their candidate, (to which a majority of them were at that time opposed, for Mr. Van Buren received the votes of a *majority* of the delegates, *after* the publication of his anti-Texas letter,) and then, by the operation of party machinery, to force that policy upon the country, in violation, as the most experienced statesmen of all parties declared, both of the Constitution and our treaty obligations. This rule was, indeed,

“The fruit of that forbidden tree,
Whose mortal taste brought death into the world,
And all our woe.”

The adoption of the two-thirds rule has afforded results in 1852 similar to those of 1844. It was used in 1844 to kill off a candidate who had committed himself against a measure, and to introduce the measure with the appendage of a man, no matter who he might be, who should be wholly subservient to the measure by which he was to be borne into office. Martin Van Buren was the first choice of the Demo-

cratic party in 1844; he was the choice of a majority of the delegates to the Democratic National Convention of that year; and the Texas party found it necessary to put him out of the way, by some such specious procedure as the two-thirds rule. Annexation was the candidate of the minority, and finally of the Convention, and James K. Polk was selected for the appendage; a man over whose failings and whose virtues the grave has closed, and of whom, therefore, we will speak reverently and with respect, but who would never have been thought of as the representative of the Democratic party, had it not been necessary that the measure of the annexation of Texas should be accompanied by the candidacy of a man entirely merged in that measure, unmarked by any previous greatness, and therefore less liable to the political censure of history, or of his contemporaries. A negative candidate was wanted; the two-thirds rule brought him in; and in bargaining for Annexation, we saddled ourselves with a President.

We said the two-thirds rule had done for us in 1852 what it did for us in 1844. Its results have indeed been the same in the demolition of favorite candidates; and if it has given us no new measures, it has effectually negatived the various measures of half a dozen factions. The different schemes of future Democratic action which accompanied the partisans respectively of Buchanan, Cass, Douglas, and the rest of that duodecimal band, between whom the famous three days' war was lately waged, have received a most stunning and effectual quietus. It was intended that these schemes should be gently aired, and that no ruder shock should be given them than should result in an agreeable and wholesome stimulus. But instead of being fanned by zephyrs, they have been blown away by a pitiless storm. To gather up their scattered remains is a task which pity would bid us refrain from, had we the inclination to attempt it. We leave the undertaking to the future bewildered historians of the Locofoco party.

“It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.” The two-thirds rule, adopted by the Democratic party in utter defiance of the spirit of true Democracy, designed to elevate radicalism at the expense of national safety and private character, fraught with countless and weighty elements of evil, has in

the case of the present Convention accomplished a result for which the nation may well be thankful. Never—and we say it in all honesty—had a group of Presidential candidates been gathered together, so covered with intrigue and ante-dated and post-dated political promises, so surrounded by parasites, flatterers, and pimps, as this group which we have just seen scattered, never again to be brought forward. Those unworthy associations with which they suffered themselves and their fortunes to be connected, were not to be wondered at in the case of those who had been long before the public; but by a curious arrangement of circumstances, the newest and freshest candidates were as densely surrounded and overgrown with parasites as the oldest travellers in the slimy walks of Locofocoism. The individual who enjoyed the doubtful honor of being put forward as the peculiar exponent of Cuba-snatching radicalism, reckless intervention, and that sort of progress which obtains by indiscriminate conquest and extension, *the new man, par excellence*, was found as thickly overgrown with the moss of party and personal intrigue as any of his compeers. In that last hour of his political aspiration, there must have arisen within his breast many a devout prayer for salvation from the company of his “friends.” Nor was he consigned to hopeless rejection by the indignation of a pure patriotism at the equivocal position in which he had placed himself, but simply from the conviction that he had destroyed his own availability, and that the fiat which had gone forth against the other candidates could not be prevented from involving him in the general ruin.

Has it come to this, that the arrogant party which has so often wielded the power of the Government exercises such a corrupting tendency upon those who administer its affairs, and are obliged to conform to its requirements, that they are unfitted to command the support of the people upon whom they must rely, and have to be thrown aside and give place to men who have no history to condemn them? It appears that any history in connection with the party must necessarily be a bad one, a disqualifying one for the confidence of the masses of the party itself. May not this be inferred from the scenes enacted and the result arrived at in Baltimore? And what does all this indicate but utter decay and rottenness? Any young

America, or other young thing growing upon or crawling upon such a lifeless trunk, can be nothing but fungi or worse, and the whole should be swept together into oblivion. It is not possible that the people of this great country, with their intelligence and hopes, will longer tolerate such an impediment in their pathway to the high destiny for which they are intended.

The Democratic party, having thus been compelled by sheer necessity to abandon their well-known candidates, have as before selected a man almost unknown to the mass of the people, and therefore comparatively free from personal attack or political obloquy. But while, in the former case, the man was entirely subordinate to a favorite measure, which proved capable itself of securing success to the individual who was associated with it; in the present instance the man is selected not as the exponent or the appendage of any measure, but simply as a medium for the mutual transfer of the votes of rival factions. In one case, the measure and the man drew votes outside the party; in the present case, the man stands alone, and can only secure the votes of the party proper. He is preceded by no rallying cry. There is nothing in himself, or in the creed which he is supposed to represent, that can awake any such wild impulsive excitement in the hearts of the people as was aroused by the watchword of “Texas and the whole of Oregon,” in 1844. If he is to be elected, the work must be done by party drill. There must be a vast deal of hard labor exerted, and the enthusiasm in his favor must be created and kept alive by constant forcing. Mass meetings will be held, processions formed, and speeches made; but as the choice of the present candidate of the Democracy was the result of weakness and division, so the machinery put in motion for his election will require constant attention and labor; and whether the issue of the campaign be favorable or unfavorable to our opponents, they will lay by their armor at its close with a feeling of profound relief at the cessation of their unwilling toil.

The most sanguine Democrat will not venture to assert that the nomination of an “unknown man” is attended with as many advantageous circumstances as was the nomination of the Democratic candidate in 1844. The present platform of the Locofocos does not possess a solitary feature of popularity,

life, or progress. It appeals neither to our republican sympathies, nor our expansive ideas, nor our prophetic anticipations. It is emphatically a heap of dry bones, framed from the fossil and mouldering remains of the past, and incapable of being clothed with vigor or vitality. In one part it is hardly intelligible to any but septuagenarians, while in another it is so directly hostile to that liberality and progressiveness of spirit which is the peculiar boast of at least *some* portions of the "Democracy," that we should wonder at the air of satisfaction with which it has been bolted by the "progressionists," did we not know how much the Locofoco idea of "Democratic progression" is really worth, and how much it will accomplish when it is fairly suffered to have its own way.

Indeed, for the construction of a proper "Democratic" platform, it was found necessary to dig very far down into the political grave-yard in which lie buried many other projects, which might with equal propriety be drawn from their winding sheets and propped by the galvanic action of a battery of resolutions before the staring eyes of the people, and to exhume the spectre against which the following resolution is levelled:

"Resolved, That Congress has no power to charter a National Bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberty of the people, and calculated to place the interests of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and the will of the people; and that the results of democratic legislation in this and all other financial measures, upon which issues have been made between the two political parties of the country, have demonstrated to candid and practical men of all parties their soundness, safety, and utility in all business pursuits."

Nor is this the only fossil which the Convention, in its wise zeal for antiquarian research, has unearthed to surround the "Democratic" platform. The shades of 1792 and '93 are made to dance attendance in the motley and spectral throng, and to tune their ghostly voices in unison with the confused and blatant strains of "young" progressiveness. And while, with commendable caution—in fact, with a degree of timorousness which we were not prepared to see adopted as the policy of that party, for whose

immediate use the wide expanse of this continent is too confined—nothing whatever is said or resolved upon with reference to the extension of our national domain, an extension which we hope to urge forward by all legitimate and peaceful means; the obsolete idea of opposition to foreign immigration is attacked with a degree of ferocity which, from pure admiration of its force, we could have wished to see directed upon nobler, or at least living, game. Was it, indeed, necessary for an august assembly like the Convention of the united "Democratic" party, to tear up the dead from their silent resting places, and to waste that fury upon unsubstantial shadows which might well be spared for an encounter with more tangible and formidable opponents?

With reference to the candidate whom this platform is intended to sustain, little in this connection need be said. His personal and private character lie beyond the reach of a political article, and we are gratified that the party press have shown so marked a forbearance toward him as an individual. The low calumnies and the idle stories, the verbal misrepresentation and the shameless lie, will, we hope, be banished from this campaign. Neither party need ask such forbearance as a favor; but each should expect it as a right. No man is so good that he cannot be slandered, nor so high in popular estimation that slander will not temporarily injure him. We have seen all this and felt its bitter effects in our politics too often, and we think we are not mistaken in our belief that its worst days are over. Perfect fairness we do not expect, and it would be idle to ask it; but in Heaven's name let the vile trade of personal scandal be confined to the gutter and the kennel, and not be suffered to thrive among reading, voting, well-intentioned American citizens.

One fact, however, is plainly deducible from the nomination of Franklin Pierce—the impolicy of rising to eminence in the Democratic party. In the present condition of things, taking into consideration the existence, and—who shall say to the contrary?—the probable perpetuity of the two-thirds vote system in Democratic National Conventions; and more than all, the crowd of jobbers and intriguers, by which each presidential aspirant of mark and prospective greatness is surrounded, it is dangerous—we might say fatal—to the success of an ambi-

tious Democrat, that he has made himself conspicuous, or has committed himself to any noteworthy and definite line of policy, or has been long before the public, laboring zealously and diligently, and even honestly, though in a wrong cause. The Athenians ostracized those of their citizens who had proved most signal benefactors to the State. To be a great general or a great statesman in the land of Themistocles, was to receive sentence of banishment. While we wonder at the ingratitude and the short-sightedness of these ancient prototypes of modern citizens, we must not forget that their policy is not wholly extinct. A party that, from choice or necessity, sacrifices its tried and eminent chiefs for the exaltation of a previously overshadowed mediocrity, are not very far in advance of Grecian virtue and policy.

We are not yet prepared to believe that this fact, as displayed in the ranks of the "Democracy," is a necessity of our republican institutions, or is in accordance with their spirit. The essence of republicanism is purity of principle; and possessing this freedom from party dishonesty or its associations, the more eminent any citizen becomes, the more clearly should his virtues become revealed, and overshadow and dwarf his faults. If this is true in theory, it ought not to be wholly nullified in practice. If our great men are not free from faults, they should be dogged by no vices. If they have not directly enriched the State, they should be clear from even the imputation of having squandered its money. Least of all should they be surrounded with the hordes of parasites which now disfigure the personal associations of so many American statesmen; associations from which can be dated the political ruin of nearly every candidate before the late Democratic Convention.

If the leaders of the Democratic party are not taught a lesson by the event at which we have glanced, the fault will lie with themselves, and they will only induce the necessity of its repetition. If they cannot see into the latent causes of their signal rejection, their eyesight will require to be improved by repeated and still severer dispensations. We will allow that their positive services in behalf of the welfare of their party have not been fairly remunerated; that they *have* claims for reward, even if

their claims are very far from being absolute by law or equity, and that the policy by which they have been proscribed is of very dubious wisdom; and yet we must add that their rejection is not unnatural, even though it may be ungrateful, and that on many accounts it is positively beneficial to the State. In most nations whose form is at all republican, intrigue and power are synonymous terms. With us they are not yet synonymous, and we care not how severe the discipline in either party may be so long as they shall be kept separate. The instinct of the Democratic party, moving blindly it is true, and amid many cumbrous restraints, has led in the present instance to a recognition of this evil of republics, and has in a measure guarded against it. The nomination of a man destitute of fame, therefore of followers; of eminence, therefore of intrigues; of influence, therefore of the ordinary schemes of subtle politics; such a nomination asserts the necessity of political purity in unmistakable terms, acknowledging the value of the reward by the magnitude of the sacrifice. We do not assert the entire truth of the above *sequiturs*, nor do we say that the makers of the nomination have entirely accomplished their object. But the instinct by which they were actuated was not wholly irrational, nor will it fail of leaving its mark upon the politicians of the Democratic party.

The opposition having cleared away those candidates whose personal pretensions might have obscured the judgment of our citizens, and distracted attention from the real political issues of the campaign, have given an opportunity for a contest of principles for which we are disposed to manifest our gratitude, and, at the same time, our hope that some distinctive principles may be advanced by them, against which we may have the satisfaction of fighting. As yet we have seen very little against which to turn our arms. We wish to be absolved from the necessity of warfare with Mr. Franklin Pierce, being disposed to regard him as secondary to the measures of his party; in which opinion he will, no doubt, heartily coincide with us. But as yet we have received no assurance that we shall be suffered to carry out this intention. We do not find our object at all expedited by the construction of the Baltimore platform. Negatives are not principles. And if a contest is hardly to be

waged against negatives, how difficult does a war become against absence even of negation! We wished, and still wish, to combat the Locofoco party on the tariff question; but as they do not recommend a protective policy, so they do not disavow it. We wish to submit the question to the people, believing that argument would do it good, and that the present position of our manufacturing industry renders speedy action a necessity; but the "Democracy" adopt the mum policy, assent to all tariff questioners in Pennsylvania, who suffer themselves in the simplicity of their hearts to be misled by this dumb show, and content themselves at the South with simple sneering at the "protective mania" of the Northern manufacturers. In the matter of Internal Improvements, the "Democracy" are a trifle more explicit, and we commend the Baltimore resolution on this subject to the careful consideration alike of Western Democrats and Whigs. But, as we said above, it is hard to combat negatives, and we shall look watchfully, we are sorry we cannot say hopefully, for an enunciation of some settled and affirmative exposition of Democratic policy; not in the shape of references to the resolutions of 1792 and '93,

which we will wager not one citizen in a thousand has ever read, or even heard of, other than as a party phrase; not in the form of attacks upon a national bank, which no one now dreams of establishing; in fine, not in the guise of retrospections, or of Buncombe of any sort whatever; but plain, direct avowals of what the party wish and intend to do if the people see fit to grant them the power.

It is a serious task to impugn the wisdom of so large and respectable a body of men as the Baltimore National Convention of 1852, and we will, therefore, leave it to time to decide whether the party whose Presidential choice was there signified did or did not do a politic thing in disregarding both prominent men and prominent measures at the same time, and intrusting themselves to the issue of an important combat with a negative creed and a negative man, when all experience has shown that men must be carried by measures or measures by men; and that, however similar the chances of success may be with either policy, the rejection of both is fairly entitled to no chance of success whatever.

A LETTER TO THE PROPRIETORS OF HARPERS' MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN:—It is now a little over two years since the literary enterprise that bears your name was put forth as a candidate for public favor. In the short time that has elapsed since the first number of your publication was issued, your sales have increased from those limited orders which booksellers throughout the country were persuaded to send you, to a circulation very far beyond that attained by any other periodical published in this country. A magazine of similar character with your own, and established by a house distinguished for its enterprise, has ceased the rivalry which it maintained with the "New Monthly" during two years with tolerable success, and has become incorporated into the body of its giant competitor. A triad of monthly publications in a neighboring city, long famous for its literary fecundity, have been reduced, by the irresistible progress of your magazine, to a condition of comparative insignificance. There is not a village, there is scarcely a township in the land into which your work has not penetrated. The book table of every editor's room is regularly visited by the *New Monthly Magazine*. It is hawked in every street of our larger cities. It lies upon the counter of every news-room. It is dispensed by thousands from wholesale book-houses. In a word, in the publication of this Magazine you have achieved what men long for, and admire, no matter how attained—success.

The first numbers of most serial works are issued amid uncertainty and fear. The men by whom they are originated are not usually gifted with the secrets of business management, and their moneyed capital is often less than their financial tact. Difficulties beset them at the outset. A system of agencies must be arranged. The public must be convinced of a privation, and must then be assured that this deficiency can only be satisfied by the introduction of the contemplated enterprise. Securities must be given to the parties who contribute their substance or their labor to usher the new work into existence—to the paper merchant, the printer, the binder, and the engraver. Contributors must

be paid, and if great names are secured the remuneration must be proportionate. Surrounded by such necessities, it cannot be wondered at that periodicals in their inception should be regarded in the same category with aerial ships or Hungarian bonds, and should be considered as fit undertakings only for those who have nothing to lose, or for those to whom the loss induced by a few editions of an unsaleable magazine would amount only to a trifling or momentary inconvenience.

From such risks, necessities, and embarrassments you have been absolutely free. Your machinery of agency and sale was already in motion, requiring nothing more than to be supplied with material. The physical enginery requisite to the production of printed matter was already in your hands; a corps of printers, draughtsmen, and designers were in your service; and more than all, for such is the character of your Magazine, the whole field of foreign periodical literature lay open before you, without barriers or prohibitions, ready to be entered upon, and swept of any thing or every thing within its wide inclosures. In this literary domain you have revelled at your own pleasure. From its varied growth you have made a selection which more than fifty thousand buyers continue monthly to approve. From this trifling labor you have secured a separate and splendid fortune. With this result of your enterprise there is no reason why you may not be contented, provided you are able satisfactorily to answer these two questions: Is such a publication calculated to benefit American literature? and secondly, Is it just?

I write to you, gentlemen, as a man of the world to men of the world, and wish to rid myself at the outset from all imputations of cant or literary demagogism. I do not wish to be considered a patron of American goods or American books simply because they are American, and without any regard to their intrinsic excellence and claims. You will agree with me that there has been a vast deal of humbug uttered concerning our national literature; that this august phrase

has been made the text of the prospectuses of the vilest journals which the public has been fooled into buying; and has been so misused and beggared, that to employ it ever so sparingly exposes one to the suspicion of insincerity. I will further rely on your candor to acquit me of any jealous dislike toward the literature of the English nation, or indeed of any foreign nation that boasts a literature at all. It is the natural desire of every sensible man to keep himself free from such narrow-mindedness; and as no one will disbelieve me when I say that you were never suspected of any such hostility to foreign literature, I hope that the statement in regard to my own views will be equally accredited.

At the same time, there is every reason why the writers of our own country should be afforded equal advantages with their brethren across the water. I am willing to make all reasonable allowances for the querulousness and the envious judgments of authors. There will always be, even in the most prosperous days of literature, a vast number of the Great Unappreciated, who think that the world is blind to merit, and, voting themselves the only true illuminati of the times, congratulate themselves that they shall share with Milton or Tasso the honors of a posthumous fame. There will always be others whose faculties are not so far below their ambition, but who are envious of the greater worldly possessions acquired by men of inferior intellect, and who constantly fill the public ear with the recital of their complaints. For these classes, not entirely confined to our own society, I make full allowance. I take also from the number of our literary countrymen who need our sympathy, all such as have been successful in their various departments, our eminent historians, poets, novelists, essayists, and journalists. I further deduct from the number those who are possessed of sufficient fortune to dispense with labor and to make writing an amusement, and those who diversify the intervals of business with flirtations with the muse; and there will still remain a large class of men who are designed for authorship by nature, who find their pleasure and indeed their existence in writing, and who, by our lack of copyright laws, and consequent plethora of foreign books and periodicals and reprints of every sort, are kept for ever on the brink, not of pov-

erty—that bitter stream they have always tasted—but of absolute want; and have only escaped starvation because in this country, if a man is never possessed of a dollar, he somehow finds bread to eat and a bed to sleep in, even if the pockets of his friends are daily relieved of small coin to procure him the cheapest and meanest of the articles of which he stands in need.

Undoubtedly, gentlemen, nature is to be blamed; but the fact is certain that she has always produced, and is still producing, a class of men who are fit for nothing else than authorship. It may be their misfortune, it surely is not their fault, that they are wholly destitute of what we call “a practical turn of mind,” and are of no use to themselves or society except when busy with their quills. I need not go back into remote antiquity to find specimens of this strongly marked and often unfortunate class of men; I need not specify names from among those sprinkled profusely along the English calendar; and, not to trench upon the rights of living names, it is only necessary to mention Brockden Brown and Edgar A. Poe as among the most eminent of our own countrymen who were afflicted, shall I say? with this fatality of authorship. Neither of these men could by any possibility have been any thing else than writers. They were forced to do the work which they were created to do. They would have been unequal to the duties of ordinary clerks. Neither of them could have kept a set of books. A country store would have passed to the sheriff from the hands of either. Yet they were men of the truest, and indeed the most commanding genius. Their works have not died with them, and will always be quoted as eminent productions of their order. Yet these men lived and died poor, simply because their earnings were incommensurate with their labor; because society owed them a debt which it constantly refused to pay.

If it were not for the existence of this class of men, who are irresistibly driven to authorship by their own mental constitution, and are totally helpless in the more material departments of human labor, there might be less reason for insisting on the recognition of the claims of our home writers. But we have these men with us, and our literature looks to them for its preservation. They are with us to be an honor and an advan-

tage, or a curse and a hindrance, just as we choose to assign them their rank. We have it in our option to keep them under and to beggar their only hopes of success, or to allow them the rewards of diligent service in the calling for which they are fitted, and to manifest our appreciation not so much of their motives, for motive has very little to do with it, as of their skill. It is by this appreciative reward that we would express our zeal for the establishment and perpetuation of American national literature; and the chief and fatal obstacle to such an expression is to be found in the enterprises of which I have selected yours as the popular exponent.

This class of men, who have been the staple producers of literature from the days of Goldsmith—not to go further back—to our own time, are always too poor to publish books at the outset of their career, and are obliged therefore to have recourse to the medium of periodicals, through whose columns their works often come to a greater number of readers than if incorporated at once into the more expensive form of books; and in all countries where the nation's own periodicals supply the readers of that nation, magazine and review writers are sure of fair remuneration for their labor. The prices paid by the leading periodicals of Great Britain to their contributors range from five to ten, fifteen, and even twenty dollars for each amount of matter equalling a page of this Review. In France the rates are little lower, and in Germany they average nearly as much.

It follows as a natural consequence that the periodicals of these countries, and especially those of Great Britain, are distinguished by all those qualities which make literature brilliant and powerful. A writer, to accomplish any thing worthy of his profession, must be supported by his profession, so that he can give his entire time and attention to its demands. There never was a greater mistake than the belief, in which so many otherwise sensible men and women indulge, that they could write well for magazines and for the papers if they would but try. It is an error, a delusion, and one which works a great deal of mischief among people of literary tastes but of small literary training. There is not a periodical of any note, either in this country or any other, that would not soon be ruined by the ex-

clusive contributions of a corps of amateur writers. You understand the grounds of this remark, and you will allow its truth. Our common friend, Mr. Clark of the *Knickerbocker*, knows his business much too well to allow his magazine to be entirely filled with unpaid contributions, although he still admits too many of this character. He finds it necessary to strengthen his pages with the writings of Kimball, Mitchell, Bryant, and other well-known and popular writers who are not in the habit of working for nothing, and whose services are worth the money paid for them. The articles of such writers act as an offset to the crudities of "new contributors," who "will consider their first attempts richly rewarded by a copy of the magazine for one year," and who in a majority of cases are never heard of after their anonymous *début*. The *Knickerbocker* is a periodical of long and good standing, and I am happy to hear that it is tolerably prosperous in spite of the "*New Monthly*;" but I am quite sure that neither you nor I, nor any other person at all acquainted with the literary pulse, would give a thousand dollars for that periodical, with the provision that it must be wholly made up, month by month, of free matter, and that no writers who are accustomed to write for pay should be admitted to its pages. You know, gentlemen, that under such conditions the magazine would infallibly expire within the year.

We cannot expect to make our periodical literature equal to that of Great Britain until we pay our writers as well as their foreign brethren are paid by the eminent publications to which they contribute. We have the material, we have the men, men who must write if they would fulfil their inclinations or their destiny, but who cannot do themselves justice unless they are sufficiently well paid to enable them to devote time and study to the preparation of their articles. Good political articles, good stories, good criticisms, cannot be hastily dashed off by any body; their preparation requires investigation, reflection, care, and time, all of which can be readily devoted to the desired object, provided the writer is sure of being fairly rewarded for his labor. But, gentlemen, I do not know of a single American periodical that pays, or can afford to pay, its contributors any thing like the ordinary remunerations of professional labor. The

North American Review is obliged to publish a vast deal of free matter—the worst rubbish beneath which a periodical can be buried. The Philadelphia magazines, to whom I cheerfully give the credit of being as liberal as they can afford, pay three dollars a page when remuneration is insisted on by writers whose services they do not wish to lose. The pay which the *Knickerbocker* awards its “stars” would hardly keep them in fuel, if they were in the habit of depending on their contributions for a supply of that necessity. I mention these examples, not so much to find fault, since their depreciation of the services of authorship is their misfortune rather than their fault, as to show the reason of the comparative inefficiency and disrepute of American periodicals. Our journalism, taken as a whole, is superior to that of any other country on earth. Imported newspapers will not answer our wants, and we do not grudge our daily papers a liberal support. Our literary genius is thus absorbed by the newspapers. Our best writers cannot afford to give their abilities to reviews and magazines when paragraphing for the papers pays so much better; and journals like your own, made up of the productions of foreign brains, affording no reflex of our national talent and destiny, supplant the feeble publications attempted by amateur writers, and fix us day by day more firmly in that state of literary subserviency and dependence which is the chief disgrace of the American nation at home and abroad.

Your publication, gentlemen, with all others of the same nature, is simply a monstrosity; and the more widely it is diffused, the more clearly is its moral ugliness revealed. It is an ever-present, ever-living insult to the brains of Americans, and its indignity is every day increasing in intensity. Heading a select band of English republications, it comes into our literary market month by month, offering a show of matter which no other magazine could present were it fairly paid for, and effectually shutting out the attempts of American publishers from even the chances of a sale. Its contents are often attractive, although, considering the unbounded range of your pillage, I have wondered that they were not better; it displays a large number of well-printed pages, and generally boasts a few thievings from *Punch* hardly up to the style

of that very amusing sheet; and it pleases the economical tastes of its readers. As a scheme for making money, I cannot too highly commend your enterprise. It is a manifest improvement on the shopkeeper's maxim of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, for you do not buy in the market at all. You walk through the array of literary wares which the English nation spreads before you, taking what you please, and giving neither money nor thanks in return. You reproduce what you have so cheaply obtained, and are thus enabled to undersell your more scrupulous competitors. By this process of appropriation and sale, you prove your right to the enviable title of sharp business men, but you also show yourselves utterly destitute of regard for the literary talent of your own countrymen, and for those national opinions and sentiments which are only partially disseminated by the newspapers, and which it is the peculiar province of English literature to supplant and destroy.

The question of the justice of a periodical like yours I have already partly anticipated. There can be no doubt as to its unfairness to the writers of our own country. It will not be difficult, I think, to show its unfairness to foreign writers also.

The public have had this matter laid before them lately in the shape of a series of articles published in the *New-York Tribune* and *Times* respectively, on the opposite sides of the question. I was not surprised at the course which was taken in this discussion by the contending parties. I had expected at the outset that one of the disputants would state in the fullest terms the moral malignity of literary piracy, and I was not unprepared to hear the unnational, contracted, and not altogether independent sentiments of the other. The situation held by the editor of the *Times* in connection with your periodical is well known. The amount of income which he derives from condensing the current intelligence of each month into your pages is very considerable. His devotion to your periodical is, therefore, very easily accounted for. It could not be expected that the editor of the *Times*, even if he were disposed to take the national side of the copyright question, should, under existing circumstances, speak his mind with sincerity or boldness; but the position he has undertaken to defend leads me to believe that he is very far gone in his

reverence for the profitable scheme of literary pillage by which he is nourished; and that the dictates of his soul, habituated to this moral obliquity, no less than policy, prompt him to lend his aid to the perpetuation of the present injustice with which American authors are obliged to contend.*

* The *Times* enjoys the enviable distinction of being the only American journal that has opposed the proposition of an international copyright law. The editor of the *Times* thinks literature should be cheap, and that it is better to get our books for nothing than to pay for them. This logic is prevalent in the Caribbean seas, and among the Comanche Indians, and is nothing but the old tune sung from time immemorial by all cut-throats, robbers, and pirates, who are by nature prejudiced against giving value received for any thing whose possession they fancy. It is a most dirty, despicable creed, so very narrow and selfish that, as soon as it is announced to you, you begin to look for the reasons why.

In Mr. Raymond's case there are plenty of reasons, one of which we have hinted at. We will simply tell the public that the editor of the *Times* dare not uphold the international copyright, much less attack pirate republications. His pocket will not let him; and, acting under this degrading influence, he has taken upon himself to insult American writers by informing them that if their books, for which the bookseller is obliged to pay, cannot compete with English books for which the bookseller does not pay a cent, it is all owing to their own lack of brains. The man who has the assurance to utter such nonsense before the American public deserves some extraordinary notice.

Before Mr. Raymond was paid one hundred dollars a month for pasting the "Summary" into the *New Monthly*, that is, when he was an editor on the *Courier and Enquirer*, there existed in the city of New-York an "International Copyright Club," and in the year 1843 the following gentlemen composed its board of officers:

WM. CULLEN BRYANT, President.
GULIAN C. VERPLANCE, Vice-President.
CORNELIUS MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary.
EVERT A. DUYCKINCK, Recording Secretary.
A. W. BRADFORD, Treasurer.

Executive Committee.

CHAS. F. HOFFMAN,
C. F. BRIGGS,
PARKE GODWIN,
JOHN KEESE,
ROBERT TOMES,
Henry J. Raymond.

From the Address published by this Club in the year 1843, I extract the following:

"Literary property should be recognized and protected equally in all parts of the civilized world. A foreign writer places his work before the public in his own country, with the knowledge that it

This plan of yours, gentlemen, this practice of appropriating the articles and books of foreign writers without payment, except when your wish to forestall your competitors in the market renders payment a necessity, whatever impunity the law may allow you, is simply stealing; nor, although I dislike to use the

cannot there be reproduced without his consent; but happening to pass into another country, the United States for example, where the same language is spoken, and beyond the protection of the domestic law, he has not on that account relinquished his right to control the reproduction of his work, but merely suffers under the arm of power with which that other country seizes upon and appropriates his labors. *His right is as manifest in America as in London; and as if he had affixed to each copy of his work, in bold capitals, a stipulation to the effect that it was printed and sold to read, and not to reprint. It only becomes a people abject, needy, and slow of thought, to take advantage of a state of things where their right to alms is, to say the least, so greatly questionable. The great principle of the world, and by which alone it safely subsists, is, in the very homeliest truth, to give and take: enjoyment of another, or another's favor of any kind without return, creates an intercourse full of injury, and fatal if pursued to the defaulter.*

"If it would be of advantage to the agricultural interests of the country, that foreign grain should be brought into the country, and distributed free of farmers' charges—to the manufacturer, for fabrics free of manufacturers' charges, then is it of like and equal service to its literary interests that books should be so imported; but not otherwise. Each springs from the same sources, lives under the same sanctions, and is fruitful of good and evil in equal degrees. * * * * *

"Do you know, have you marked how authorship, in any worthy sense, is almost utterly silenced throughout the land? How, day by day, and dollar by dollar, the revenues of writers, known far and wide as American, as yours, have shrunk to nothing, and that they watch with hope and trembling what you in your discretion shall do next in this behalf? A year or two more of neglect of their interests, a year or two more of free reproduction of foreign books, a year or two more of brown paper and cheap appropriation, and the craft of American authors is dead and extinct. At intervals, voices, faint and far apart, may be heard, but the winter will not waken with one stream or two thawed in the sun by chance. The popular mind will be in full and undisturbed possession of foreign writers, to shape and mould it as they choose. A pleasant prospect indeed! Speaking our own tongue, yet babblers of the language of strangers; at home, yet abroad; free, yet servile as the dog that whimpers in his master's track! Forethought glorious beyond measure! That the hour is not too distant when one may walk the streets and highways of his country, and be pointed to, still persisting as he does in the framing of

phrase, can I call it by any other name. I will not compare it with the fraudulent obtaining of wearing apparel, or of money, or of any other description of material property. Good sense recognizes a distinction—a distinction which cannot be measured by rules, but which is of the same nature with the distinction that subsists between debts of honor and commercial debts, between promises verbal and promises written, between breaches of trust and palpable and punishable fraud. If my neighbor originates a brilliant idea, or hits upon a witty phrase, the only punishment which society adjudges that I should suffer for reproducing it as my own, is the shame at having my meanness discovered. Until he shows his estimate of the value of his literary labor by procuring a copyright to its entire results, I am at liberty to use his brains as freely as my own, and pocket whatever profit I can make by the transaction. Even where copyrights are employed, I am free to print a certain amount of copyright matter provided I give credit to the author. Were I to-day to make up a volume or a dozen volumes, with selections from the works of our best American writers with poems by Bryant, with novels by Cooper, with tales by Hawthorne, and with essays by Irving, giving the name of the author at the close of each selection, it might be difficult to convict me of dishonesty before a court of justice. I simply state a fact which I am far from approving. It would depend upon the decision of judge and jury where the line between selection and appropriation should be drawn. Every school-boy's "Speaker" is made up of infringements, against which no one would dream of instituting an action. The "selections" of a ladies' magazine from copyrighted works are infringements. Perhaps, were I to issue a series of volumes of the nature just mentioned, I might be thought to have carried my license too far, and suffer prosecution accordingly. But everyday observation shows us that within certain limits, literary appropriations cannot be classed and compared with the grosser kinds of fraud, and that they only become directly fraudulent when brought into competition

books, as a natural monster, whose business is contraband and forbidden by the law of the land."

Mr. Raymond has since seen fit to change his views. How much his pockets may have dragged him down the reader may determine.

with the original productions. I am willing to give you the full benefit of this remark.

Tried by this test, although to the disgrace of both nations no copyright law exists between the United States and England, your magazine, in company with all other serial republications, becomes a dishonest appropriation of the works of foreign authors; dishonest because it comes in direct competition with the sales of their literary exertion, and proves to them a source of actual pecuniary loss. With a single exception in the case of Mr. Dickens, whose late bargain with you has been so ostentatiously heralded throughout the papers, the foreign writers whose articles are republished in your magazine are not pretended to be paid in any manner whatever; nor do the publishers of *Blackwood's Magazine*, of the *Edinburgh, North British* and *London Quarterly Reviews*, or the writers for any of these periodicals, receive any thing from the American republisher for his appropriation of their property.* Not only are they not compensated for this appropriation, but their sales in this country are entirely checked. Do you suppose, gentlemen, that if Leonard Scott and yourselves abandoned your present enterprises, the English copies of English magazines would not be largely introduced to our tables? If a perfect fac simile of the *London Punch* could be published in this country at six cents a

* The proprietors of the *Westminster Review*, by copyrighting two of their articles in this country, "unknown" to Scott & Co., involved these gentlemen in a disagreeable fix, from which they extricated themselves by the payment of a considerable sum of money, and by making a contract to pay so much a year for the privilege of republishing that *Review* in America. We heard somebody the other day speaking of the *liberality* of Messrs. Scott & Co. It is indeed a most touching instance of generosity. Can no one start a subscription for these gentlemen? Our rich authors, those who have built freestone houses out of their literary earnings, will no doubt head the column with something handsome.

The editor of the *Times* must have his say in this matter also, and very complimentary he is too to his literary countrymen:

"The *Westminster* has also procured two articles from American writers, which were copyrighted here in order to force Mr. Scott into paying for the privilege of reprinting the work. *Very little would have been lost to American readers if both these papers had been omitted.*"—*N. Y. Times*, April 23, 1852.

Was this last indignity necessary, Mr. Raymond?

copy, would its American sale of three thousand copies continue? Cannot the proprietors of that paper afford their writers better remuneration for their labor, than if by a foreign piracy this large sale was suddenly stopped? Would not its republication here be a direct pillage of its profits and of the wages of its writers? There is no reason why the argument may not apply to the above mentioned periodicals. When you republish the choicest and the most largely paid-for articles of Blackwood, Tait and Fraser, and when Leonard Scott republishes the *Quarterlies* and Blackwood entire, you and he defraud the English publishers of their sales, and lessen the wages of the writers whom they employ. To regard this as a fair business competition, would require a species of moral training to which I would not wish myself or any honorable citizen subjected, and it cannot be viewed in any other light than that of an unjustifiable, though at present unpunishable appropriation of the literary property of others, with the direct intention and effect of reducing their profits. I cannot see in such a transaction any recognition of the principles which govern honest men in the ordinary affairs of business; nor can I congratulate you on the possession of a conscience that slumbers at ease over such a system of literary appropriation.

To what extent English writers are injured by enterprises like yours it is not necessary to inquire. It is enough that their wages are directly diminished, and that they are defrauded of a proportionate amount of what is justly due them. The injury falls most severely upon American writers, but American writers are not the only ones who have cause to complain. You cannot obtain your supply of literature for nothing, without making losers of all parties concerned in the creation of literature, and the loss which you compel them to suffer is in direct ratio to the extent with which your reprints forestall the sale of the original productions.

It seems, in addition to the injury which you thus commit, that you are not satisfied with your pillage unless you refuse even the poor satisfaction of verbal acknowledgment of the sources of your material. Whether you take from Blackwood, Fraser, Colburn, or the *Quarterlies*, you deny all credit to these periodicals for what you have appropriated. I have often heard of adding insult to injury, and I confess that this practice of

yours more nearly corresponds with my ideas of that process than any thing else with which I am acquainted. Perhaps I am at fault, but this system of anonymous republication leads me to believe that you would have your magazine pass for original with such readers as do not know the manner in which it is made up. I do not wish to be unfair, but the matter wears precisely this appearance. I admire this device of your ingenuity, and I do not doubt that it answers its purpose. It is in keeping with the entire spirit of your work. Setting aside the honor which it confers on you, it is calculated to do you infinite service. It effectually rids a large share of your readers from the compunctions of conscience which they might feel at patronizing a work of such unmitigated and wholesale plunder. There is a little of that spirit left among us yet that would prefer articles of any sort honestly paid for, than if appropriated without payment. With the request that you will not suffer yourselves to be disturbed by the comparison, let me say that, although most men like to buy goods cheap, you will occasionally find those who do not care to become purchasers of stolen goods; and that of two Hebrews engaged in the stolen clothing business, he is the more politic and will make the larger sales, who keeps the fact of the dishonest obtaining of his wares entirely to himself. Customers of cheap goods rarely ask questions; but if unpleasant truths are told them, their own conscience no less than the fear of the law impels them to search for honest bargains. I am aware of the callousness of the literary conscience, and I know also that in certain cases it can be disturbed, and I congratulate you upon your ingenuity, by which you have obviated all disagreeable and unnecessary reminders of the manner by which you can afford to sell your wares so cheaply.

Our legislators have as yet provided no remedy for the disabilities of American writers. According to present appearances, a considerable period of time must elapse before an international copyright law will be enacted. The gentlemen whom we elect to represent us in Congress are engrossed by so many more material cares, that the interests of their national literature are entirely neglected. The copyright bill, if it should be presented, would not be fruitful of jobs. Its support and its passage would be acts of

pure patriotism and philanthropy. The class of men who are most directly interested in it cannot by any possibility muster those means of influence by which so many other measures are carried to a speedy and triumphant consummation. Our purely literary men are a poor and a comparatively unimportant class. They are unattended by retainers; they can give no costly dinners; they can buy up no newspapers; they can seduce no votes. A measure, therefore, proposed simply for the advancement of American letters, for the protection of our own authors, and the recognition of the rights of foreign authors also, must inevitably be overlooked; and although I believe it will eventually be passed, its progress will be slow in comparison with its claim to be carried forward.

Meanwhile, our writers must be content to take up with the slender pay which their literary exertions yield them, or abandon the pursuits of literature for the certain and profitable pursuits of trade. Those who have the constitution to spare may work for the daily papers, and they are the only ones who can expect to gain a living by their brains. The country will continue to be filled with reprints of every stamp. Our novels shall be written for us by men who are paid for their labor—in England. We shall be taught political economy by *Blackwood's Magazine*. The *Westminster Review* shall furnish our religious training. Our critical opinions shall be regularly prescribed us by the *London Quarterly*. It is to be expected that our newspapers shall share this general literary inoculation, and shall continue, in constantly increasing measure, to bestow their warmest encomiums on these exponents of foreign sentiment, recommending in the same breath the manner in which they are procured and the anti-republican ideas with which they are filled, and praising their republishers no less for their "business"—by which is meant predatory—faculties, than for the liberal inducements which they offer to American writers.

Your own publication will, of course, go on extending its sales, and perhaps will succeed in absorbing the Philadelphia magazines as it has swallowed up the hapless *International*. I even fancy that I see it still further widening its voracious jaws and devouring the reprints of Bidwell and Littell, until, reversing the fable of Saturn, it shall

have consumed its promiscuous and undistinguished array of parents. I can imagine you, gentlemen, standing at the door of your capacious warehouse superintending the discharge of the immense edition of your magazine, and gazing with undisturbed complacency at the long procession of drays and news-boys by which the vast mass is being slowly removed, chuckling at the cheap, the very cheap manner in which it was obtained, and not in the least disturbed at the apparition of a literary gentleman in the publishing office to whom you will shortly have the pleasure of saying that "no inducements can be held out to writers by our magazine;" and, "I wonder, my dear sir, that you could have thought of such a thing as to ask us to buy your manuscript. It is ridiculous, sir, quite ridiculous." And really, gentlemen, I myself agree with you that it is extremely ridiculous.

I turn from a picture like this, gentlemen, to the contemplation of what you might have done had you been disposed, and what it is still in your power to do. Possessed of an influence among the book-trade, and of an authority among readers, very much superior to the influence and authority of any other publishing house, and surrounded by all the material and enginery necessary for the publication of a periodical, you might have commenced the issue of a magazine, resolved to make it equal to any other journal in the world, and to depend for such a result on the resources afforded by American talent. You would have had the errors of others to profit by: you might have avoided the rigidity and the heaviness of the *North American Review*; you might have taken warning by the stories of the Philadelphia magazines, and have limited the number of your light articles within a range very widely outrun by those well-meaning but sadly inefficient periodicals; you might have announced your intention of paying liberally for all accepted articles, of paying such prices, that to be a monthly writer for your pages would be a considerable item toward the formation of an income sufficiently large to enable its possessor to devote his time to literature as a profession; you might have organized a corps of contributors about you, who would give to the work on which their interests and affections were centred a stability and consistency of character such as no American journal has

yet possessed. Efforts like these would have been attended with immediate success. You would have enjoyed a satisfaction in the midst of this beneficent justice such as you have never yet tasted. Your profits might have been less, but they would have been honestly earned, and the pleasure derived from their acquisition would have been greater; and you would have manifested your respect in the case of your own countrymen for those talents, without which your materials for printing, your types, your presses, your complicated machinery, would be but useless toys; you would have shown your appreciation of the first source of all your enrichment, and would have commanded the grateful attachment of all who are interested in the maintenance of our national letters for the solid remuneration thus awarded to rising writers who, after due schooling in periodical literature, would come in their turn to become the giants of American authorship.

You will not for a moment, gentlemen, evince doubts of my mental sanity by supposing that I indulge any hopes that what I have said will have the least influence upon your future course. I should not have been equal to the preparation of this article, had I not known you well enough to forbid any such hope or expectation. But I am

not without the satisfaction of entertaining the views I have advanced, in common with a great many intelligent American men and women, who are tired of depending on the English nation for their supply of periodical literature, and who are not quite contented with the injustice done to our home writers by pirate enterprises of the same stamp with your own. A Cunard steamer insulting and overriding the "Atlantic" or the "Baltic;" an English manufacturer breaking down our mills, and turning our operatives adrift; and a stolen English periodical, crushing the publishers and writers engaged upon American journals; between these I confess I can see but little difference. If I am indignant at one—and what American could be otherwise than indignant?—I must share that feeling towards all. Nor can I believe that our countrymen are so obtuse that they will fail to recognize the injustice and—let me say—the meanness of the principle by which your publication is guided.

In bidding you farewell, gentlemen, I will express my expectation that the sentiments I have advanced with relation to the principle of your magazine—for I have said nothing about its merits or demerits—will be approved by a majority of my readers.

Very respectfully yours,

AN AMERICAN WRITER.

A GHOST STORY.

"Yes! I repeat it! We believe in nothing now-a-days, and scarcely in that."

"What, Faith not alive in this nineteenth century? In days of electric telegraphs, ocean-crossing in ten days, peace congresses, European revolutions, and world's fairs! When we all are ready to believe that this generation will see the air rendered navigable, even as land and water are? Had we no *belief*, should we attempt these things, and do them?"

"But are they done in faith of the high destiny of our race, or simply as a means of acquiring dollars? Why, there never was such a Mammon-ruled age since Adam was a little boy, as this present one; and delightful as it is to play the Pharisee in being loftily thankful that we are not as other ages *were*, yet it is a question whether, after all, we're better off. We know too much of cause and effect, of detail which vulgarizes and renders common all things, from Niagara's fall to the tail of a lap-dog. A pagan of the Greek world saw in a thunder-storm Zeus incensed, darting lightning messengers of wrath at impious or ungrateful man below; now, it is but the passage of so much electricity. When the loud, long, reverberating thunder bellows and crashes through heaven's vault; when sheets of violet-hued lightning make the driving, rushing rain-drops sparkle like jewels in the murky midnight, we prate about chemistry and Franklin's kite; out upon it! Now do you really think a city-people shopman or mechanic, one whom civilization bears hard upon, looking and hoping for no better fate than a life of toil for permission to live tolerably (or indifferently) well—do you think him happier than was a shepherd on Parnassus, tending his flock, and believing that the great god Apollo haunted its temple and leafy-laurelled shade? Why, they loved and piped, and when the boughs stirred in the covert of the thick wood, *knew* that some kindly fawn or hamadryad was peeping through them. Are our newspaper enjoyments, cigar-smoking, lecture-attending, caucusing and ballot-box-

ing, happier modes of filling up one's existence?"

"You argue well, but not well enough. Life, even in the antique Greek world, was not as it appears to us through the sunny vista of books and imagination."

"Perchance not. But now who cares to possess, much less gives rein to, imagination? *They* did, most assuredly, as we find them surrounded by and ever recurring to images of beauty, we may say imaginative, but real to them. The realities of the imagination are actual enough. If a book makes me laugh or weep, it is as real a sensation as a poke in the small of the back with a walking-stick. The scent of a rose is as much a fact as the piston of a locomotive. But now-a-days we have no belief, whether gentle or harsh; nothing but dollars and go-ahead-iveness every where. We know it works out a great end; but it is not itself *the* end, as we fancy. And of the spirit-world round about us we never think. (I don't recognize the existence of these knocking knaveries, you know.) Now, of course, you don't believe in ghosts? People can't, even those who'd like to. Matter-of-fact folks wouldn't let 'em."

"You do not, surely?"

There was a smile of peculiar humor played around the mouth and twinkled in the hazel eyes of the hale old gentleman, whose crotchets we have chronicled as expressed by himself. Of the occasion of the conversation we, perchance, should have before spoken; and therefore, to remedy our neglect, do so at once. Well, the scene was the parlor of a substantial farm-house, in the good old Bay State; one of those snug, spacious, quaintly picturesque old buildings, to which our own Geoffrey Crayon (all health and honor to him!) can alone do justice in the way of description, and which an artist has but to chance upon, when its likeness will incontinently be transferred to the columns of one of our illustrated newspapers. Tall elms, goodly oaks, the maple, the hickory, and swamp willow clustered

embowering round its straggling barns and out-houses; bare enough now, however, in the clear sharp breath of a January night. And of all good nights in the year, that on which we take up our story is the night of the New-Year's day.

A merry party were there that night around the hearth of Mr. Bevan, the hale, hazel-eyed old gentleman we have introduced to the reader. A couple of sons, an equal number of daughters, all wedded; and some score of grandchildren, from the ages of five to five-and-twenty; three old friends of the family, (two of whom had been school-fellows with their host full sixty years ago;) these, with a liberal sprinkling of town visitors from the good city of Boston, (including a Londoner of some three weeks' transatlantic experience, all wonder and amusement at the novelty of every thing about him,) formed the guests assembled. A wood fire roared and crackled up the spacious chimney with exultant sound; bright eyes glanced demurely or shyly in its light; social words were uttered; old times and by-gone memories recalled; and all was unmixed happiness and good-will. Close beside the rocking-chair in which the old gentleman (the centre of the group) was seated, his hand clasped between her tiny plump ones, was Mr. Bevan's favorite granddaughter Annie, a bright-eyed, jetty-haired girl of ten summers, much marvelling at present at the turn the conversation had taken. For the three old friends had gotten together, and, impelled thereto by some remark by one of the Boston visitors, laudatory of the times we live in, old Mr. Bevan had, partly in jest and three parts in earnest, run on as we have heretofore recorded.

"Ghosts, sir! Why, you don't mean to say you believe in them, sir, do you?" quoth the Londoner, with a stare of good-humored, round-eyed curiosity.

"And why not, I ask?" replied the old gentleman. "You read Shakspeare, of course? Well, then, 'if nothing is or is not, but only as we regard it,' as Hamlet says, why not credit ghostly visitations? As is the case with witchcraft, plenty of cases are on record which defy us to square them by rule, and common matter-of-fact. So mixed up with history in early times is the supernatural, that we cannot separate them; and all ages are prone to belief in it, even our own. But not to speak of whether it is or is not, I want

to know the superior advantage of negating and barring up the spirit-world to flights of fancy and imagination. We need not frighten ourselves, at least no more than is desirable, (for it is pleasant to be frightened sometimes.) Now, a good ghost-story is a good thing; and he who can conceive or tell one is worthy an amount of liking equal to the merit of his story. Now, I have a ghost-story which I would narrate, but that I think it somewhat too sad and terrible for a New-Year's night."

"Tell it, by all means!" and "Let's have it!" were the exclamations of the circle.

"I scarcely know whether I am wise in doing so." (Little Annie looked up timidly from beneath her curls, and rubbed her fair face against her grandfather's hand.) "One thing I can answer for, that the circumstances I relate are true; let the question of whether supernatural or not be settled by you as you will. Mind, I do not tell you what I think about it. Some of you have heard it before," (his old friends nodded,) "but as many are present who have not, I'll tell it. So trim the lamp, fill all your glasses, hold your tongues, and listen."

All of you have read of the first French Revolution. All of you know something of the scenes of horror, of terror and dire cruelty appertaining to that most terrible time. A dreadful time it was! which, even half a century elapsed, the world has not done shuddering at. Yet I perceive now men, even great and good men, are busying themselves in finding palliatives for, and heroism in, the pitiless monsters produced by it. True, they were victims as well as scourges; sufferers as well as inflictors; and all self-deceived from first to last, in the mad hope of swimming through seas of blood to a promised land of liberty and happiness. As such, we can pity the fated wretches. But oh! had these good and great men who write history *lived* in that time, and seen with their own visible, actual eyes what outraged humanity then suffered, sympathy with their kind would have caused them to cry out horror upon the cruel men of that dismal, dreadful time. It is of an episode (now rendered historical) of the first French Revolution, that I, an eye-witness of it, and now a gray-haired man, have to speak.

It was upon a sultry morning of July the

29th, 1792, and all Paris was astir with expectation and excitement; for on that day, fifteen hundred Marseillais, journeying from the utmost south of revolutionary France, were to make their entrance into the city. Summoned with sinister intent by their deputy, the young, brave, rash Barbaroux, under pretext of sharing at the federation of the 14th of July, (a day already passed,) the secret and unavowed object was that of placing at the disposal of the party of the Gironde an army of unscrupulous and reckless men, wherewith to overawe all opposing power, whether that of King, Assembly, or their bitter opponents, and final conquerors and executioners, the Jacobins.

Swelled and surged the tumultuous city and stormy populace, like an unquiet sea, as, marching in rank and file, the Marseillais entered by the quarter St. Antoine. A grim, black-browed mass of men, with eyes of fire and faces bronzed by the southern sun, dust-covered and travel soiled, and strangely armed and accoutred. Scarcely one but bore musket and sabre; yet was this not all, for some carried axes, some scythes, and many the pike—the weapon of the Revolution. The sunlight fell on the green boughs they carried, glittered on the motley array of arms, and shone on the blood-red liberty caps of Phrygian shape worn by most of the band. A more picturesque spectacle it were hard to conceive; and when, over all, rose the grim measured chant of that hymn or march of the Marseillaise,* which took its name from the singers, many a cheek flushed and heart throbbed with emotion and excitement. Little thought they then, perchance, of the horrors destined to follow the arrival of these men!

On they marched; applause of hand and voice, embracings and spoken welcomes greeting them every where, as they thronged on through the crowded alleys of the Quartier Saint Antoine. All passed peaceably enough, save for such an incident as the one to which I owed my knowledge of the hero of my story.

Gazing on the marching men, I stood among the lookers-on, when I observed the

attention of one of the troop directed toward me. Eyeing me for a second with a menacing stare, he then whispered a companion, and immediately afterwards forced his way toward me, pointing with uplifted pike toward my head. I recoiled, and the crowd around bent their gaze on me, some with wonder or stupid fear, others apparently sharing in the anger of the Marseillais. "See you not, citizen," exclaimed one of the latter, "what is the cause of the virtuous indignation of our brother-patriot? Thou wearest a ribbon cockade, as do the infamous aristocrats who remain among us; the enemies of the Revolution, and the people!"

"Change it! replace it with a woollen one!" growled the mob around.

Taking the cockade from the red cap of the Marseillais, extended to me on the point of his pike, I complied with the general request, and thereby satisfied the democratic purity of sentiment existing in those around me. The Marseillais bent his bushy eyebrows, and bowing his head in token of approval, passed on.

"Citizen, who and what art thou?" demanded a young man by my side, girt round the waist by a tri-color sash, (denoting a deputy to the National Assembly,) and whom I had remarked as being one of the first and most earnest in clamoring for the removal of the obnoxious cockade.

"I am an American, Citizen!" said I, shortly.

"An American!" repeated he. "Ah, had we known that, we should not have doubted the purity of thy republicanism. Accept of my apologies, and admit me to thy friendship. My name is Adam Lux. I am a German by birth, and delegate to the Assembly from my native town of Mentz. Now tell me of thyself?"

Gallic enough! in all conscience, thought I, to this sudden offer of friendship. However, replying with all fitting courtesy, I entered into conversation with him. In personal appearance he was handsome, had a fair, frank, earnest face, bright curling hair worn long, with little or no beard. His eyes were blue, and gazing on them, you could read at once the excitability and impetuosity of his nature. Such was Adam Lux, of Mentz; and as I have narrated, such was his self-made introduction to me.

Our acquaintanceship, thus accidentally formed, continued and increased, and we

* Rouget de Lisle, poet and composer of the Marseillaise, very narrowly escaped being accompanied to death by his own song. He was saved by the 9th Thermidor, which consigned Robespierre and his fellows to a fate they had merited a thousand fold.

speedily became intimates; scarcely a day passing without his visiting me, or *vice versa*. Much I found in his political sentiments to admire and sympathize with, much to condemn. A true child of the age, he had with others hailed the dawn of the Revolution as a light emanating from heaven, and not, as it would appear to have hereafter proved, a lurid ignis-fatuus from the nethermost abyss. And carried onwards by the turbid stream of events, his sense of right and wrong had been so warped and twisted that he would fain have justified the ensuing horrors of September, under plea of necessity of punishment for the "enemies of the people." Influenced primarily by the cold, sneering Mephistophelian spirit of the writings of Voltaire, he beheld in the upper classes the tyrants, oppressors, and irreconcilable enemies of the masses and the Revolution. And no less deluded by the pseudo-philosophic Christianity of Rousseau, he believed in nothing less than the speedy regeneration of mankind—with the disappearance of social distinctions, the disappearance also of misery and crime. Bright, mad hopes were they, but then the madness was almost universal; and who can wonder at a hot-headed young man of seven-and-twenty, with brain and heart a-flame with the lava-thought of that time, not being wiser than his fellows?

I have said I found much to like in him; indeed, it was difficult to know him and feel otherwise. His faults of political creed, springing from his convictions, being rather the result of his feelings than from reflection, could not mar his qualities of bravery and generosity. I (and the narrator smiled) was not then so high in favor with Dame Fortune as I may now claim to be, and more than once has Adam Lux divided with me the stipend his office as delegate to the Assembly procured him. I loved him, too, for his enthusiasm. At the mention of any deed of honorable daring, his eye would light up and his face would flush; while on the allusion to any act of tyranny and oppression, he would set his teeth together, and for a second be capable of *murder* from sheer sympathy. Nor must I forget to add that the imaginative powers of his ill-regulated mind were as little under his control as his social creed. With all the skepticism of the age, and disbelief in what was then denominated priestcraft and conventional formula, he yet possessed a fund of superstition. At

times the German blood from which he sprung would be strongly manifest in dreamy, half-morbid musings concerning the spirit-world, which, eschewing all revelation, he would people according to his fancy, now with bright, now with sombre images. And this, you may imagine, had also its attraction for me. But chiefest of all, enthusiasm was his prevailing characteristic; all thoughts and impressions ran into extremes. In days of great social changes and commotion, what acts, both of good and ill, are not such natures capable of!

* * * * *

Twelve months had passed; twelve terrible months for France. The land convulsed and terror-stricken throughout; anarchy and horror every where. Civil war raged round its borders, and fierce factions contended within. The streets of Paris had run red with blood, and the head of the hapless Louis (victim for the crimes of a generation of kings) had fallen beneath the guillotine at the Place de la Révolution. And now, as was then said, "the Revolution, like Saturn, was devouring its own children;" the long-breeding and inevitable struggle between the two parties, the Girondins and Mountain, had virtually ended in the arrestment of the former.

Sometimes unable to quit Paris, (the attempt might have resulted in death as a fugitive "*suspect*,") at others, strange as it may seem, unwilling to leave the theatre wherein was being enacted a drama of such terrible interest, my intimacy with Adam Lux still continued. But a change had come across his fevered brain and imagination; the ever-present sight of death had sickened him; day after day the death-laden tumbrils rolled dismally by with their "journées" (batches) of victims, to the never-pausing guillotine: and was this the golden age of brotherhood and perfect happiness he had pictured to himself? Blood, nothing but blood! Death every where—to the young, the old, the fair, the brave, the wise. What wonder, then, that men would cry "Vive le Roi!" as a passport of dismissal from a world in which such horrors were perpetrated? With this, in my friend's mind, would be combined fits of despondency to the direst degree, inasmuch that I half fancied his reason would be in the end affected, unless, as I was endeavoring to do, I could induce him to accompany me in flight to my

own free land. Ah! how dear was it to me then, in imagination, when I felt that perchance I might never see it more!

It was upon the night of the thirteenth of July, 1793, (the eve of that day which four years ago witnessed the storming of the Bastille,) that I sat alone in my attic in the Quartier Latin. A sultry, oppressive day had been succeeded by a wild, blustering night; no moon was visible, and as I gazed forth from my garret window, the face of the heavens was all obscured by a heavy rack of clouds, which moved rapidly and continuously athwart the whole horizon. The wind, blowing in fitful gusts, made a dismal sighing and sighing among the tall chimney-stacks and steep-roofed gables of the students' quarter. I was all alone, too far up to note aught that might occur in the streets below, even had it been practicable from my window. The rooms beneath were tenanted by a motley assemblage, chiefly of artisans and students, (or those who passed as such,) often disorderly enough; but now, save an occasional tramping up or down the staircase common to the house, I heard nothing; indeed, the rising of the wind would have prevented it. My mind was unquiet as the element without. Thoughts of my home across the wide waters of the Atlantic; of all the scenes I had witnessed in the revolutionary drama; of what it would end in, and whether I should live to think and speak of these things as bygone; all this, and more, thronged in my brain, till wearied out, both in mind and body, I sought in care-killing sleep a temporary oblivion from all. Uneasily I lay for some time, listening to the wind, and now driving rain dashing against the rickety casement, until the monotony of the sound had its effect, and lulled me to slumber.

I might have slept an hour or more, when a clamoring at the door awakened me.

"Open! open to me, my friend; 'tis I!"

I sprang out of bed, recognizing the voice of Adam Lux, and admitted him. He half staggered, half rushed into the room, flung himself into a chair, and bade me secure the door.

With words of inquiry at the terror his accent betrayed, I did so, and with some little difficulty struck a light and ignited the candle. And then never did I see a more appalled countenance than the one presented to my gaze! His features were actu-

ally livid, his teeth clashed together; the muscles of his face were rigid; his long, light hair, dank with rain, hung about his face; and his whole form, wet also, shuddered from head to foot, so much so that the very table against which he leant vibrated.

It was some time before I could calm and reassure him sufficiently to hope for a rational reply. Anticipating that he had been beset, or that his life was in danger from the Revolutionary Tribunal, I pressed him to narrate what had occurred.

"Not that! not that!" said he, as I gave utterance to my suspicions; "it is no fear for life I have, or for safety. Frank Bevan, I have"—and here he again shuddered as if smitten by the palsy—"I have this night seen face to face something which was not of this world!"

I looked doubtful, fearing for his sanity, and he saw it.

"Listen to me!" he said; and after several attempts and failures at narration, each time interrupted by a paroxysm of the same overwhelming horror he had manifested on his arrival, he, with frequent pauses, commenced:

"I had left the Jacobins early, in the midst of all the tumult—Ha! you know not that, perchance! Marat is assassinated!"

"Marat assassinated!" cried I, in wonder at the news.

"Killed, and, as we hear, by a woman!" said he.

Repressing my own astonishment, and a quick, burning feeling of fierce exultation at the death of so atrocious a monster, I let him continue, wondering the more at the apparent little regard he afforded to a circumstance which, I knew full well, would have affected him in the highest degree. He went on:

"I left the club, my temples throbbing with a sick, mad headache, and, wearied out by the turmoil and my own illness, went home, and straight to bed. There I could not sleep, and I lay hot and feverish and half-mad till close on midnight; a thousand hurried, incoherent, terrible imaginings passing through my brain with such rapidity that I almost feared delirium was upon me. At last they all merged into one strange, intense, fierce yearning to wander forth mid the rain and the night. So earnest and urgent was the impression, that it seemed as though some spirit were forcing, prompt-

ing me on to it. Combating it in vain, I at last rose, threw on my clothes, and obeying the impulse, issued forth. The streets were all dark and wet; the house fronts stood out murky and black in front of the troubled sky; and the blustering wind flaw swept fiercely down the narrow lanes as I hurried on, apparently impelled by no effort of volition, but, as I have said, constrained by some overwhelming power. The rain drifted against me with violence, slant-wise, wetting me throughout; still on I went, faster and faster. Few pedestrians are abroad in revolutionary Paris after midnight; what few I met might turn and gaze after me in the darkness; I noticed it not, but held on, unconscious whither my steps tended. Suddenly I issued forth upon the Rue St. Honoré; I was close upon the Place de la Révolution! Was this the goal to which I was so irresistibly impelled?

"Black and sinister-looking under the canopy of midnight, rose up the form and frame-work of the guillotine, the spirit of the Place. I stood beneath the scaffold, gazing fixedly upon it. The strong, uncontrollable impulse which had brought me thither was gone, and in its stead an appalled, vague terror of something about to happen, which *must* come, and could not be shunned, had succeeded. Fear was upon me to the last degree; fear of I knew not what. Even as I stood thus gazing, terror-stricken and bewildered, unable to quit the spot, I saw, through the dark night and the rain, the figure of a man apparently issuing from a farther corner of the square, and coming towards me. Determined by a violent effort to wrest myself from the nameless fear which mastered me, I resolved to speak to him. He drew nearer, passed swiftly by, close by my side, his face turned full upon me; and then, O great Heavens! I saw——"

"What! in Heaven's name?"

"My own features, face to face! Alike we were in countenance and demeanor, save that in its face was a fixed, rigid, awful stare, which made my blood run dull. O God! the intense horror of that moment! But for a second and it was gone, passed, vanished into the wild midnight; and I, mad, frantic with terror, fled on and on till I came hither to you as you now see me!"

* * * * *

Vain was the attempt to represent to him that the spectre was but the result of his

own diseased and excited imagination. His faith was not to be shaken, and he regarded it as the forerunner of his speedily-approaching death. From sympathy I entreated him to remain with me at least for some days, to which he willingly consented.

All Paris on the morrow resounded with the intelligence of the death of Marat. Rendered a matter of history as it now is, I need not particularize the event more closely than by stating that on the evening of which I have spoken, Marat, while sitting in a slipper-bath at his own house, had been stabbed to the heart by the heroic Charlotte Corday, with whose fate, however, that of the hero of my story is so strangely blended.

Adam Lux, sympathetic and imaginative, was agitated with extreme, admiring wonder at the incident; his admiration mounted to enthusiasm. Therefore was it, that (three days past) on the following Wednesday we found ourselves struggling amid a dense crowd in the essay to enter the thronged walls of the Palais de Justice, wherein the trial of Charlotte Corday was in progress. Many were the exclamations of astonishment, of rage and of admiration from the excitable Parisian populace, as the mob swayed to and fro around the avenues to the building. Our attempt was a vain one, even when my companion attempted to avail himself of his title of national deputy; admission through such a crowd was impossible. The only resource therefore left, to satisfy our baffled curiosity, was to be present at the execution. And truly the sunset of that day witnessed a piteous and memorable sight; one which I can even now conjure up clear and distinct, as though of occurrence yesterday. Forth came the dismal tumbrel from the Conciergerie prison gate into a city all astir with expectation; and there, clothed in the red garment of a doomed murderess, sat the hapless, beautiful avenger of outraged humanity, Charlotte Corday. For she was very beautiful; of a stately, noble figure; and her fair, full, calm face, gazed upon by all eyes, spoke a thousand unutterable thoughts, but peaceful and dreadless all. And yet she journeyed to her death; she, not yet five-and-twenty! It was a spectacle of awe and pity—that young girl passing along so tranquil and fearlessly to the keen, cruel edge of the guillotine. The populace around were variously affected. Some with blanched cheeks bared their heads in reverence; some wept; others, forming the majority, yelled

and shouted in savage exultation. Indifferent to all she seemed, and the cart moved on.

"She is very beautiful," said I. "Oh! Adam, what think you of this? Is it not a cruel deed?"

"Greater than Brutus," said he, "is she, and it were beautiful to die with her!" I looked at him, as, with eyes sparkling and face flushed with enthusiasm, he spoke.

"You scarcely regard your safety in saying it," said I.

"I care not!" he cried; "follow, follow, in Heaven's name! Let us keep up with the cart!"

Arrived at the Place de la Révolution, (I saw a shudder pass through my friend's body from head to foot, in spite of his enthusiasm,) the whole square was filled by a moving mass; even the house-tops and roofs displayed occupants. Yet that fair, doomed face still wears the same tranquil, inexplicable smile. The last rays of the sun flashed brightly on the guillotine knife, and shone like a glory on her face and hair as she mounted the scaffold. The crowd, till then undulating and murmuring, held their breath with awe. There was a brief pause, during which, according to their custom, the executioners proceeded to bind her feet. At first she resisted this, manifesting indignation at the supposed insult; but on a short explanation being vouchsafed, submitted with cheerful assent. Her neckerchief is then removed; a flush of outraged womanly modesty dyes for a moment neck and face with crimson; she is bound, placed beneath the fatal instrument, and with harsh jar the swift knife falls, and with it the noble, beautiful head of the slayer of Marat.

* * * * *

Adam Lux accompanied me homewards, his enthusiasm amounting to delirium. In vain did I essay to calm him; all his talk was of her whose death we had witnessed. That night, quitting me, he hastened to pour forth the thoughts of his heated brain in an "Apoteosis of Charlotte Corday;" almost a hymn of adoration to her memory; proposing the erection of her statue, with, for inscription, the words which had sprung spontaneously to his lips on seeing her, "Greater than Brutus." Heedless, reckless of personal danger, though warned by myself and others, he determined on printing and publishing the fatal

document. The sure, certain result, who has not anticipated? Its appearance was but the signal for his arrest, and arrest and condemnation were one and the same thing at a bar where Fouquier Tinville was public accuser. And now, last scene of all, my story draws speedily to a close.

A day in the early part of the month of November saw me once more in the Place de la Révolution, but Adam Lux was no longer by my side. I had came at his request to see him die. Aloft he stood in the death-cart with his fellow-victims, their journey and life to end at the guillotine. The long time he had passed in prison had fearfully changed him; his body was emaciated, his face haggard, his eyes bright with a wild lustre, not of reason. I had heard (for entrance to the prison was denied me) that he had taken no food for three weeks.* Yet he recognized me, and as he bent his head in acknowledgment of my presence, (his arms being bound forbade other movement,) I saw and knew involuntarily, by the strange, intense, meaning glance of his eyes, that his mind for a moment dwelt upon that fearful night of the thirteenth of July, the night wherein he had encountered or imagined the appearance of his spectral self. The cart reached the scaffold. First one was he to leap down and mount to the guillotine. He declared that "he died for Charlotte Corday, and with great joy," and that he hoped to join her in another world; and then the axe clanked down, and head and life were sent away together!

A few brief weeks from that time saw me bounding over the glad waters of the Atlantic, my face and heart turned homewards, leaving France and revolutionary horrors far behind, never, never to return.

"I suspect your friend was a bit of a lunatic, Mr. Bevan," quoth the Londoner; "nevertheless, the story isn't a bad one."

"Well, I don't say he was not," said the narrator; "the complaint was common in those days!"

As for the latter part of the assertion of our friend the cockney, all we can say is, that we hope the public will be of his opinion.

* So stated in documents of the time.

FIAT JUSTITIA: RUAT ALISON.*

WE expressly disclaim the slightest interest in M. L. Ardeche, or his book. The one is a conceited Frenchman, the other a farrago of careless, exaggerated, and absurd statements; and the reader must not be surprised if we should never again allude to the work. It has already accomplished its mission, so far as we are concerned, in recalling to our memory thoughts and facts which it does not, and could not, itself suggest.

The life of Napoleon has never yet been written by one who was qualified to write it. The thousand and one memoirs, biographies, and vindications which have proceeded from French pens are never elaborate, seldom correct, and always prejudiced. Yet Las Casas, Gourgaud, and Cambacères are as impartial, and, in their matter-of-fact, as reliable as their rivals across the channel. Truly unfortunate was it for *le petit caporal*, that the most illustrious hands into which his character fell should have been those of Scott, Alison, and Lockhart. Of all civilized beings in the two hemispheres, *cæteris paribus*, an English Tory is the least able, by circumstance or education, to write an impartial life of Napoleon. Scott's ponderous octavos are now viewed, even by those who sympathize with the spirit in which they were written, as a hasty and injudicious compilation from all the distorted newspaper reports and lying memoirs which then scummed the troubled sea of Albemarle street. Passing over a succeeding interregnum, which Lockhart and his followers in vain essayed to fill, we come to Mr. Alison, the best known and the last writer of eminence who has attempted the history of Europe during that brief reign of hell on earth, which comprised Napoleon's fearfully dramatic course through life. Now, nobody questions the industry of Mr. Alison, or the merits of his style, but his veracity is more than suspicious. His entire chapter on

America was proved, some years since, by an able writer in this Review, to be a tissue of falsehood and sophistry from beginning to end. And, without entering upon a lengthy digression from our main object, it is evident *à priori* that Mr. Alison never could have extended to France and Napoleon the candor which he has denied to the United States.

Yet the views of Scott and Alison have been received without hesitation and without inquiry in the very quarter where they should have encountered the utmost severity of acute and unbiased criticism. Those who have seen the contemptible libel upon Washington which, a few years since, disgraced the pages of Blackwood's Magazine, will not wonder that English writers should have been far more unscrupulous in their treatment of an enemy whose character was by no means unimpeachable, and who had inspired throughout England a degree of fear and hatred unparalleled since the days of William the Conqueror. But it is passing strange that *we* should have received their statements with such ready credulity. America was the only civilized nation upon the face of the globe able to pronounce a just verdict in the case of the Holy Alliance *vs.* Napoleon. To pronounce that verdict was a duty which she owed to the cause of truth and humanity, and we cannot but feel the most indignant shame when we regard the weakness and servility which she has actually displayed. And here much might be said to show that British Free Trade has coiled its benumbing embraces almost as closely round our intellectual as our commercial independence; that we obtain our thoughts from English presses as extensively, though not as palpably, as we import our cutlery from English forges, having alike the full benefit of the "cheapest market" in both cases. John Bull is now more politic than of old. Formerly he sent us bayonets—and he

* Life of Napoleon, translated from the French of M. L. Ardeche and others. Boston 1851.

might as well have flung them against Mont Blanc; now he sends us books, and we bow before them with the most lamb-like humility.

Ten years since we entertained ideas of Napoleon very nearly identical, we will venture to assert, with those of three fourths of our readers. We had read Scott's book, and Channing's review, together with half-a-dozen works and essays of similar character, but less calibre. These had their due effect upon us; but we could trace the origin of a still stronger impression to our perusal, in more juvenile days, of a Sunday-school book, which held forth to young readers upon some such subject as the "Evils of Ambition," taking the life of Bonaparte for its text. Opposite the title-page was a glaring wood-cut, representing an enormously fat figure, with its hands clasped under the lapels of a military coat, a very large star on its breast, a very large sword between its legs, and a very large pot-belly above them. Printer's ink could go no farther, and we were left to supply all deficiencies in the ideal Emperor for ourself. This we did by imagining a saffron-faced monster in blood-red inexpressibles, who breakfasted upon cold Englishmen instead of warm biscuit, and drank blood by the hog'shead in preference to any less stimulating beverage. As we grew older, the bugbear, of course, lost all these superhuman qualities, and fined down to a great conqueror, side by side with Cæsar and Alexander, with the additional compliment of being esteemed the greatest villain of the three.

After we had remained undisturbed in this comfortable faith for a few years, accident threw in our way a volume of Béranger's poems. Among the shorter lyrics included in the work was one which struck us with peculiar force. At this distance of time our memory retains but a meagre and indistinct outline of the verses; as nearly as we can recollect, however, their subject was the conversation of a peasant-mother with her child in some vine-clad French cottage. In earlier days—before the child was born—the mother has seen that cottage hallowed by the presence of Napoleon. When or how he came, whether as a young conqueror with the fresh laurels of Marengo upon his brow, or as a stricken fugitive reeking with the blood of Waterloo,

matters not. The Man of Destiny has been there, in that very room; and the child listens with hushed interest as his mother tells the tale, and points out the most insignificant articles which have been consecrated by his use. As her finger is directed towards the very chair on which the Emperor sat, the emotion of the child bursts forth in an exclamation which, short and simple as it is, comes from a soul stirred to its inmost depths:

"Oh, mother! sat he there?"

It was evident to us that in this poem Béranger intended a representative illustration of the feeling which then pervaded the masses of the French people; and that a nation so proverbially fickle should have adhered with such unconquerable tenacity to this enthusiastic veneration for one long since in his grave, struck us even then as a puzzling problem. At that time, however, we thought little of the matter. Béranger was returned to his owner, and the poem forgotten till new circumstances aroused the train of thought which it was calculated to suggest. We read Meredith's "Two Years in France," a rather amusing volume, full of piquant anecdote and slang. Its author was also a keen observer, and had devoted some time to noting and analyzing those prejudices which seemed to him peculiarly Gallic. Among others, he alluded to the extensive and undiminished idolatry of Napoleon, for which he accounted by the peculiarly vulgar and shallow hypothesis that the French were by nature "*bellorum, bellatorumque amatores*," resolving every thing which would otherwise have given him trouble into an insane love of military glory. We were not attracted by this theory; but the fact on which it was based struck us as confirming the correctness of Béranger's implied statement. Now, how could we reconcile this with our previous notions of *le petit caporal*? The desolator of Europe; the oppressor of whom his own desperate subjects were hourly striving to rid themselves by pistols, poison, and "infernal machines;" the warrior who immolated life, property, and love, before the Juggernaut of a reckless and unquenchable ambition; whose career had been typified by grave theologians as the outpouring of the "fifth vial" over France and Europe; the most shame-

less of usurpers—the bloodiest of murderers—the basest of dissimulators; in a word, the Napoleon of Scott and Alison—could he have inspired such enthusiastic and yet enduring affection among the very people who had writhed for twenty years under his iron heel? Common sense answered, No.

But more, much more, was needed to strengthen the conviction which, if it looked and moved towards truth, was yet dazzled, tardy, and half awake. We commenced historical researches, which grew more and more absorbing as they were extended. Every alcove, every shelf in the libraries of W—— College and the University of N—— was successively explored by our eager eyes, and every volume which seemed likely to cast a ray even upon “the salient angles of our thought” was summarily appropriated. Our little chamber, in the third floor of sundry tottering barracks, by courtesy yeft — College, became a perfect *helluo* of moth-eaten memoirs, dusty pamphlets, and corpulent octavos; some fresh from the press, and rejoicing in their bright morocco; others with the dusky honors of antiquity thick upon their leaves, and redolent of that peculiar odor imparted by age and stale leather bindings. These we read, re-read, and compared at frequent intervals, for two years. And not to weary our readers, the light which at last dawned upon this chaos came in the shape of a steady conviction that the true life of Napoleon was yet to be written, and written by an *American*; a conviction which, unlike many other contemporary theories, has endured the fiery test of years, and the calmer reflection which they bring. We claim no infallibility, but without incurring the charge of presumption, we may venture to sketch a bare outline of our views, leaving it to be filled, in case of need, by abler pencils than our own.

Before we can do this, however, the reader must be pioneered through sundry obstacles, in themselves insignificant, but invested with the sanctity of age and common consent. So venerable indeed are they, that one or two recent defenders of the Emperor have endeavored to construct a theory which should harmonize with, rather than expel them. The statements on which they depend have indeed been unanswerably refuted, but mainly by ob-

scure and almost forgotten writers, or by those whose researches were too recondite to permeate the mass of readers with their results. We shall confine ourselves to the consideration of three alleged crimes, which have been chiefly instrumental in furnishing something like a tangible ground for popular prejudice. These are the massacre at Jaffa, the infringement of the Treaty of Amiens, and the execution of the Duc d'Enghien. Upon each of these we propose to offer a few remarks. Here it may be well to observe that, in conducting the researches whose results in a very condensed form appear below, we have proceeded upon the invariable supposition that French testimony—the honesty and intelligence of witnesses being supposed equal—was as reliable in respect to prejudice as English, and, with reference to probable knowledge of the circumstances, rather more so. The difference is, in fact, not unlike that which would exist between one biography of Washington by Alexander Hamilton, and another by General Burgoyne.

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with the details of the butchery at Jaffa, in some form. For the benefit of those who are not, we shall repeat the leading circumstances. During Napoleon's campaign in Egypt, his army was embarrassed by an unusual number of prisoners. In order to get rid of the latter, they were set free upon their parole not to bear arms against France for a stipulated time, and to proceed to Bagdad. Long ere that time had elapsed, the Arabs were recaptured in the very act of violating their solemn promises. Under these circumstances, a council of war was called to decide the grave question which now arose as to the disposal of the prisoners. To retain them was, from the scarcity of provisions, impracticable; to release them would have been to send a powerful reinforcement, familiar with the position, and perhaps with the designs of the French, to the approaching army of the Sultan. The prisoners, too, had forfeited by their own act the claim which they would otherwise have to mercy. So argued the council, and the Egyptians were accordingly executed. It is from the wholesale nature of this execution, and not from any conviction of its injustice, that the horror with which it is

viewed has arisen. With the laws of war and apparent expediency it was in perfect consonance, and no one certainly will insist on judging it by those of Christianity. We grant that, in some sense, the massacre at Jaffa was a deed revolting to all the finer feelings of our nature. But it was one of the many horrors which war naturally engenders, and for which Napoleon was about as much to blame as General Taylor for the human suffering consequent on the battle of Palo Alto. Turn we now to the second charge.

No passage in the life of Napoleon has excited such extensive and abhorrent indignation as the execution of the Duc d'Enghien; and yet none is so imperfectly elucidated. No efforts have been able to pierce the dark mystery which enfolds it, and the defenders of Napoleon are almost equally divided between two suppositions: that Enghien was executed by the positive orders of Napoleon, or without them, and in opposition to his intentions. Headley, with his usual accuracy, has adopted the first theory, without even admitting that there is any room for doubt in the matter. We quote a portion of his remarks:

"In the midst of his (Napoleon's) vast preparation for a descent upon England, he was informed of a plot to assassinate him and place a Bourbon on the throne. . . . Georges himself, after much trouble, was taken, and he, with other inferior conspirators, confessed the plot, and acknowledged that 'the prince' was expected from England to head the conspiracy; but this prince was not to be found. . . . With his usual watchfulness, Napoleon began to inquire about the exiled princes, and being told that one was at Ettenheim, near Strasbourg, he immediately dispatched a spy to watch his movements, for he did not doubt that every Bourbon was in the conspiracy. This spy reported that General Dumourier, another old but exiled general, was with the prince. This mistake decided Napoleon to arrest him. . . . He wished to destroy some Bourbon prince, and had determined to execute the first that fell into his hands. To be way-laid and shot like a dog by Bourbon princes enraged him so that the voice of justice could not be heard. . . . Said he: 'These Bourbons fancy that they may shed my blood like that of some wild animal, and yet my blood is quite as precious as theirs. I will repay them the alarin with which they seek to inspire me. I pardon Moreau the weakness and errors to which he is urged by stupid jealousy; but I will pitilessly shoot the very first of these princes who shall fall into my hands. I will teach them with what sort of a man they have to deal.' In a spirit of fierce retaliation and rage, and to stop for ever the plottings of

these royal assassins, he determined to make a terrible example of one, and the young Duke d'Enghien fell. . . . This was not the cold-blooded act of a cruel man, but a crime committed in passion by a spirit inflamed with the consciousness of having been outraged by those from whom better things were to have been expected."

If Mr. Headley had read half the works to which he refers in his preface, he would have seen reason for a very different version of Napoleon's motives. When Enghien's death was first communicated to the First Consul, he expressed both anger and astonishment, severely blaming the court for their haste. To ascribe this conduct to hypocrisy is consonant neither with reason nor with Bonaparte's known character. Instead of practising the habitual dissimulation of which he has been accused, it was a part of his established policy to avow deeds like that under consideration openly and boldly. We know that he is often said to have resolved upon Enghien's death, and turned a deaf ear to the entreaties of Josephine and the urgent representations of Cambacères, Berthier, and Savary. But this version depends upon notoriously insufficient authority, and is diametrically opposed to the statements of those who should have been most familiar with the correct details of the affair. Réal and the Duke of Rovigo declare positively that Napoleon never knew of the execution till the morning after it, and expressed the greatest indignation at the intelligence. In a subsequent conversation with Joseph, he observed: "It would have been noble to pardon a prince who, in plotting against me, *avait fait son métier*. He was young, would have become attached to me and better acquainted with the state of France, and would have ended by entering my service: it would have been gratifying to have had the descendant of the great Condé for my aid-de-camp." It is true that Napoleon, in his will, speaks very differently of the matter, saying: "I ordered the Duke of Enghien to be arrested and executed because it was necessary for the safety, the honor, and the welfare of the French nation. Under the same circumstances I should act in the same way. The death of the Duke of Enghien is to be imputed to those who plotted in London against the life of the First Consul." An explanation of this inconsistency is not, however, wanting. Savary declares that Napoleon, even

on his death-bed, preferred to take the charge of the Duke's death upon himself rather than suffer his power to be doubted, and thus acted from regard to the dignity of a sovereign, who, if he enjoys the credit of the good which is done in his name, would act unworthily in throwing the blame of the evil upon others. He says that when the Emperor uses these words, "*Le duc d'Enghien est mort parceque je l'ai voulu*," his meaning amounts to this: "When I reigned, no one dared conceive the thought of disposing of the life or liberty of any one. It might have been possible to impose upon me, but never for a moment to enroach upon my power." This view of the case is in substance corroborated by Las Casas; and Beauvilliers, who will not be accused of any overweening partiality to the Emperor, admits, as fully proven, Napoleon's innocence of d'Enghien's death, blaming him, however, for "not having severely punished the court-martial which had so unwarrantably exceeded its mission."

But a circumstance of great importance still remains to be disposed of. It is known that there was no communication between the court-martial which tried Enghien and the superior authority, and that the letter written by the Duke to Napoleon was not delivered till the writer was a corpse. Apparently, then, we might conclude that the whole affair was a preconceived arrangement between Napoleon and the judges of the court, and that the latter were so perfectly assured of the First Consul's will that any communication with him was unnecessary. We think that the best solution of this difficulty which has yet been offered is comprised in the following extract from the North American Quarterly Review for September, 1830:

"We have it in our power from high authority (that of a person not now in this country) to state what the Duke of Rovigo did not know: the reason why the Duc d'Enghien suffered death without the sanction or knowledge of the First Consul. The prisoner, in extremity, asked to see Napoleon, which was not permitted, but the judge-advocate, Dantancourt, humanely suggested to him to write a letter, which was done, and the letter sent to Réal. During that eventful night the First Consul had been called up five times on the arrival of as many messengers with insignificant dispatches. So often disturbed, he gave orders not to be called again unless for a very serious occasion. M. Réal sent the Duke's letter to Malmaison by a private horseman, who, uninformed of its contents, gave

no intimation that it required particular attention. It was laid on a table, where it remained unnoticed till after the First Consul had deliberately risen and made his toilet as usual, without the least notion of its contents. In the mean time, indeed before he got out of bed, the ill-starred writer of that neglected epistle was shot. The interview between the First Consul and Réal, which immediately followed that between the First Consul and Savary, disclosed the deplorable cause, as Savary's prior tidings had revealed the catastrophe. Réal's reception was that of a man guilty of some unpardonable negligence. He will, no doubt, at some proper time, submit his account to the world. But he knows that Enghien was not sacrificed to a tyrant's policy, passion, or fears; that the general agitation and very natural misunderstanding which his family and friends had occasioned throughout the capital and the council; the over-zealous, perhaps treacherous, advice of some; the over-precipitate dispatch of others, and one of those misadventures which are so common in the affairs of this world, are the causes to which this disaster was owing. Once done, however, *nulla vestigia retrorsum*, never to recant, or apologize, or recede, was one of Bonaparte's imperious maxims. He felt the full force of the French proverb, that whoever excuses accuses himself, and nothing would induce him to disown a deed done under his orders, though they were violated, to his infinite injury and mortification, in almost every stage of the proceeding."

Since the publication of the article above quoted, Réal's memoirs, together with those of Cambacères and many others, have appeared. But a deliberate summing up of their testimony leads us to no conclusions adverse to those given in the Quarterly. Admitting, however, the statement most unfavorable to Napoleon, there still remains ground to vindicate, if not to deny, the act. The First Consul might have been excused for almost any degree of severity, when we consider the frequency and unscrupulousness of the Bourbonist plots, and the immense danger in which he himself and the peace of France were placed.*

The treaty of Amiens was concluded March 27, 1802, by Joseph Bonaparte, Marquis Cornwallis, d'Azzara, and Von Schimmelpenninck, between France, Great Britain, Spain, and the Batavian Republic. It was gallingly unfavorable to Great Britain, who stipulated to restore all her colonial acquisitions, Ceylon and Trinidad alone ex-

* For most of the preceding statements we are indebted to the very elaborate article on "Enghien," in the American Encyclopedia, and to "Remarks on a Deposition of Sieur Aufort, brigadier of gendarmerie at Vincennes," published at Paris in 1829.

cepted; the Cape of Good Hope remaining also open to her ships. Even England, however, could not, for a time, but share in the rejoicings with which the prospect of enduring peace filled the continent. But scarcely had that rift of light broken through the stormy sky, ere it was swallowed up in clouds of ten-fold darkness. The character of the treaty itself, joined to the unpopularity of the administration which supported it, soon created a revulsion of feeling throughout England. There the public mind was unusually disquieted and disordered by Napoleon's rapid successes and the late change in the ministry; while, as was to have been expected, ancient enmity was stimulated to renewed vigor on both sides of the channel. Petty quarrels sprang up without number, and, though individually frivolous, their frequent recurrence excited more ill-feeling than might have arisen from the weightiest causes of complaint. Napoleon represented to the English government that Malta had not been evacuated, though the time prescribed for its surrender had already expired. The ministry coolly retorted by declaring Napoleon's mediation in the affairs of Switzerland, and his incorporation of Piedmont, Elba, and the States of Parma with the French Empire, to have been prior infractions of the treaty, and upon this pretext refused to surrender Malta. Now we have it from a source which can hardly have deceived or been deceived, that, pending the conclusion of the treaty, Lord Cornwallis was repeatedly informed of Napoleon's designs towards the states above mentioned, and that this was done to give Great Britain an opportunity of signifying whatever opposition she might choose to make. Therefore, the assertion that the execution of these designs caused the rupture of the treaty was deliberately false.* Further, England declared herself suspicious that Bonaparte had ulterior designs upon Egypt and Malta; precisely the reasoning of a conscientious highwayman, who excuses himself for robbing a traveller by demonstrating that if *he* does not perform the act, some one else *may*. We advise all who have access to such sources of information to read with attention the parliamentary

debates at this period. Those who advocated the retaining of Malta exaggerated its value, made florid appeals to the national pride, declaimed furiously against the grasping policy of the First Consul, and declared it beyond cavil "that nothing save the long-experienced courage of British troops hindered Bonaparte from seizing upon Malta without waiting for its evacuation." Others, on the contrary, and especially Wilberforce, spoke calmly but forcibly against the unscrupulous proposals of the ministry. "Malta," said they, "is indeed a valuable possession, but the most valuable of all possessions is national honor, which can never with propriety be separated from national pride. The reasons offered to justify suspicions of Bonaparte's good faith are altogether insufficient; and if they were not, England could not be justified in violating a solemn treaty, but with the clearest proofs of having right on her side. The French Emperor declares himself sincerely desirous of peace, and we have no sufficient reason for supposing his professions false. Let us then meet him in the same spirit."

But sound reasoning will seldom avail against prejudice, envy, and anger. When Pitt regained power, his first step was to tear off every remnant of honor or honesty with which his predecessors had endowed the national policy. Lord Whitworth was sent to Paris, and charged to demand of Napoleon the evacuation of Holland by the French, and the entire surrender of Malta to the English. The First Consul was justly indignant at this cool impudence, and declared to his brother Joseph that "the times of the Pompadours and Du Barrys were over; that he wished sincerely for peace, but it must be an honorable peace." Still, he made an effort to prevent the rupture of the treaty, and in a long conversation with Lord Whitworth represented in a vivid light the injustice of Pitt's demands, but in vain. Whitworth replied by demanding his passports, and on the 18th of May Great Britain declared war—a war which resulted in the Holy Alliance and the battle of Waterloo. Where lies the responsibility?

It is now conceded, even by English writers, that the wars of Napoleon, up to the treaty of Amiens, were purely defensive. It is also conceded that the rupture

* Montauban's "Treaty of Amiens." Vide also Thiers and Alison.

of this treaty was the first link in the chain of sin and slaughter which terminated in Waterloo, and that upon the shoulders of those who forged that link rests the weight of the whole. Who will now put faith in the assertions of the English ministry that "they waged war, not for political aggrandizement, but for the security of all governments"? National jealousy was the chief motive which made England the founder and the most formidable member of the Holy Alliance. Yet there were other and sufficiently complicated forces at work upon popular sentiment. Many believed, what nearly all pretended to believe, that Napoleon designed, first to overthrow the balance of power, and then to consolidate a universal despotism upon its ruins. Then the churchmen and conservatives nourished an indefinable yet vivid idea that Napoleon was to become the chief apostle of infidelity and anarchy. The Reign of Terror was fresh in every memory, and the Chartists were not then counted as the mere scum of the social caldron, to be disregarded until it grew annoyingly abundant, and then skimmed off with the sabres of a dragoon regiment. They occupied a position of fictitious importance. They were feared as well as hated. French infidelity and *sans-culottism* were esteemed the sources whence they had sprung and by which they would be perpetuated. To choke that fountain-head was the natural wish of the English conservatives, high or low, and the reaction consequent upon the Revolution had borne the Tories to the very acme of power, and *la peur ne sait pas la justice*.

"Napoleon was a monster of ambition—a modern Alexander, who fell because he sought to conquer the world." He was ambitious enough, we grant—so was Luther. Did it ever strike you, dear Sir, that ambition might rest content on other gratifications than the yearly receipt of tribute from the Frigid Zone, and appointment of a viceroy to the Mountains of the Moon? The institution of the above parallel between Alexander and Napoleon is the very Mont Blanc of nonsense. The wars of Alexander were waged between the civilization of the world and its barbarism; between naked confusion and steel-sheathed discipline; and what wonder that he obtained the victory in so unequal a conflict? But even if Napoleon had felt any inclination to follow in

the footsteps of his classical predecessor, there were circumstances which must have strangled all such wild visions in their cradle. The discovery of the compass had considerably and, for a conqueror, very inconveniently increased the size of the known world, while good old Roger Bacon's invention, which drove ideas into the human mind as fast as it drove lead into the human body, had done much to equalize the defensive strength of nations. In a word, the accidental aids which insured the success of Alexander existed not for Napoleon; and to suppose that the latter did not notice such staring facts is to suppose him simply "*le plus sublime des fous*."

What, then, was the object of his ambition? The answer may best be given in his own words. "I wish," said he to Joseph, "peace, and the English oligarchy will not allow it. *It is only in peace that I can show myself as I am, and as I wish to be. France is enabled, by her high civilization and absence of aristocracy, to moderate the demands of the two extremes which now govern the world, by placing herself between them, and thus preventing a general conflagration, of which none of us could reasonably expect to see the result.*" Napoleon's ambition was not selfish; it was most intensely patriotic. He saw the sceptre of the world in the grasp of England; he wished to transfer it to France; and he sought to accomplish that end not by war, but by peace. He remembered the age of William and Harold, when the Saxons fell or fled like wolf-chased sheep before the high-toned valor of the Norman. From that period when England was a mere feudal dependency of France, he had traced up the diverging paths of the two nations. He had seen how, by the influence of fortunate accidents, whose effects gradually expanded into the wisest constitution and code which human skill has yet eliminated, England grew first independent, and then dominant. How, on the other hand, the pressure of long misgovernment had broken the national spirit and debased the national genius of France, till the one cowered before English generals, from the Black Prince to the Duke of Marlborough, and the other sank into insignificance before the transcendent glories of Shakspeare and Milton. All this Napoleon had seen, and thence drawn the true con-

clusion that France held a position of accidental, not of natural, inferiority to England. And his unassisted intellect, grappling successfully with the vast social problem which stood in its way, had evolved a plan of giant reform—a reform which should permeate every class, and every interest, from Havre to Marseilles. Already he saw, in imagination, France intersected by canals, and the Alps by roads, which should stand as his *monumenta are perennia*. Already he conceived the rough idea of a code unrivalled for simplicity, practical wisdom, and equal and exact justice. Already he imagined a National University which should cast Oxford, Cambridge, Halle, and Göttingen into hopeless obscurity. Already he planned a system of consolidated government, under which the elements of social disorder, as well as the impurities engendered by it, should be worked off by a gradual fermentation, leaving France at last fully capable of receiving, comprehending, and obeying a constitution which should leave the friends of true liberty nothing to desire.

But there was work to be done before the execution of these projects could even be commenced. Peace was an indispensable preliminary, and France was entangled in a doubtful and harassing war. Short, sharp, and decisive was Napoleon's course. He hurried over the Alps; took command of the army; introduced a system of discipline which astonished and half frightened his conservative coöperators; pounced upon the Austrians; cut them to pieces in half a dozen pitched battles; and pursued them till the citizens of Vienna were startled by the boom of his cannon. Soon he "conquered the peace" which he so ardently desired. And as he threw down the pen which signed the Treaty of Amiens, he turned to his deferred but darling *αρεργον*, thereafter promising the undivided energies of his life to their completion. Vain hope!

Napoleon is too commonly viewed in a light which shows us but one half of his character. It was not in warfare or in diplomacy alone that his genius found a congenial field of labor. His ability as a financier, and his domestic policy in all its branches, are, if less dazzling, no less remarkable than the Passage of Lodi, the March upon Moscow, or the events of the

Hundred Days. The Code Napoleon was to the preceding system of jurisprudence, what the battle of Austerlitz was to the military tactics of the *ancien régime*. Upon these subjects there is room for a most elaborate and interesting dissertation, but one to which we should find it impossible to do justice within our present limits. Yet we cannot resist the temptation of giving some extracts from a letter written by the Emperor to his Minister of the Interior. Originally published in the *Revue Britannique*, it has more than once been quoted, but will nevertheless be new to many of our readers:

"FONTAINEBLEAU, Nov. 14, 1807.

"MONSIEUR CRETET:—You have received the imperial decree by which I have authorized the sinking fund to lend 8,000,000 francs to the city of Paris. I suppose you are employed in taking measures which may bring these works to a speedy conclusion. . . . Carry on the whole with spirit. This system of advancing money to the city of Paris to augment its branches of revenue is also intended to contribute to its embellishment. My intention is to extend it to other departments.

"I have many canals to make: that from Dijon to Paris; that from the Rhine to the Saone, and that from the Rhine to the Scheldt. These three canals can be carried on as vigorously as could be wished. My intention is, independently of the funds which are granted from the revenues of the state, to seek extraordinary funds for the three canals. For this purpose I should like to sell the canal of St. Quentin, the produce of which might be employed to expedite the works of the canal of Burgundy. In fact, I would sell even the canal of Languedoc, and apply the proceeds to the construction of the canal from the Rhine to the Saone. . . . I shall have the money; the state will lose nothing; on the contrary, it will gain: since if it loses the revenues of the canals of Loing, St. Quentin, and that of the South, it will gain the product of the canals of the Scheldt, Napoleon, and Burgundy; and when these works are completed, if circumstances permit, I shall sell these in order to make others. . . . In England a charter would have been granted for constructing the canal of St. Quentin, and the work would have been left to capitalists. I have, on the contrary, begun by constructing the canal of St. Quentin. . . . I shall lose nothing then by selling it to a company for what it has cost me, since, with this money, I shall construct other canals. Make me, I beg of you, a report on this subject, otherwise we shall die without seeing these three canals navigated. . . . The execution of these great works is as necessary to the interest of my people as to my own satisfaction. I attach equal importance and great glory to the suppression of mendicity. Funds are not wanting, but it seems to me that the work proceeds slowly, and in the mean time years are passing away. We must not pass through this world without leaving traces which

may commend our memory to posterity. . . . You must find, before the 15th December, in the reserved funds and in the funds of the *communes*, the necessary means for the support of sixty or one hundred houses for the extirpation of beggary. The places where they shall be erected must be designated, and the regulations completed. Do not ask me for three or four months to obtain further instructions. . . . It is necessary likewise that, at the same time, all that relates to the administration of the public works should be completed, so that at the commencement of the fine season, France may present the spectacle of a country without a single beggar, and where all the population may be in action to embellish and render productive our immense territory."

The condition of France at the period when Napoleon assumed power will at the same time elucidate and vindicate more than one important part of his course. If we can imagine an entire nation shivered as it were into a thousand shapeless fragments, tossing hither and thither upon a sea of blood, we shall have the very spectacle presented by France at the close of the Revolution. Politically she contained all the elements of despotism, limited monarchy, republicanism, and sans-culottism; and these opposing forces were so nearly balanced that none of them was able, like Aaron's rod, to devour the rest. A republic or limited monarchy was, as it always had been, a favorite idea with the middle classes, *bourgeois*, &c.; and had their courage been in proportion to their numbers, this party might have held the balance of power. On the other hand, the Jacobins had been gorged with blood till, with many of them, loathing had succeeded a surfeit, and the mere force of reaction tended strongly to drive them from Robespierre to Metternich. Thus the ultra royalists had gained power in proportion as the ultra republicans had lost it, and the two very nearly balanced each other as well as the *tiers état* between, while the government of course remained in a situation of aimless yet uncertain quiescence. The national morality and religion were still worse, if indeed that may be called religion which, with one half of the people, was blank atheism, and with the other, like Cuddie Cairnbank's, "just naething at a'." Such a nation could choose only between anarchy and absolutism; and whether her king was a Bourbon or a Bonaparte is, to us who avow a most republican irreverence for the *jus divinum et successionis*, a matter of not

the least importance. That was a crisis when might for once made right, for the simple reason that nothing else could make it. From Charlemagne to Napoleon, France had known only a Reign of Royalty and a Reign of Terror. Of any golden mean she had about as much idea or comprehension as a child of the Stock Exchange. Will those who call Napoleon a usurper tell us whose right, in the name of common sense, he usurped? Dominion was then for the time being the only goal, and it terminated in a race-course free to every competitor.

Let it be remembered also that in evolving character from history, we should remember to separate the accidental from the essential—the man from the circumstance. When we cast our eyes upon Napoleon, we see little at first but a misty phantasm of blood and terror. From Toulon to Waterloo he seems the same destroying pestilence, the maddened leviathan dashing in frantic joy through an ocean of blood, out of which he could not exist, and which, in turn, owes its creation to him. From the Red Sea of the French Revolution springs Napoleon *anadyomenos*. Thenceforth he is obscured and almost hidden in the sickly steam of carnage. Napoleon! The very name seems necessarily associated with the indefinite idea of a human scourge; "the thunder of the captains and the shouting;" a hell overflowing till it disgorges itself upon the earth; every misery, in one word, which war can bring. That Napoleon's career was, in effect, that of a pestilence on land, a hurricane on sea, is true. But it does not follow that such a course was his own choice. Many a man, great or little, has been borne through life in a path which he abhorred and hated, and from which his utmost energies were unceasingly exerted to escape. Such a man, we believe, was Napoleon Bonaparte. When he ruled in effect half the world, and was dreaded by the whole of it; when he might have made Prussia his wash-pot, and declared that over Turkey would he cast forth his shoe; even then was he himself incessantly baffled in his most earnest desires by a remorseless fate, with which he contended till despair drove him into a species of insanity. Ay, insanity; for we believe that during the latter part of his career, Napoleon was more or less *mad*. But it was a madness no less methodical

than terrible; the revenge of one who rejoiced in almost god-like genius upon the many who feared, hated, and betrayed him. He saw himself slandered by English presses and treated with less than Carthaginian faith by the English ministry; a coalition of rulers who were alike strangers to mercy, justice, and honor, set in motion against him by English policy; Bourbon conspirators in English pay, perhaps at any moment mining the earth below him; a solemn treaty shamefully violated within six months from the day when it received his signature: all this he saw; and perceiving how impossible, under such circumstances, must be his cherished designs, he at last relinquished—who can tell with how bitter a pang?—every hope of their fruition. From that moment the tiger spirit within him blazed forth in unchecked fury; and, had he not been twice foiled by a Providence whose agency no human eye could have foreseen, he might have fought through all opposition, or, Samson-like, have involved his enemies in his own ruin;

“Even as a vulture and a snake outspent
Drop, twisted in inextricable fight,
Into a shoreless sea.”

There are those yet living who can remember the time when every newspaper, as it reeked from the press, was eagerly grasped, and the eye ranged with hurried eagerness over its columns in search of the heading “Foreign News;” and how long a breath men drew when they learned that Napoleon’s star had set for ever in the crowning slaughter of Waterloo! Few were the voices in England or America then silent amid the general roar of exultation. But one was the voice of ROBERT HALL. When the thunder of gratulation reached the quiet study where, in his mighty intellect, he lived and labored, the calm thinker traced through all its complications the results which would ultimately spring from that victory so unthinkingly rejoiced in. He subsequently said: “When I heard the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages.”

That there are blemishes in Napoleon’s moral character which no ingenuity can hide, and passages in his life which no research can successfully vindicate, we shall not deny. But in his foreign policy, few are

the derelictions from the line of good faith which rest on any sufficient evidence; and it is worthy of remark, that all or nearly all these took place after the violation of the Treaty of Amiens, an act which Napoleon might well regard as absolving him from any future covenant with England, or the nations which acted under her guidance. And, in his time, diplomatic honesty was a yoke which lay lightly even upon the most scrupulous statesman. Richelieu and Mazarin had established a school of policy in which the words integrity and good faith were heard only to be sneered at. Willy, tortuous, and faithless was its guiding-spirit, by which the *honnête* was wholly merged into the most barren and temporary *utile*. For the Decalogue, its chief scholars substituted and stamped upon their unblushing fronts the simple commandment, *Thou shalt lie!* Among the most successful of which mendacious celebrities were the French Louvois, the English Marlborough, and the Austrian Metternich. Brought up in such a school, it would be strange if Napoleon, even when unprovoked, was always anxious to identify the character of his means with that of his end. Let it be always remembered that his morality is to be compared not with ideal perfection, but with that of his contemporaries. It has been observed that the Court of Napoleon, as compared with those of the Bourbons who preceded and followed him, exhibited a contrast not unlike that which existed in similar respects between Cromwell and Charles the Second. The Court of Louis the Eighteenth was concisely described by the Comte de Garantes as “the most splendid bawdy-house in Europe;” and with equal pithiness he styles Marie Antoinette “the only virtuous woman ever seen, except by the rarest of accidents, at her own palace.” Under Napoleon, all indecencies were promptly frowned upon. To purify the inside of society was beyond even his power; but what he could do he did, and that was, to insist on outward decorum. When we consider how opposed was even this restriction to the popular sentiment of the time, we shall be better prepared to applaud it. Let those who are accustomed to view the Emperor as a fiend incarnate, remember the terrible ordeal through which in early life he passed, and then see in what comparative purity he rose from the filth around him. He was not an

infidel. He was not licentious. He was not a coward. He was not cruel. He was not avaricious. Though passionate, he was not naturally revengeful, as the mild sentence passed upon Moreau, the pardon of Hatzfeld, and the offer of pardon made to the young assassin of Schonbrunn, are alone sufficient to prove. And he was, in our opinion, so far from being a hypocrite, that what he did was generally avowed with equal openness and boldness. "Circumstances make men." With Napoleon they made the history; but the man comparatively defied them.

There are men whose faces, like their characters, are simple and strongly outlined. We recognize the portraits of Washington and Franklin under all circumstances, from the canvas of Leutze to the dingy, cracked, and warped sign of a village inn. Such men are easily comprehended. Their character is assigned by common consent long ere their family vaults have closed over them; and it remains unchanged and unchangeable—*αἰὲν ἡσυχία*. But there are others whose features never seem to give you the same impression for ten consecutive moments. Suppose you wish to secure the likeness of such a man. You may sit down at your easel; you may study the face in general outline and detail till you could enumerate every hair in the eyebrows, and draw a correct chart of the wrinkles; you may at last satisfy yourself that you have caught the expression, and transfer it with the most judicious care to your canvas; but when you have given the finishing touch, and raise your eyes to compare the substance with the shadow, you *feel* that you have failed. Nothing but the most painful labor or fortunate accident will enable you to grasp the expression which is

the master-key to so many and complicated bolts. That expression once transferred to the keeping of canvas, and you have the man. The Proteus may writhe and vary as he will, but elude you again he cannot; for you have the means of retaining and tracing his personal identity through every circumstantial disguise. So it is with Napoleon. We can, to a certain extent, accommodate his character to our preconceived prejudices with the greatest ease. We can give him half a dozen different characters, each of which shall be consistent with itself, and perhaps, at first sight, with his own history. But the unchangeable spirit which animates every variation of feature, the master-motive which explains every act or word which has contributed to the life, that essence of truth will escape all but the keenest, deepest search.

Oliver Cromwell died on the 3d of September, 1658. Fifty years later, almost every author in England, from the shirtless denizen of Grub street to Steele and Addison, was at peace with his fellows on at least one point—the character of the whilom Protector.

"Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell *damned to everlasting fame*,"

sang Alexander Pope, doubtless with the serene confidence of one who utters an unalterable truism. *Tempora mutantur!*

Napoleon Bonaparte died on the 15th of May, 1821; and from the character which general opinion presumes to assign him in 1852, we beg to dissent and appeal. Faint and few, but, like the first drops of a thunder-storm, fast increasing, and fraught with earnest meaning, come the premonitions of a different verdict from the Supreme Court of the Twentieth Century!

THE DESERT.

"A fico for the world, and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa, and golden joys!"

UNDER the above title, I propose to give you some sketches of travel in the wilderness, which you are at liberty to communicate to your patrons, whenever, from time to time, there shall be such a stand-still in the world political, social, and commercial, that they will be likely to have leisure and inclination to peruse a new chapter on so old a theme.

The ingenious Mr. Shakspeare (I quote at second-hand from Mrs. Cowden Clarke, lately so honorably complimented, *laudata a laudatis*, in your city) very justly observes, that

"Travellers ne'er did lie;"

and therefore, though I shall make no extravagant demands on the credulity of my readers, I think fit to remind them that, in spite of any inverisimilitudes they may discover in my narrative, they are bound to treat both all my observations and all those I may cite from other wanderers in the Desert as possessed of the absolute verity of a record, which, according to Coke, (Co. Litt. and Inst. *passim*.) and other great clerks, whose names are less familiar to the *lay gents*, no man is admitted to gainsay or dispute.

Nevertheless, something must, after all, be allowed to human frailty; and if, notwithstanding the high authority I have cited, any lady or gentleman of a particularly skeptical turn of mind shall find herself or himself irresistibly impelled to doubt, abate from, or discredit any of my statements, original or borrowed, then I put it to such lady or gentleman, as an honorable dame or cavalier, whether a traveller, who hath long time painfully and perilously wandered "mong guttered rocks and congregated sands," be not as fairly entitled to a handsome advance or profit (say twenty per cent. or so) on his venture, as the chapman whose merchandise is carried by the same caravan?

Shall men make gain of cloves and cinnamon, of shoe-pegs and broadcloths, Connecticut clocks and tin-ware, and shall hunger and thirst, heat, weariness, and peril, yield no increase to him that hath spent them? Shall the huckster stickle for threepence for the orange that hath cost him but twopence ha'penny, and may not I add twenty in the hundred to the leopards and hyenas I have encountered, the gazelles I have slain, the khomsins I have braved, the Bedouins I have bearded, and the fierce heats under which I have sweltered? 'Tis my unquestionable right. But I will deal generously with my customers, waive all benefit of invention and exaggeration, and sell out my entire stock at cost; in consideration of which liberal offer my readers shall agree to charge all errors and incredibilities to defect of memory, calling to mind that the great Ebn Sina, vulgarly called Avicenna, enumerateth "riding with a multitude of camels" among the things which be powerful anti-mnemonics, and specially fatal unto precise recollection; which curious psychological fact, rather than mere ignorance of the languages and manners of the East, I do conceive to be the true source and primal cause of the manifold errors and inconsistencies that so many oriental travellers have unhappily fallen into.

Thus much by way of proem, or, as lawyers in their priggish cant do style it, *inducement*, and as I have thus put myself (to use the same jargon) *rectus in curia* with all and sundry, I will proceed to my first number, which I intitle:

The Ship of the Desert;

OR,

A DISCOURSE OF CAMELS, AND HEREIN OF THEIR
FURNITURE, DIKT, AND DRIVERS.

"THE ship of the desert" has been so long the orthodox poetical and fustian-prose ap-

pellation of the camel, that it may seem to smack of heresy, or at the least of pedantic affectation, to question the propriety of the synonym. Wilkinson, however, (an authority, I admit, of little weight,) and some better linguists declare, that it is founded on a misapprehension of the meaning of an Arabic term sometimes applied to the respectable subject of my remarks. The word (mrkb, the reader may supply vowels to his taste, so they be short) translated ship, say they, means simply vehicle, *voiture*, *monture*, and in another form (mrkoob) is even applied to *shoes*; and they argue that the Arabs, who are no great proficient in navigation, (in fact, they might have served Mr. Jefferson and Father Ritchie as well as the cock did for an illustration of General Jackson's unfitness for the Presidency,) would have been much more likely to call a ship "the camel of the sea," than to invert the metaphor, and to apply to an animal familiarly known to them from the earliest ages the name of an object with which they had but a very partial acquaintance. Nathless, it is not to be denied, *per contra*, that Sir William Jones, famous in his day for oriental scholarship, not foreseeing the appugnation of these learned Thebans, has countenanced the phrase, and even given translations from the Arabic, which do seem vehemently to favor the poets and fustian-prosaists above referred to. Nay, if you will consult Langl  's edition of Chardin, you shall find it there set down, that among the Orientals, the camel is often designated by a phrase (*sefinet el-badiet*) which means simply "the ship of the desert," and can mean nothing else. In this conflict of authority, the reader will naturally inquire what is *my* judgment; to which query I respond, CUR. ADV. VULT, hinting at the same time to the parties and their respective counsel, that my *unofficial* opinion, in this as well as in many other things, is against Master Wilkinson.

Having now established my claim to the respect of my public, by a display of recondite lore, and at the same time gratified my constitutional iconoclastic propensities, by a fling at a venerable (its English use is as old as the time of Sandys, at the very least) and established figure of speech, I will trot out my camel, and give the world, in a rambling way, some account of that strange animal, whose peculiar organization alone has enabled man to inhabit, or even to pene-

trate and survey, the Libyan and Arabian deserts.

There are, at this day, persons, otherwise intelligent and respectable, who do fondly imagine that the camel and the dromedary are of different species, or are at least different varieties of the same animal; and some there be, who, founding themselves, as I suppose, on that old fable of Thevenot's, for I can trace it no further back, do still believe that they are distinguished by the number of their humps, the dromedary rejoicing in two of those sightly appendages, the humble camel in but one. Again, travellers, and even naturalists, have said that the two-humped camel was no independent species, but a mere exceptional and occasional monster. I shall not deny that a bituberosus camel *may* be the progeny of a pair of the common sort; just as, in spite of the Latin proverb, you *may* find knots in a bulrush; or, in spite of the Spanish, a cat with three legs, or a peck of pears on an elm tree; for I do not *know* (though I don't believe it) but the law of creation suggested by Babbage, and illustrated by the performances of his calculating engine, and some sort of confirmation of which some people have found in the curious discoveries of Steersrup, *has* a real existence. But if you, gentle reader, should happen, as I once did, to see a camel with two humps in an itinerant menagerie, you need not resort to any such violent supposition to account for his presence; for it is a well-established fact, that the two-humped camel, described by the older naturalists as having his *habitat* in Bactria and the parts adjacent, and which is figured on the Nineveh obelisk, is a real distinct species, and no unnatural monster or Babbagan changeling. But let us return to our muttons. "We will leave to speke" of far-off and semi-fabulous Bactria, "for the matter requireth it," as good old Froissart saith, and come down to plain and familiar Arabia, which you and I have known ever since we first read the Book of Exodus, and which Mr. Daniel O'Rourke found, in his celebrated Ganymedeian flight, "as like ould Ireland as one pratie patch is like another, only a little more sandy."

Some writer, Robinson I think, declares that he could find no difference between the camel and the dromedary, except in the price of their hire; and this opinion is confirmed by the experience of many travellers

who, with the best will in the world, have essayed in vain to coax, jerk, kick, punch, thwack, and bang their beasts into an amble. But after all, I believe it is quite certain that among the many breeds of the camel, there is one of lighter make, easier gait, and swifter pace, which is a much less fatiguing and far more expeditious mode than the common animal; and of this you shall see sufficient proof further on in this history. This is the dromedary; and in sum, any light-built, easy-paced, swift-footed, and well-trained camel (to which characteristics you may, if you please, add these external marks, videlicet, a small head, a short body, and often a livelier color) may lawfully lay claim to that honorable appellation. That the proportion of dromedaries is not large, you may learn from an Arabian adage, which you shall find latinized in learned Bochart his Hierozoicon, after this wise: *Homines sunt ut Cameli, quorum ne quidem centesimus quisque est Dromas*—Men be like camels, whereof not one in the hundred is a dromedary.

Most travellers complain of camel-riding as a peculiarly wearisome and unpleasant mode of locomotion; but with these fastidious persons I can by no means agree; and as compared with the

"Pack horses, and hollow, pampered jades of Asia, That cannot go but thirty [read *twenty*, meo periculo] miles a day,"

whereof we had large experience in the hill country of Palestine and the parts of Galilee, my party all unhesitatingly gave the camel the preference. Of course, on a good road, neither too soft nor too hard, where you may choose your pace, walk, jog-trot, amble, or gallop your beast at will, avail yourself of

—"trotulation,
As they do term't, or succussion,"

just as jumps best with your humor, the horse, I will not deny, is a better vehicle than the camel, in respect of fatigue at least, in the same proportion that the hippogriff is better than either; but, excepting the space between Cairo and Suez, you will not find many roads of such road in the Deserts of Libya, nor yet in Arabia the Stony, or even the Blest. In fact, the great Macadam, the Colossus of Roads, does not appear to have visited the greater or the lesser Penin-

sula as yet; which is a pity, because the material, (*metal* he perversely calls it, though it be but stone,) as Sinaitic granite, porphyry, basalt, quartz, and multitudinous plutonics, doth abound there.

So far as I know, Tavernier is the only writer who has noticed that the amble of the dromedary (for trot he hath none) is easier than his walk, which is most true. I mean, of course, at a moderate rate of speed, some four or five miles an hour or thereabouts; for if the inexperienced rider, in ambitious imitation of the natives, puts his beast up to much more than that, he will be very sure to exhibit some curious specimens of lofty, and most likely, of ground tumbling; feats which, however graceful and surprising in themselves, will probably do more to cheer the risibles of the spectators than to promote his own comfort or augment his self-respect. And, apropos of gaits and paces, it is fitting to observe that Sir Thomas Browne, in combating the vulgar error "that a badger hath the legs of one side shorter than of the other," has himself committed one, in not excepting the camel from his general declaration that "the progression of quadrupeds is performed *per diametrum*; that is, the cross legs moving or resting together, so that two are always in motion and two in station at the same time;" which error is the more remarkable, because the learned knight cites Aristotle *de incessu animalium*, and Aristotle correctly describes the camel and the lion as raising the legs of the same side, the one (the hinder) immediately after the other. In fact, his walk and his amble are alike, except in speed; and he *overreaches* a little in both. Nevertheless, that he *can* assume other paces, I had ocular proof in one instance, at a dromedary race, namely, at the camp of Sheikh Musa, got up in honor of a wedding. In this race, half a dozen or more dromedaries contended. They went at a prodigious rate over a course of two or three hundred yards; and more than once I saw them break into a fair gallop, or rather canter, which, however, was continued but a moment.

To me, who am no graduate of Astley's, and so sorry an equestrian that I respect Alexander more for the taming of Bucephalus than for the conquest of India, the *security* of the camel is a great point. You may sit sidewise or backwards, with feet resting in stirrups or legs crossed or dang-

ling, and arms folded or akimbo, with no fear that your beast will kick up or stumble and pitch you over his head, or rear and throw you over his tail, or shy out from under you at the sight of an old woman or the bow of a country school-boy, or take the bits in his teeth and run to Quoddy with you at the "report of a caliver" or the flutter of a sheep-skin; but nevertheless, with a full sense of my responsibilities, I do take it upon me peremptorily to deny the boast of some, that they can use a telescope, read, write, and cipher, sew, knit, darn stockings, and even draw, *a-camelback*. The motion of the beast is a compound of rolling and pitching simultaneously executed, and much resembles that of a "dug-out," with a strong, rough current abeam, and a short, sharp, heavy swell fore and aft. The elder Pliny, who read and dictated while shampooing, would have been compelled to intermit his lucubrations during a promenade à *chameau*; and though the Arabs will hang like a sack across the pack-saddle, or stretch themselves from stern to stern along the load, and sleep as securely as a bear in a hollow log, or a sailor in the main-top, yet the most *you* can accomplish, fair madam, will be to look about you, which you can do to good purpose, while your hands are as useless as if they were tied to the cross-head of a mill-saw. It is true, that by resolving myself into a set of animated gimbals, I contrived to take and record compass bearings; and I even essayed to make notes, but with small profit. Sergeant Blank, of the English bar, you know, wrote three hands, one that he could read and his clerk couldn't, one that his clerk could read and he couldn't, and one that neither he, his clerk, nor anybody else could read. My ordinary handwriting is as pretty and as legible a piece of chirography (*teste diavolo*) as you shall see of a summer's day; but my notes taken on the camel's back are of Sergeant Blank's third sort; and as I am very curious to know their import, I do freely offer the copyright of them to any bookseller or publisher, whose "blind clerk" shall prove himself able to decipher them. Indeed, I find them to resemble very closely the mystic characters of the inscriptions in Wadee Mokatteb, and some of those at Petra; and if they should turn out to be written in the forgotten tongue of old Edom, or in the lost character of the ancient Hebrew, I should be as

little surprised as was the German tailor Torielli, when he found himself speaking the finest Persian. Reverend and learned Master Forster, I hear, has lately explained with surprising success the Sinaitic inscriptions, and I should humbly ask him for an exegesis of my own, did I not fear that Professor Turner would demolish his interpretation as thoroughly as he did the same worthy clerk's translation of the writing on the rocks of Hadramant.

But as touching this matter of *security*, I must put in a caveat. Though I have no fears for myself, I will be responsible to you, reader, for the sure-footedness of the camel on *dry* ground only; for though I have seen two or three caravans make their way over slippery pavements, covered with six inches of snow and liquid mud, yet these were of a northern breed; and in general, if there be mud, water running or stagnant, or even if the ground be damp enough to run a Western steamboat, travellers agree that the Arabian camel is very apt to come down unhandsomely; his fore-foot slipping and wringing his withers, or his hind-legs spreading and dislocating, or sorely wrenching his hip-joints. Tavernier says the same thing even of the Turcoman camel, accustomed as he is to rain and snow; and goes so far as to affirm that the camel-drivers spread carpets over wet places for their beasts to tread upon. I have often seen camels slip, but never fairly fall, in the mud; and I have not observed that they were particularly shy of wet, as some writers declare. On the contrary, in passing along the beach of the Red Sea, in the gulf of Akaba, my dromedary fairly took to the water, and I had to use some energetic persuasives to induce him to return to terra firma.

I have read a good deal, in books of travels and of natural history, about the "soft, spreading, and elastic foot" of the camel, and its special adaptedness to "the yielding sands of the desert," and so forth; but, in truth, the animal is more impatient of "yielding sand" than of any other footing, and avoids it instinctively, as a horse does a puddle. Pietro della Valle complains of the "soft sand" as a great impediment to his progress, and says that his camel, though quite fresh and the finest in the caravan, fell in the sand—"più di sette volte"—more than seven times in one day. In fact, his foot sinks in it, not indeed alto-

gether, but very nearly, as much as that of the horse; and upon the philosophy of final causes, there is very little reason why it should be formed to tread upon fine sand, that being a commodity of by no means frequent occurrence in the desert. The surface of the wilderness is in general a hard, compact, gravelly soil, loose stones or bare rocks; and the foot of the camel is precisely fitted to paths of these descriptions. The tenacity with which it clings to the worn and slippery surfaces of the limestone, as well as the rougher face of the sandstone and granite, is truly wonderful; and he will climb mountain passes which one would think almost inaccessible to the chamois. Our caravan of above fifty camels, mostly loaded, ascended without accident the pass of Eo Supah, over a limestone as slippery as glass, and rising several hundred feet at an angle of fifteen degrees, or one foot in four; and Miss Martineau did not dismount at the break-neck pass of Negabad, the northern slope of which, though not so slippery, is, I should think, even steeper than that of Eo Supah.

For the purposes of general observation, camel-riding is the most advantageous of all possible means of conveyance. The slowness and regularity of your rate of progress, the elevation of your seat, (securing you also the full benefit of every breeze that blows,) and your entire exemption from the necessity of guiding or even watching the movements of your beast, give you the greatest facilities for studying the aspect of the country, and enjoying the unrivalled sublimity of the mountain ranges you so often skirt or traverse. With a special attendant, too, on foot, who happens to have some language in common with you, and whom you can call upon to pick up a stone or gather some curious plant, or upon occasion to bring your camel to a sudden halt, that you may take a sketch or record an observation, or dismount and examine for yourself some tempting vein of mineral, or other interesting object, you will have every opportunity for observing and noting in detail, and thus enjoy a combination of advantages hardly attainable in any other mode of travel.

An inconvenience in camel-riding, much complained of by Miss Martineau and others, is the animal's habit of feeding as he walks. In most parts of the desert, there are occasional stunted acacias and other prickly plants,

with here and there an herb, which constitute almost the sole diet of the camel. For these delicacies he is ever on the look-out, and he snatches them in passing, giving you an uncomfortable jerk as he turns to seize them, or suddenly stops, at some hazard of throwing his rider overboard, and browses at his leisure, in spite of your "prick on the shoulder with the point of the stick." But with camels in good case, there is little of this annoyance, and as the creature's stomach is satisfied by a few mouthfuls, it is a very inconsiderable drawback on the pleasures of travel in the desert. A more serious inconvenience, and one not unattended with danger, is the impatience of the camel on approaching water, after long privation. The whole caravan, disdaining all control, rushes confusedly to the pool, to the sore endamage of the loading and imminent peril of the knees and ankles of the rider, which he can only secure from *barking*, or worse mischief, by drawing them up under him, and sitting *à la Turque*, on a very unstable and wavering foundation.

But on this chapter of *désagremens* I do not care to be diffuse; and I will mention as one of them, the incessant harsh growl of the camel while loading and unloading, and indeed whenever he is approached by his driver or rider; and barely hint at another, which I will not say "is more easily imagined than described." No; as there are heights to which imagination cannot soar, so are there depths to which it cannot descend. I remember one evening and night in the western part of Wadee Feiran. No water, thermometer at 110° in the tents, air deathly still, and camels *very* near. Oh for a draught of Lethe! I faint at the recollection. Reader, in hot weather pitch your tent as far from your camels as you dare, and, if there be a breeze, to the windward.

Where the road is tolerable, burden camels are often tied halter to tail from three to eight or ten in a string. In this case, they of course march in single file, but the desert camels are generally left at liberty, and the travelled routes are every where furrowed with paths, which may have been thousands of years in wearing. In the Sinaitic peninsula, where, except on the Háj route, the caravans are usually small, there are (the narrower passes excepted) in general from fifteen to twenty of these shallow

paths worn smooth in the hard gravel and among the loose stones. They are fifteen or eighteen inches wide, and three or four deep, and running in the main parallel to each other, (though occasionally intersecting,) at the distance of about a couple of yards apart. In these the camels walk, usually pretty nearly abreast, if not too numerous, and those which have been bred together are inclined to keep near each other. Where there is pasturage, they scatter widely, and a caravan of fifty camels in a broad wadee will frequently show a front of a mile or more. They are, however, reluctant to lose sight of the main body; and a fine large camel in our caravan in Arabia, that carried a mahafa, (to be described hereafter,) was constantly uttering a sad and gentle moan when separated from his companions. Notwithstanding this gregarious propensity, it is difficult to keep two camels in a caravan side by side, so as to allow much conversation between their riders. Some difference of gait, the temptations of the camel-thorn, or the crowding of other animals, is constantly interfering to break up your *tête-à-tête*, and you finally surrender yourself to a silence well befitting the solitude and the solemn aspect of nature around you. The regular and scarcely audible tread of the camel sheds a drowsy influence on your reveries; your day-dreams pass into slumberous visions; you waver in your seat, and it is rather an instinctive impulse than a conscious effort that braces you in your saddle, and saves you from a disastrous fall.

The best general description of the camel, though neither strictly accurate nor complete, is that of the acute Volney; and, as I do not propose to attempt the natural history of the animal, I shall without more ado adopt it:

"At the return of the hot season every thing dries up, and the dusty gray earth offers only parched and woody stems, upon which neither the horse, the ox, nor even the goat can feed. In this state of things the desert would become uninhabitable, if nature, in the gift of the camel, had not bestowed upon it an animal of a constitution as hardy and as frugal as the soil is sterile and ungrateful. No creature exhibits so marked and exclusive an analogy to its climate, and it would seem that an intelligent will had mutually accommodated the conditions of each to those of the other. Designing the camel to inhabit regions where he could find but a scanty supply of nourishment, nature has been economical of material in his whole organization. She has not given him

the fulness of form of the ox, the horse, or the elephant, but limiting him to the purely indispensable, she has bestowed upon him a small head, almost without external ears, supported by a fleshless neck. She has stripped his thighs and legs of every muscle not essential to their movements, and has furnished his dry and meagre body with only the vessels and tendons required to knit its framework together. She has supplied him with a powerful jaw to crush the hardest aliments; but that he might not consume too much, she has narrowed his stomach and made him a ruminant. She has cushioned his foot with a mass of muscle, which, sliding in mud and ill adapted for climbing, unfits him for every soil but a dry, even, and sandy surface, like that of Arabia. She has condemned him to servitude, by refusing him all means of defense against his enemies. Possessing neither the horns of the ox, the hoof of the horse, the tusks of the elephant, nor the speed of the stag, how can he resist the attacks of the lion, the tiger, or even the wolf? Nature, therefore, to save the species from extinction, has hidden him in the bosom of boundless deserts, whither no vegetable luxuriance attracts the beasts of the chase, and whence the more voracious animals are banished by the scarcity of their prey; and it was not till the sword of the tyrant had driven out victims from the habitable earth and chased them into the wilderness, that the camel became the slave of man. By his subjection the most sterile of soils has become a home for a portion of the human family; and such is his importance in the economy of desert life, that his extinction would involve the destruction of the whole population of those arid regions, of whose nomadic existence he is the indispensable condition."

In a note to this passage, Volney states that there are four "distinct species" of this animal: the Arabian camel, the dromedary, the Turcoman, and the Bactrian, or two-humped camel. The Arabian camel and the dromedary are certainly not "distinct species," and it is doubtful whether the Turcoman camel, which is a lower, heavier, more hairy, and far more powerful animal than the Arabian, be any thing more than a variety. The common Syrian camel is a breed intermediate between these two latter, and probably specifically distinct from neither.

I see no occasion to dissent from Volney's description, except that, as the reader has already learned, his views of the exclusive adaptation of the camel to a "dry, even, and sandy soil" are quite erroneous. The Turcoman camel inhabits a cold and mountainous region, parched indeed in summer, but exposed to heavy rains and snows in winter; and if the camel is any where found wild, as is affirmed, it is in the severe climate of Independent Tartary. According

to Berghaus, (though he seems to be frightened at his own figures,) there are not less than one hundred thousand camels in the territory of Russia, and they are in common use in many parts of European Turkey, where the winter climate is as severe as that of eastern Pennsylvania. Such facts might have led Volney to doubt the accuracy of his own conclusions as to the exclusive character of the organization of the camel; but it is to be observed that all the climates where the animal is known to exist and thrive, are characterized by the dryness of their summers. Our author has not given sufficient prominence to that remarkable provision of nature, by which the camel is enabled to carry within him a supply of water for several days, nor does he allude to the hump as a repository of nourishment. The common belief that this animal has a separate stomach, wherein he stores, and from which he draws this fluid, is erroneous. He has the same number of stomachs as other ruminating quadrupeds, and several of these are furnished with sacs in which the water is deposited, and thence withdrawn, as occasion requires, to moisten the fauces and the food. It is believed by the Arabs that the hump, which is a large lump of flesh upon the back, supported by an elongation of the processes of the dorsal vertebræ, is a store-house of nutriment, which is absorbed when the supply of food is insufficient, and secreted again when it is abundant. They regard the condition of the hump, therefore, as a test of that of the animal, and examine it, when concluding a purchase, with a scrutiny as careful and as learned as that with which a Brighton butcher *handles* a bullock.

With such an organization, it is obvious that the camel can exist for many days upon a supply of food and of water otherwise quite inadequate for the support of so large an animal, and it is upon this property that his great value chiefly depends. The length of time which he can live without drinking depends much upon his training, and upon the abundance and succulence of his food. Indeed, at seasons and in countries where dew falls plentifully, he hardly cares to drink at all; and Major Skinner declares that the camels of his caravan did not drink between Damascus and the Euphrates, (from the 3d to the 23d of April,) though water was offered them on the tenth day of his

journey. Tavernier's camels, on one occasion, were nine days without water. Russell mentions a case of abstinence for fifteen days as altogether unprecedented, and states that after long privation, the camels often drink so greedily that it proves suddenly fatal to them. He says that the caravans in the Syrian desert usually find water every three or four days, and that so long a period as six or seven days is thought quite extraordinary, and adds the curious fact that these animals sometimes drink sea-water in preference to fresh. My only opportunities of observation have been in the summer, and though on one occasion our camels went four full days without water, yet they always drank when they came to it, although at that season it was so highly charged with salts as often to be quite undrinkable by even the Arabs, who are far from being nice on this point. The quantity taken by the camel after some days' abstinence is very large, and one could hardly believe that the fluid could be driven by a forcing pump through so long, narrow, and crooked a channel as this animal's gullet, so rapidly as he swallows it.

The camel, with his slender and shrunken limbs, his light quarters, and his shambling gait, seems little adapted for the performance of any labor requiring either strength or speed; but he bears a burden greatly disproportioned to his own weight, and slow as is his pace, his powers of endurance enable him to accomplish a long journey in a shorter space than even the horse. The Arabian camel, though taller and swifter, is far less powerful than the Bactrian, the Turcoman, the Syrian, or even the Egyptian animal. In Arabia Petrea, his burden does not exceed three or four hundred pounds; and on arriving at Hebron, and exchanging our camels for horses and mules, we hardly found it necessary to increase the number of our beasts. Brown states that the camels of Soudan generally carry from three hundred to three hundred and fifty, and sometimes five hundred pounds; and he gives the burden of those of Egypt at from eight hundred to one thousand, which latter statement I believe is much beyond the truth. Tavernier says the Persian camels carry five hundred or six hundred pounds, the Turcoman one thousand or even one thousand five hundred pounds. I was told by the keeper of the camels at the Grand Duke's Casina, near

Pisa, that they would generally carry about their own weight, which, he said, was sometimes as high as seventeen hundred Tuscan pounds, equal to twelve hundred and fifty avoirdupois; but I think he underrated the weight of the animal, and exaggerated that of the load.

The camel is in general used only as a beast of burden, but in Egypt he is sometimes employed for draught; in Afghanistan he is also harnessed to the plough, and Colonel Chesney thinks that, with proper training and a suitable collar, he would make a capital draught animal.

The caravans travel at a slow rate; but as they are seldom less than ten, and often twelve, fourteen, or more hours upon the march, a very fair day's journey is accomplished. Dr. Robinson, upon careful investigation, estimates the average rate of travel at two and one third miles per hour, and this, I doubt not, is very near the truth. In the Sinaitic peninsula it doubtless falls short of this, while upon the excellent road between Cairo and Suez it rather exceeds two miles and a half the hour. The dromedary I rode from Cairo to Suez averaged thirty-seven steps of each foot to the minute, which, at our speed of 2.55 miles the hour, gives a length of step of six feet. To this snail's pace the traveller, though mounted on an animal capable of much fleet motion, must in general conform, because he cannot with convenience, or indeed at all times with safety, be separated from his baggage and attendants; but if he is content to dispense with the conveniences of tents, bedsteads, chairs and tables, and to subsist on the simple fare of the Arabs, he may traverse the wilderness at a far more rapid rate. The Arab accounts of the performances of their dromedaries, though not quite free from oriental hyperbole, are nevertheless less exaggerated than is generally supposed, as is abundantly established by unquestionable European testimony. In 1811, Mehemet Ali, when hastening to the destruction of the Memlooks, rode a dromedary from Suez to Cairo, eighty-four miles, in a single night; and I know two European gentlemen who have performed the same feat in seventeen hours without changing camel. Laborde made the journey in the same time, and went from Alexandria to Cairo, nearly one hundred and fifty miles, in thirty-four hours; and a French gentleman in the service of

the Viceroy of Egypt, of great experience in the use of the camel, assured me that he had ridden the same animal ninety miles in one day, and fifty miles a day for ten days in succession. Colonel Chesney rode with four dromedaries from Baarah to Damascus, nine hundred and fifty-eight and a half miles, in nineteen days and a few hours, (more than fifty-four miles per day,) the animals having no food but such as they picked up in the desert. They averaged from forty-four to forty-six paces per minute, with a length of step of six feet five inches. Mails have been carried from Badgad to Damascus, four hundred and eighty-two miles, in seven days; and, on one occasion, by means of regular relays of dromedaries, Mehemet Ali sent an express to Ibrahim Pacha from Cairo to Antioch, five hundred and sixty miles, in five days and a half. Colonel Chesney says, the maherrie najin, or swift dromedary, can make eight or nine miles an hour, and go seventy miles per day for two or three days in succession. I have myself seen one of these animals, in the train of the Viceroy of Egypt, keep up with the Pacha's carriage without apparent effort, at the rate of more than eight miles per hour; and Burckhardt states that an Egyptian maherrie accomplished one hundred and fifteen miles in eleven hours. On ordinary occasions the camel is not fed, but left to subsist as he can on the scanty herbage of the desert; nor is he ever sheltered, or curried, or otherwise dressed. Favorite animals and those exposed to severe labor receive once a day, rarely twice, a very small allowance of beans, or a ball weighing three pounds, or thereabouts, of a coarse dough of barley mixed with chaff, cut straw, or cotton seed; and according to Edrivi, in some parts of the greater peninsula they are occasionally fed upon dried fish. At the farm of the Grand Duke of Tuscany they are kept upon hay alone, the weekly allowance being two hundred pounds Tuscan, or one hundred and fifty avoirdupois. As we have already said, the camel breakfasts as he walks; but as soon as the caravan halts, which is usually long before sunset, he is turned out to feed, accompanied by a few of the men, to guard against thieves as well as to apprehend estrays. In general he is not inclined to wander far from the camp, and returns to it of his own accord before nightfall. I remember but one occasion of

an escapade. The dromedary of a sheikh strayed from the herd, and he set off in pursuit of it without informing any one in the camp of his loss. Night came on, and the sheikh had not been seen for hours; we were in *partibus infidelium*, on hostile ground, and in a region of particularly evil repute. There was great alarm, and several armed men posted off in different directions in search of him; and our anxiety was not relieved until a late hour, when he returned with his fugitive. Miss Martineau, at an early season of the year, found the camels of the renowned Sheikh Hussein in very ill condition, and complains that they often fell or lay down (she records *fourteen* such trespasses of her beast in one day) from sheer weakness. When we had the honor of placing ourselves under the protection of the great chief of the Aloween in the month of June, his camels were very fat and in excellent case, though they, and indeed all the camels of Arabia Petræa, are by no means so clean or so large as those of Egypt and Syria.

Sheikh Hussein had the complaisance to take along with us a milch camel for the use of the ladies of our party, and generally brought the milk to the tent himself. The quantity given by the camel is small, but it is extremely rich. Being myself no milksop, I cannot speak of its quality from experience; but the ladies found it both agreeable and refreshing, except that occasionally the highly aromatic pasturage of the desert gave it a smack of 'pothecary stuff not altogether so toothsome.

If you have happened to see both the camel and the ostrich, you cannot have failed to observe the strong family likeness between the fowl and the quadruped. Birds, they say, preceded mammals in the order of development; and though I cannot go along with the author of the "Vestiges," who holds, I suppose, that the first pair of camels was hatched out of a couple of ostrich eggs, (or perhaps, like the two Dioscurei, or as some say, Helen and Polydamas, out of one,) yet I think that Agassiz and Mr. Hugh Miller are bound in honor to account somehow for this remarkable resemblance, which is certainly not less striking than that between Macedon and Monmouth. For my part, I am content to refer it to a general law, exemplifications of which are found in some very familiar facts. Every body knows that

husband and wife come at last to look wonderfully alike, and in some sort to reflect each other, and I have heard many a stepchild pronounced the very image of its supposed papa. Now the likeness in these cases manifestly cometh of use and assuefaction; and if such effects are produced in the human, by five, ten, or twenty years of cohabitation, why should not the ostrich and the camel, who have been near neighbors and familiar gossips for as many thousands, contract an equally strong resemblance? Apart from the number of the legs, there is not much to distinguish the profiles of the bird and the beast, except that while the former carries his knowledge-box as high as a drum-major, the head of the camel, in consequence of the convexity of the spine and the length of the processes which support the hump, is about on a level with that protuberance. On the other hand, the shape of the trunk, the length of limb, the curve of the neck, and perhaps above all, the supine posture of the head, which are common to both, abundantly justify the name of *struthiocamelus*, which the elder Pliny, and that of camel-bird, which, according to Niebuhr, the Arabs apply to the ostrich.

But notwithstanding this horizontal carriage of the brow and front, the camel is but an apparent exception to the limitation which permits man alone *cælum tueri*. For though he seems *erectos ad sidera tollere vultus*, yet the conformation of his eye directs his sight much more constantly downwards than that of most quadrupeds. It is, doubtless, in a great measure to this circumstance that he owes the security of his footing; and you will always observe, that in moving about the camp, however thickly the baggage may be strewed, he never treads upon the smallest article.

The average height of the camels I have travelled with, measuring to the top of the hump, is six feet three inches. The head is an inch or two higher. The tallest I have used were a couple which were said to have been bred by the Ababdeh tribe, in Nubia, and which measured, respectively, seven feet, and seven feet three inches.

There is a considerable variety in the color of these animals. The commonest shades are dun, and rather light mouse-color. White, and a brown approaching to black, are frequent, and you often see fawn, and even an unequivocal rose, sometimes of a peculiarly

delicate tint, which, nevertheless, however beautiful (or, as Coleridge will have it, *pleasing*) to the eye, cannot atone for the inherent and essential ungracefulness of the creature's form and movements.

Although the Bactrian, Turcoman, and Syrian camels are well coated, their Arabian brother has short thin hair, except about the chest, shoulders, and hips, where he has a few locks of long thick wool, and his tail is tufted at the end and fringed at the sides. I saw some Bedouins shearing a desert camel on the borders of Palestine; and the fleece they got reminded me of a similar operation, proverbially said to have been performed by a personage who shall be nameless on his swine; for if there was not "a great cry," there was certainly very "little wool."

The hair of the camel, mixed with goat's wool, is twisted into halter ropes, and spun and woven into a coarse cloth used for tents, sacks, and other purposes; but none of the fabrics known in Europe under the name of camel's hair are made of the hair of this animal. The shawls formerly called by this name, but now more generally styled cashmere, are manufactured from the wool of the Thibet or Cashmere goat, now partially naturalized in France by the efforts of Ternaux and Joubert; and the wool of which camlet is made is produced by the goat of the district of Angora, in Asia Minor, two hundred miles from Constantinople. It is the resemblance between the words *camel* and *camlet* or *camelat*, doubtless, which led to the supposition that this stuff was fabricated of camel's hair; but the similarity of sound is accidental, and the words have no etymological relation with each other.

I have not been able to ascertain the usual length of life of the camel. Very few Bedouins know their own age or that of their children, and they cannot be expected to possess a better acquaintance with the chronology of their cattle. I believe they begin to ride them at about three, and the young camels are able to follow their dams almost at birth. A young lady of my party rode several days with a very young foal tied to the tail of her dromedary, and this frisky juvenile appeared to have little difficulty in keeping up with his mamma, although occasionally, in the latter part of the day's journey, his tow-line would get hauled rather taut.

Upon the *morale* of the camel I have not

much to offer. I have found him neither so patient as European writers have described him, nor so implacable as the Arabs represent him. With the latter, the "camel's anger" is proverbially unforgiving; and as to the former, I rather think few of the poetical people who prate of the "patient camel" have ever seen a caravan loaded. But even the camel against which I was jammed in a narrow street at Osioot, and which was evidently in a great rage, making threatening noises, blowing a sort of bladder out of his mouth, and snapping at other people, did not bite me; and therefore, though I *am* in doubt whether certain equivocal movements of my dromedary's jaws meant my shins, or some offending fly, yet on the principle of speaking well of the bridge which has carried you safe over, I am bound to testify that the camel is in general as gentle as a sucking dove.

It is a question of much interest whether the camel can be advantageously introduced into the United States. The experience of Russia, European Turkey, Asia Minor, and Central Asia, proves that he will thrive in climates as cold as that of the largest portion of our territory; but it is very doubtful whether our comparatively wet summers would not prove unfavorable to his health and utility. A competent judge, who had had experience in the use of the animal, told me he could never compete with wheels, and that wherever carts or wagons could be used, he would be found unprofitable; and I am much inclined to think his opinion correct. There are, however, extensive districts, west of the Mississippi, where wheel carriages can only be used with difficulty, if at all; and it is well worth an experiment whether the camel might not here advantageously supply their place. The dromedary, too, would no doubt be useful in keeping up the communication between the valley of the Mississippi and the shores of the Pacific, if the climate proves dry enough; but I have no great confidence in the scheme of subduing the Camanches, Lipans, Navajoes, and other Rocky Mountain Bedouins, with corps of dromedary dragoons or riflemen à *chameau*. For the conveyance of the mail and travellers, it would be necessary to procure dromedaries from northern Africa, because the European and northern Asiatic camel is, both in gait and in speed, quite unfit for the saddle, though for the trans-

portation of merchandise he should by all means be selected, as being both much stronger and much more likely to endure the climate than the African camel. The camels of the Grand Duke's farm at Pisa were introduced more than two centuries since, but private individuals have not found it worth while to employ them in Tuscany; and I have heard that the difficulty of accustoming European horses to the sight of them had proved a serious obstacle to their general use, though their keepers at Pisa would not acknowledge this.

The furniture of the camel is very simple; and, as the dromedary is not often a *monture de luxe*, he is, even when ridden by persons of consideration, seldom decked with trappings so showy as those of a favorite horse. An immense double pad of coarse goat's hair cloth, each half of which is nearly four feet long and two wide, stuffed with grass or straw, and furnished with a rope crupper, is thrown over the back, and upon this rests a frame, consisting of two pair of flat sticks meeting at top like a chevron or a pair of rafters, and connected at bottom by a stick two or three feet long, which may be called emphatically a *tie-beam*, in regard that it both ties and is tied; for, being itself tied to the upright sticks with leather thongs, passing through holes in the latter, it ties the two pair of rafters firmly together. The pad soon fits itself to the shape of the back and sides, and the frame nestles into the pad, while the hump, rising in the centre of the whole apparatus, keeps every thing in place, so that no girth, or at most only a loose rope, is needed to prevent the pack-saddle and loading from falling. The load is balanced across the pack-saddle, and secured with a net-work of rope, and the water-skins are suspended beneath. This is the entire harness of the burden camel when, as is usual in the desert, he is left at liberty. Elsewhere he is provided with a simple halter, and tied head and tail, in strings, properly of seven, the hindmost wearing a bell, in order that the driver, who rides the file-leader, (or perhaps a donkey, as being a beast of softer pace and easier guidance,) may be advertised of any solution of continuity in the chain, by the fainter sound of the accustomed ding-dong.

The gear of the dromedary is somewhat lighter, but of the same fashion. The wooden frame is more neatly made, the up-

rights being curved outwards, and uniting at top in two conical pommels, (one before and one behind the hump,) six or eight inches high, and perhaps two in diameter at the base, covered with figured brass plate, or otherwise decorated, and terminating in a knob, after the manner of the finial of a gothic pediment. Over the saddle is thrown a huge pair of saddle-bags of striped goat's hair cloth, bedizened with fringes and cowrie-shells, and upon this again are laid cushions and carpets, and perhaps a gay housing over all. The rider is perched at the summit of this pyramid over the hump; and his stirrups, his zemzemeh or leather water-bottle, his gun, a smaller pair of saddle-bags or a carpet-bag, and any other convenience he may choose, (for there is room for all,) are hung to the pommels.

The hump, as we have said, secures the saddle, by which it is, so to speak, embraced so effectually that it rarely turns or slips backwards, and the crupper prevents it from being thrown forward, as it otherwise would be when the camel kneels or rises, for he goes down (chronologically speaking) *head*, and comes up *stern*, foremost. I can, however, testify that the hump does not always perform its office; for in ascending the steep and rugged pass of El Mizelgeh, my saddle began to slip backwards, and as there was a rocky precipice on one side of the narrow path, I should probably not have escaped to favor the world with this essay, had not a young sheikh, who perceived the danger, leaped upon my camel's neck, and, placing himself astride facing me, held the pommel until we got out of the pass.

The halter is of the simplest form, handsomely twisted of goat's and camel's hair, sometimes tastefully decorated with cowries, fringes and other ornaments, and furnished with a loop for throwing over the saddle-peg, or otherwise securing it. In racing, it is attached to the ring in the nostrils, but generally passes round the nose like a common stable-halter, and the use of the bit is quite unknown. If you are a green hand, an Arab leads your dromedary for a day's journey or so, and then intrusts you with the halter; which, as soon as you feel at home on your beast, you throw over the pommel, unless you are one of those fidgetty, ill-bred persons who don't know what to do with their hands, when they are not quill-driving or knitting; in which case, sir or

madam, you may hold the halter and occupy your digits in playing with the tassel at the end of it.

Thus much for the ordinary furniture of the camel; and 'tis a fact much to be deplored by the enemies of those great reformers, Mrs. Bloomer and Master Greeley, that ladies, both paynim and Christian, do generally *bestride* their dromedaries, after the ensample of the lords of the creation. But when the delicacy, the dignity, or the health of a lady forbids this, Arab ingenuity hath contrived other means of transportation. The simplest is the *shibreeyeh*, a sort of platform composed of mattresses, carpets, and cushions, resting on a pair of luggage chests, or otherwise secured to the pack-saddle, and with or without an awning. The next is the *moosuttah*, which, in its rudest form, consists of a couple of frames much resembling old-fashioned high-backed chairs, except that they are considerably larger, and have the seat, or rather flooring, at the bottom. These frames are hung across the pack-saddle, the travellers squat uncomfortably within them, and an awning supported partly by the high backs, and partly by poles, is thrown over them. You will sometimes meet a whole hareem (not indeed so large as King Solomon's) stowed in a *moosuttah*; and I once saw a mother and three children riding a single mule in one of these contrivances. There is another much less objectionable form of this apparatus, which is sometimes used by ladies of rank, or persons in ill health. It was called *mahassa* by our dragoman and Arabs, although Lane ignores both the name and the thing. The *mahassa* consists of a pair of boxes, or rather frames, four or five feet long, two or more wide, and one and a half deep, with posts at the two outer corners, and a wooden bottom. These frames, like those of the *moosuttah*, are hung across the pack-saddle, and a large and showy awning is supported by the posts at the corners, and another in the centre, besides which it has curtains, or, when used by Mussulman women, perhaps lattices. In order to balance the *mahassa*, the camel must carry two persons, or, if there be but one to occupy it, an equivalent weight as a counterpoise on the other side. The weight of the *mahassa* is considerable, and with the necessary mattresses and cushions and two persons, it makes a heavy load for an Arabian camel, and is of course quite

out of the question for a dromedary. It is at best but an uncomfortable vehicle, but invalids can hardly travel in the desert otherwise, and their ease may be very much promoted by substituting for the wooden bottom a frame with a tight stout sacking. Last, and most luxurious of all, is the *takht'rawan*, or camel-litter, which, from its great length, can only be used on routes of convenient width, and free from steep grades and sharp corners, and is therefore unsuited to ordinary desert travel. The *takht'rawan* has a general resemblance to a coach body resting on two very long shafts, and is borne by two camels, one before and one behind. It is generally calculated for two persons, but Pietro della Valle says, that the *comoda e galante* *takht'rawan*, which he had made at Ispahan for the conveyance of the fair and courageous Maani and her damsels, allowed convenient space for four to sit or three to lie. According to Lane, "the head of the hinder camel is painfully bent down under the vehicle." Della Valle does not mention this circumstance, and I should imagine that, by giving the shafts a proper length, the necessity of it might be avoided; but I have only seen the smaller *takht'rawan*, borne by mules, in actual use.

And now, my long-suffering reader, "an ye be not weary" of this discourse of camels, "I ken one that is, *videlicet*, mysel'"; for which cause I will trespass no further on your patience, nor yet on mine own, but put a period to this treatise as soon as I handsomely may. The Italian poet pronounces him happy, who learneth *a l'altrui spese*, at other men's cost. Be then happy, reader, and learn at mine. Compose not your title-page or preface until you have written your book; else, it may chance to you, as it hath to me, that the after-written book shall ill fulfil the promise of the fore-written title. 'Tis not in the wit of him who bestrides a quill (I use no metallics, but steadfastly patronize the old firm of Goose & Gander. Read Roger Ascham's panegyric on that gentle bird) to foresee whither that pinion will waft him. And herein lies the evil of writing and printing by instalments, *livraisons*, *Lieferungen*, after the manner of the French and Germans. For either your book must make an unmanly entrance into the literary world, without ceremony of title and preface to Number One, or with an introduction suited rather to

any work than that the author is unwittingly fated to write. Paddy Plowden, we remember, put his introductory matter at the end of his History of Ireland, and with true Milesian sense of propriety, styled it a *postliminious* preface. I shall not imitate Plowden's example, but I have run on unaccountably, and by indulging without stint in a foolish habit of gossiping with my reader, I have, without half exhausting

my subject, filled more columns than I meditated paragraphs. All good things earthly, and so this essay, must have an end; and therefore I shall at this present deny you the natural history of the camel-driver, which I promised you in my title, and at some convenient season, when we are well rested and refreshed, we will discuss him as thoroughly as we have his camel.

THE UNITED STATES CONSULAR SYSTEM.

THE President, in his Annual Message to Congress in December last, alludes to this subject in connection with his notice of the outrage committed on the property of the Spanish Consul at New-Orleans, during the excitement caused by the execution at the Havana of the prisoners of the Lopez expedition. After stating the deep interest which the United States, with their wide-spread commerce, have in upholding the law of nations in regard to the inviolability and right to personal security of consuls, so long as they are guilty of no infraction of the laws of the country where they reside, he proceeds to say :

"The occurrence at New-Orleans has led me to give my attention to the state of our laws in regard to foreign ambassadors, ministers, and consuls. I think the legislation of the country is deficient in not providing sufficiently either for the protection or the punishment of consuls. I therefore recommend the subject to the consideration of Congress."

Had the President or the Secretary of State, as the case may have been, had leisure to examine thoroughly into the theory and practical operation of our consular system, we have not the slightest doubt that the result of such investigation would have been not merely the suggestion of what at best would prove but a very partial reformation, but an earnest recommendation of a revision of the entire system; such a revision as would remedy the glaring defectiveness of that now in operation, and place it on as respectable and efficient a footing as the cor-

responding systems of the great commercial nations of Europe.

As this is a subject with which the public in general are not familiar, we shall first state briefly the rank and position which consuls and commercial agents hold under the general law of nations; and their rights, powers, and privileges under that law, or which are usually conceded to them by international courtesy, apart from express treaty stipulations, which sometimes materially modify—generally by enlarging—these attributes and functions. We shall next present a succinct and popular analysis of the powers, duties, responsibilities, and emoluments of the consular agents of the United States under the present laws of Congress, and "General Instructions" issued from time to time from the State Department. We shall then proceed to show the radical defectiveness of the present system, and the serious practical evils resulting from this cause. And finally, we shall propose, for the consideration and action of Congress, a plan of revision which, by placing the system on a basis (with some modifications) similar to that on which are established the respective efficient consular systems of the two great commercial powers of Europe, Great Britain and France, will, if adopted, correct the many evils resulting from its present defectiveness; and secure, through the agency of the functionaries under it, the fostering and protection of our commercial and political interests, in the various marts of commerce and centres of political action and influence, as effectually

as are those of the European nations we have above mentioned under the operation of theirs, which are better adjusted and more vigorously administered.

Fortunately, this is strictly and exclusively a national subject, not connected in any way or manner with party politics; and Congress could not better employ a small portion of its time during the present session, and in some of the intervals of party strife and collision, than by uniting, irrespective of party lines of division, in the business of revision and reformation in the matter in question.

Consuls and commercial agents being, by the strict law of nations, mere commercial, and not diplomatic agents—the representatives of the commercial interests of the citizens or subjects of the State commissioning them, and not of the State itself, unless by treaty stipulations they are vested with diplomatic powers—are, unlike functionaries of the latter class, subject both to the civil and criminal jurisdiction of the country where they reside, in the same manner as are other foreign residents and the subjects of the State itself. But still, not only a degree of consideration, but of official respect, and, in cases of personal emergency, even of leniency, is universally accorded to them, which is not to private individuals of either of the other classes. On the other hand, any acts of outrage upon their persons or property are regarded as of far more heinous character than similar acts towards other individuals; and the allowing, by the local government, of any such acts to pass unnoticed, or their perpetrators, if detected, to go unpunished, would be justly regarded by the government appointing them as occasion for serious offense, or even a *casus belli*, or just cause for declaring war.* While they respect and conform to the local laws, they are, by the consent and public sense of all civilized na-

tions, regarded as under the especial protection of those laws.

The framers of our national Constitution recognized this principle, in a provision of that instrument by which, and by the construction that has been placed upon it by Congress and the federal courts, foreign consuls stationed in the United States are privileged to have all cases affecting their rights of person or property brought to the cognizance of the federal courts, to the exclusion of the jurisdiction of the State tribunals.

Again, without any treaty stipulation on the subject, civilized nations usually waive, in favor of foreign resident consuls, their own local jurisdiction over the merchant vessels and their crews of the nations respectively represented by such consuls, in all cases where the public peace is not disturbed or seriously threatened, nor the persons or property of their own citizens or subjects outraged or jeopardized. A consul is also, in cases calling for interposition or assistance, the adviser, counsellor, and protector of the rights of person and property of the citizens or subjects of the government from which he holds his commission, who are sojourning temporarily within his jurisdiction.

The United States consuls and commercial agents are appointed in the same manner as are our foreign ministers. But before they can receive their necessary instructions from the State Department, or consequently proceed to enter on the discharge of their duties, they are required by law to give bond with approved sureties resident in the United States, in a sum of not less than two thousand nor more than ten thousand dollars, conditioned for the faithful discharge of their various duties.

Their powers, duties, responsibilities, and compensation—the last consisting solely of their prescribed consular fees, except in the few instances hereinafter noticed—are also defined and regulated by Acts of Congress and the general instructions already alluded to.

Of their duties, the most usual, and, commercially considered, the most important, relate to ship-masters and seamen. By law, every master of an American vessel is obliged, under a heavy pecuniary penalty, on his arrival at his port of destination abroad, or where he discharges his cargo in whole or in part, to deposit his "ship's papers" (register, &c.) with the United States consul or commercial agent, if there be any for

* In a country composed of independent State local jurisdictions, like ours, a statute of the general government over the whole is peculiarly needed to protect the persons and property of foreign consuls resident within such local jurisdictions of the different States.

We believe there is no provision of the kind now existing on the national statute book; and therefore the President's recommendation on this particular point meets the exigency of the case, and is timely and peculiarly deserving of consideration. It cannot, in fact, be too speedily carried into practical effect by a corresponding Act of Congress.

such port. And it is the duty of such consular agent, on receiving them, to give such master a certificate, with his official seal, of the deposit. He is then to retain them, as a security that the master will comply with all the lawful requisitions both of himself and also of the local authorities. When these conditions are fulfilled on the part of the master, and he presents a regular "clearance" of his vessel to the consul, the latter is to return the papers, with a corresponding certificate of the fact, and the date of such return. In the case of the breaking up of a voyage in a foreign port, and the consequent discharge of the crew of an American vessel; also where any American seaman is discharged by mutual consent between himself and the ship-master, it is the duty of the consul (in the last case only if it is required of him) to exact of such master and take possession of, for such seamen or seaman, a certain amount over and above the wages due him. In the case of sick or needy American seamen, it is the consul's duty to provide for them, within a fixed amount per day, until an opportunity occurs to send them to the United States if they desire to return, a certain sum being by law specified, to the extent of which he may contract with any American ship-master to convey them thither on board his vessel. The United States consular agents are also clothed with the authority of police justices over seamen within their jurisdiction, so far as the local laws and authorities permit them to act as such.

They are also constituted *ex-officio* the administrators of the personal effects of American citizens, not seamen, who die intestate within their jurisdiction. Also, the charge and disposition of American vessels wrecked, or other property cast upon shore, without owner or other properly authorized person to take charge of the same, lies with the United States consul. They are also, when required, to act as the disbursing agents of money for the use of the United States Navy.

Such are some of the most important of the specific duties of the United States consular agents. But besides these, there is a large and important class of general duties which do not admit, from their nature, of so exact a specification, and many of them, and those the most important, cannot be legally defined in any other than a most general and comprehensive manner. Under this head may

be enumerated the following duties which are enjoined upon them: To forward to the State Department such specimens of the productions, both of nature and art, of the country of their residence, as may be advantageously introduced into the United States; to zealously foster and promote the commercial and general interests of the United States; and to communicate to the State Department all important political facts and general statistics of the country of their residence, especially such as may have an influence or bearing on any of the interests of our own country.

Such are concisely some of the principal of the specific and general duties of the United States consular agents, and we have enumerated them somewhat in detail, in order to furnish a more clear and convincing proof of the exceeding defectiveness of our present consular system, which we shall presently examine, by showing the various, arduous, and responsible duties appertaining to the office.

As we have already stated, the sole remuneration of the United States consular agents, under the present system, is derived from their prescribed fees of office, a table of which we insert below,* as also a list of the

* The following table, compiled principally from the provisions of the Act of Congress which establishes the basis of the present system, and from the "General Instructions" to consuls, we take the liberty to copy from a little work entitled, "Manual for United States Consuls," by J. Sidney Henshaw, Counsellor-at-Law, and published by J. C. Riker, 129 Fulton street, New-York, 1849; a work that embraces in a small space a large and valuable amount of information on this and some collateral subjects:

CONSULAR FEES.

"Certificate of the deposit of ship's papers,	\$2 00
" " " return of the same, . . .	2 00
Verification and certificate of an invoice, . .	2 00
Certificate of the delivery of merchandise, under the revenue laws,	1 00
Administering the oath for the same,	25
Certificate of a survey, (besides reasonable expenses),	2 00
Certificate of a mariner's discharge,	50
Certificate to a passport or visé,	2 00
Certificate of the transfer of any stock, or of interest thereon,	50
Authenticating, under the official seal, any protest, declaration, deposition, or other act, required by any mariner or citizen of the United States,	2 00
Receiving and paying the wages due to any discharged seaman,	2½ per cent.
Disbursements of money for the	

few exceptions there are to the preceding general rule.*

Having disposed of these preliminary matters, we come now to the main design proposed in this paper.

The defectiveness of our present consular system is a radical one. It lies, however, in a nutshell, and may be defined in a very few words: *The absence of fixed and permanent salaries for the incumbents of the office*; and the consequent utter inadequacy, in most cases, of their revenue from consular fees, both as a means of livelihood, and as a remuneration for the prescribed, appro-

priate duties of the office, and the multifarious services which are required and expected of them.

Though the defectiveness of the system is confined mainly, if not wholly, to this one point, and lies, as we have said, in a nutshell, it is far otherwise with the evils and mischiefs that result from it. *They* are diffused, in some form or other, over the world—wherever our adventurous commerce pushes its way.

In the infancy of our government, when our commerce was comparatively insignificant, and our commercial relations with foreign powers of no great or commanding importance; but above all, when, as a nation, we were feeble, and, ranking altogether as a secondary power, politically as well as commercially, in the scale of nations, we had scarcely begun to attract the attention or awaken the interest of the great commercial and leading powers, nor had as yet aroused their apprehensions and rival jealousies, it was of little consequence that our consular agents should possess any other qualifications than integrity and the ability to properly discharge the ordinary routine duties of their office as strictly commercial agents. We were then politically isolated from the rest of the world, and our government and national legislators at that period probably supposed we should always remain so; very naturally, perhaps, not foreseeing that, in spite of the early and thus far never discarded maxim and practice of our government to keep aloof from the politics, and unentangled with the diplomatic arts and chicanery of the States of the Old World, the vast increase of our commerce and its relations would soon place us in a very different relative attitude towards those nations generally, and necessarily connect and involve us more or less intimately with their political as well as commercial systems, arrangements, and measures. At that period the great commercial powers of Europe had not begun to shape their policy, to adapt their diplomacy, in a word, to regulate the varied machinery by which nations acquire power, privileges, preferences, and influence, with a view to the condition, policy, or scarcely even to the actual existence of such a power as the United States.

Under these circumstances, little demand was made on the time, attention, or zeal of our consular agents, beyond what was re-

Navy of the U. S., when required,	2½ per cent.
Final settlement and delivery, in money, of the personal property of any U. S. citizen dying intestate near the consulate,.....	5 " "
Delivering any part of such estate, not in money, before final settlement, when required,.....	2½ " "

"Any other services, not specified, for any U. S. citizen, or for an alien, the fees and charges usually allowed to notaries of the same place for similar services."

(See the Table, p. 242 of "Manual.")

* The U. S. Consuls at London and Paris are each allowed an annual salary of \$2,000, in addition to their consular fees, and the former is allowed a still further sum of \$2,800 for office expenses and uses. The Consul-General at Alexandria (Egypt) has a salary of \$3,000, and the Consul at Beyroot, (Syria,) a salary of \$500 per annum.

The U. S. Consuls to the Barbary Powers, limited by the same act to one to each of those States, are vested by treaties with those several powers with judicial and diplomatic functions, and are simply salaried officers, and are each allowed by the same act a salary of \$2,000 per annum.

The U. S. Consuls in China (one to each of the five ports declared open by our treaty with that empire) are, by it and by an Act of Congress, vested with a defined civil and criminal jurisdiction; and, in addition to their consular fees, are allowed for their judicial services a salary of \$1,000 per annum.

By treaty with the Ottoman Porte, and by Act of Congress, the U. S. Consuls resident in Turkey are vested with judicial functions similar to those of the U. S. Consuls in China. They are not, however, allowed any salary, though an allowance is made to the one at Constantinople for certain incidental expenses.

And it may be added generally that the U. S. Consuls resident in other Mohammedan and in Pagan countries are, to the very limited extent to which they have thus far been appointed, vested under treaty stipulations with defined judicial powers.

(See "Manual," &c., for the several treaties and Acts of Congress referred to in the preceding notes.)

quired for the discharge of the ordinary routine duties of the office, and for which they were specifically paid. They had little concern with the many general and varied duties and services which are now required of similar functionaries by the change of circumstances, and the consequent enlargement of the sphere and responsibilities of their office by legislative enactments, and the requisitions and injunctions of the State Department. The regular consular fees, therefore, were then, as a general rule, a just and reasonably adequate compensation for the services performed or required. But it is far otherwise at the present day, when within the sphere of consular duties is embraced, besides the ordinary routine of duties, the active and zealous supervision of our commercial and political interests, the last being not unfrequently of far greater national importance, and involving responsibilities of a much more serious nature, than either or both of the former classes of duties. Hence it is not strange that a consular system established in the early days of the Republic, and which answered very well all practical purposes then, should prove, as the one now in operation does, exceedingly defective in theory, and inefficient in its practical operation.

The British and French consular systems are essentially alike, being established on the same fundamental basis. And as our own was adopted from the former, with the material modification, however, of omitting the most important feature of its original, the defectiveness of ours may, perhaps, be best illustrated by exhibiting in contrast the theory and practical operation of that from which it was derived.

The consular agents of Great Britain (and the same is true of those of France) are salaried officers.* They are besides allowed

fees for official services, varying little in amount for the several specified official acts from those allowed to U. S. Consuls for similar services. Though they necessarily rank and are regarded, under the law of nations, as simple commercial agents, they are besides this—to all intents and purposes, and wherever the circumstances of the case actually, or probably may, require or render it politic that they should practically assume the character—governmental political agents, presumed to be more or less skilled in diplomacy, and acting and expected to act in their latter capacity openly or secretly, according to emergencies.

In many instances, where the political duties of the post are important, while those of a strictly commercial nature are very limited in amount and consequence, the official and ostensible position of the consular agent is mainly intended to serve, and does in fact principally serve, as an opportunity for insuring the more efficient discharge of his political duties, especially if these be of a secret nature; and for performing which the position and official character of consul furnish a convenient cover, as well as very great facilities. In all such instances, and in many others, these functionaries are selected quite as much, and in many cases far more, with reference to the political and diplomatic skill and ability of the individuals, than to their commercial and general business qualifications. Those stationed at national capitals especially, or at otherwise politically important posts, are generally prohibited from engaging in trade, for reasons which are obvious. It is their rigidly

to engage in trade, their salaries are generally very liberal, and such as to place them in perfectly independent circumstances.

The few salaried consulates under the U. S. system have been already enumerated. Besides these, there are about ten (for the localities of which, see "Manual for U. S. Consuls") where the consular fees afford a liberal income, varying from \$10,000 to about \$3,000 per annum. Of the remaining list of about one hundred consulates, commercial agencies, and their *vices*, the range varies from the last point above, downward to ten dollars per annum, with several others nearly as low, and quite a large number besides under \$100. The instances in this "remaining list," where the fees amount to \$1,000 or upwards, are but twenty; and several important posts of the residue yield only about \$200 to \$500, while the general average of the whole is only about \$600 per annum.

(See "Manual for U. S. Consuls," p. 227, et seq.)

* The highest salary paid to any British Consul (excluding Consuls-General) is £1,200, (\$6,000,) and the lowest, with the exception of two or three insignificant cases, £300, (\$1,500.) The amount of the salary is regulated quite as much with reference to the political as to the commercial importance of the particular post. And it is particularly in point to remark, that for many stations which, though they are unimportant regarding merely the amount of the trade and commerce centred in the place of their locality, are yet for any special reasons of great or considerable importance, the salary is correspondingly large. Also, that at the many stations where the incumbents are not permitted

enforced duty to seek for and avail themselves of all suitable opportunities and facilities for acquiring important political as well as commercial information, to investigate the measures and probe the secrets of cabinets, to foster and promote the interests of their government and nation, both by direct means and also by opposing as circumstances may suggest, and if possible defeating, those measures or purposes of the local government, and by counteracting the influence and thwarting those schemes of the representatives of other foreign and rival powers, which may prejudice any of the interests of the British government or nation. The functionary who should neglect to perform faithfully and vigilantly these and other duties of a similar character, would be as surely and as promptly recalled as he would be for any similar neglect of his ordinary routine of commercial duties. These officials also perform material service to the government and nation whose interests they represent in another way. They afford important aid and assistance to the diplomatic representatives of the crown, by imparting to them whatever is desirable of the extensive and varied information which they acquire in the discharge of their various duties under this vigorous and efficient system.

The British consular agents are not required by law to be British subjects, though the cases are rare in which they are not. And by making them salaried officers, and hence independent of the favor of the local government or of the commercial patronage of the communities where they reside, by having the means of at least a respectable livelihood secured to them, the British Government has an able and efficient corps of political as well as commercial agents distributed over the whole commercial world, zealously fostering and watchfully protecting the great interests of the Empire. In a word, the British consular system constitutes a very important though unostentatious part of the machinery of that diplomacy by which, quite as much as by the force of her arms, Great Britain has established the commercial preëminence, the physical and moral superiority, which, as against her old rivals and competitors, she now holds in every portion of the world.

Though the United States are second only to Great Britain among the great commercial powers, how poorly does their system,

that by whose operation the great commercial interests through which, directly or indirectly, their rank and position was mainly acquired and is yet to be advanced, are chiefly promoted and protected abroad—how poorly, we repeat, does their system compare in theory, but still more in its practical administration and general operation, with that of their great commercial rival!

Since, from their actual rank and relative position, the commercial and general interests of these two nations are brought in constant rivalry, competition, and collision, the one which possesses the most efficient means for advancing and securing its own in such rivalries and competition, must always, other things being equal, obtain the advantage and ultimately the ascendancy over the others. The operation of the consular system furnishes the principal of these means; and its importance is to be estimated in no small degree by this fact.

We will now briefly review what our Government has thus far practically and in the right direction done to place us on a footing of equality in this particular with our rival, and examine more particularly how far short we come of actually occupying such a position.

Our Government distributes about forty thousand dollars annually among some fourteen consulates in various parts of the world. Of this sum about one half is allotted to stations where no fees are allowed; while one fourth of the remainder is appropriated to consulates whose regular fees yield a very respectable income. The remaining posts, about one hundred and ten in number, and not more than one fourth of which yield in consular fees the means of even a respectable livelihood, are left wholly unprovided for by the Government; and their incumbents, though required and expected to watch vigilantly over and zealously foster and promote our commercial and general national interests in the same manner and to an equal extent as are those under the British system, are yet left dependent on the ever-shifting fortunes and chances of trade for the means of a livelihood and of gain, beyond what is furnished by their official fees, which are always fluctuating in amount, and, as we have already seen, generally very inadequate to furnish the means of support. And generally, with the exception of a small minority of cases, it may be stated as rigidly true

that the emolument derived by our consular agents from their official fees barely suffices as a remuneration for the specific services for which those fees are allowed by law. In many instances, in fact, they scarcely defray the actual expenses which are incident to the office, and not chargeable to the government at home. Whence, then, is the compensation for, or where the inducement to, the faithful performance of the general and specifically undefinable duties of a commercial and political nature which are theoretically exacted of them? It is no answer to the above position, and the interrogatory based upon it, to say that the honor of the office itself, and the consideration which is attached to it, are sufficient inducements to its acceptance by resident Americans of ability and character, or, where there are no American residents, by foreigners of like qualifications. Admitting this to be so, the objection to the present system still remains in its full force. For the question is not, whether able and respectable men can be found in all and any cases to accept the office, but whether even men of that character, who may accept the office, will or will not perform faithfully all the duties and services, of whatever kind, which are incident to it and specifically required, or in a general manner enjoined upon them. Doubtless for honor alone such men may be found who will be willing to discharge definite and particularly designated duties, the performance of which is an indispensable requisite to their enjoyment of such honor. Thus far the position is correct, but no farther. It reaches, in its application to the question now considered, to the ordinary routine duties of a strict commercial agency; and there it stops. It has no force or applicability to the large class of important consular duties of a general commercial and political nature; unless, indeed, it be true that a fundamental principle of human nature is reversed in the case of an individual the moment he is appointed a U. S. Consul; and that he therefore, differently from all other men, will faithfully and zealously perform, without *material* compensation, labor and services which he can, without detriment to his official interests, mainly or wholly avoid; and which, moreover, a proper sense of duty to himself and to his private interests will often, under such circumstances, actually require him to neglect or fail to perform.

What these duties and services are it is unnecessary to state here, as they have already been enumerated somewhat in detail when examining by contrast the similar duties of consular agents under the British system. They come directly within the principle of the rule which we have above stated; for obviously there can be no means devised by which to ascertain in any given case the extent of these multifarious duties, or the degree of care, observation, and vigilance to be exercised in order to secure their faithful performance; nor is there practically any readily available or reliable method by which to detect unfaithfulness, laxity, or often gross negligence even, in the performance of them.

Under our system, therefore, and especially in that numerous class of cases, embracing a large majority of all our consulates, where the official fees are either quite insignificant in amount, or at best very inadequate to a reasonable support, these duties, often of great and preponderating importance, must necessarily, as a very general rule, be grossly neglected. Both these and the consul's private business, on which latter he is obliged principally or wholly to depend for a livelihood and source of gain, will make large claims on his time, attention, and care. One or the other class of these claims must therefore, to a greater or less extent, varying with the circumstances of each particular case, be disregarded; and which it will be, it is easy to see, and quite unnecessary to state.

In private stations and affairs, it would be regarded as absurd to expect men to labor, whether physically or mentally, gratuitously, and yet with fidelity and zeal. It is quite as absurd, if not more so, to expect it of those who occupy official positions; and consular agents are no exception to this rule. The defectiveness of our present system, with all its consequent evils, arose from an oversight in the beginning, or more properly, from a disregard since, of this simple and obvious principle of self-interest, which shapes and controls, to a great degree, all human action.

We shall now proceed to particularize some of the pernicious consequences resulting from this radical defect in our consular system. As we have before remarked, it is through the operation and agency of this system that great commercial nations, in the

rivalries and collisions of their trade and general interests in marts and countries alike foreign to the respective rivals, seek to obtain, each for itself, peculiar advantages over the others.

This rivalry is every day assuming more and more a different mode of operation on the American continent, and the adjacent islands both in the Atlantic and Pacific, from that which prevails in other parts of the world; and one which of itself furnishes the strongest and most imperative reasons, were there no others, for the prompt and radical reform of our consular system. We allude to the constantly increasing disposition and tendency there is to a combination, in the quarters referred to, between the great commercial powers of Europe, to promote their adverse commercial and political interests, in opposition to, and at the expense of, those of their common rival, the United States. The active measures for effecting these ends, and the diplomacy which they call into requisition, are always to a very considerable extent intrusted to their consular agents; and wholly so in those States where those powers have no proper diplomatic representatives. To cope with them, to counteract their schemes, and to maintain even a defensive position, to say nothing of advancing, absolutely and relatively, our own interests in spite of such combined rivalry and opposition, are objects, to effect which requires in our consular agents not merely integrity, general business qualifications, and even patriotism, but a certain degree of diplomatic tact and skill, combined with the exercise of the utmost care, attention, and vigilance in the performance of those services which are of a general nature and lie out of the ordinary routine of their more specific official duties. These qualifications are not, and evidently cannot be, generally or often secured under our present system; and hence it is that, in the cases above referred to, on the theatre which lies nearer home and where our national interests are more immediately involved, the superiority of the British and also of the French systems in their practical operation, to say nothing of the too frequent great contrast in the general character of the incumbents themselves over our own, manifests itself in a manner and to a degree often seriously detrimental to our interests, as well as mortifying to our national pride.

Neglecting, from the cause we have already

considered, to keep themselves accurately and thoroughly informed of the general occurrences, the schemes, and movements about them, and failing to acquire that requisite though moderate degree of diplomatic skill, which the habitual and faithful discharge of all their general duties would give them, our consular representatives in cases of emergency, involving in any way these rival national interests, and producing collisions or competitions among the representatives of the different powers, too often prove themselves no match for those of the nations above alluded to. And what is the inevitable result? One of two things. From a consciousness of this fact of their own deficiency, or from indifference, they stand wholly aloof, while the interests of their country are plotted against and perhaps seriously compromised. Or if perchance a sense of duty and patriotic zeal, or pride of official position, induces them to mingle in the strife, their lack of information and skill, as compared with their opponents, too often involves them hopelessly in the mazes of diplomacy, and other difficulties, from which they are unable to extricate either themselves with credit, or the interests they represent without prejudice, or, it may be, a complete sacrifice.

Again: At many stations where the consular fees are not sufficiently large to form a motive to accept the office, but where the advantages and profits of trade are sufficient inducements to devote entire personal attention to that pursuit, the absence of any salary will frequently prevent able and responsible residents, men who would regard it as a matter of honor as well as of moral obligation to perform faithfully all the duties and services required or expected of them, from applying for the office, or even of accepting it if tendered to them. Under this head comes a class of cases similar to the last above noticed, but which illustrates more strongly than it the defectiveness of our present consular system, and the necessity of its revision. There are not a few consular stations which, from local or other peculiar circumstances, are of great importance to our national interests, but where, on account of the small inducements to commerce and trade, there are either no Americans resident, in which case these interests must now be intrusted to a foreigner; or their number is so limited and their personal position and standing, it may be, are—and in such cases they certainly are

most likely to be—so indifferent, as to afford both a very limited range of selection, and a poor chance for making a good one, from among our own countrymen. Some of the stations comprehended in the cases under this head are of greater political and national importance than several of those for which the Government has provided by fixed salaries, though the regular fees of office in these latter cases afford an ample, or at least a considerable income to the incumbents. The necessary consequence is, that many of these posts are filled by incompetent and, in many other respects, unsuitable men; men who neither by education, general intelligence, or habits of thought—not to particularize any further—are any way qualified or fitted for the office to which they are appointed; in some instances, men who neither maintain personally that dignity nor command that consideration or respect which should be absolutely necessary prerequisites to their obtaining the appointment; and who, so far from upholding the honor of the American flag, committed to their charge, derive their only respectability from the adventitious honor which its shadow casts upon them.

In making these strictures, or any that may follow, our sole purpose is, and will be, to fulfil our imperative duty to the subject we are discussing. We know that our Government has some very able and efficient consular representatives; that it has others who discharge the duties of their office as creditably as, in their circumstances and under our actual system, can be reasonably expected of them. The only wonder is, that there are as many of both classes as there are. These will not appropriate to themselves these strictures, which are not intended for them. We know, also, that there are those to whom, either fully or in different degrees, they *do* apply; and for such they are intended.

Another evil resulting from the present defective system is, that in those cases where the income from consular fees is small, and dependence for the means of a livelihood is necessarily placed on the profits of trade, the position of our consular agents is a dependent, instead of being as it should be, so far as position is influenced by pecuniary circumstances, a perfectly independent one. To keep on good personal terms with the local authorities and the community where they *re* de, is in this case a primary dictate of

policy and self-interest. Hence, if disputes or collisions occur between American citizens, as ship-masters, temporary sojourners, or others, and such local authorities, or with individuals in the community, the temptation is strong on the part of the consul either to remain aloof when his duty calls on him to interfere; or if he does act, to lean to the side of the local party, right or wrong. The rights of person and property of United States citizens abroad are not unfrequently in this way compromised, or actually sacrificed, to the discredit of our flag, and the scandal of the American name.

Again: It may reasonably be presumed that these functionaries are not necessarily exempt from certain frailties which are occasionally met with among men in other stations. In all positions, temptations to swerve from the line of duty and rectitude press—other things being equal—with a degree of force precisely in proportion to the exigency of the circumstances, the pecuniary necessities, the material wants and occasions of the individual to whom such temptations present themselves or are held out. And on the other hand, in proportion as these personal exigencies and reasonable occasions are satisfied, to the same extent precisely will those temptations be diminished in force or set aside. Why should this simple and universally recognized principle be taken less into account in determining the position and establishing the method and amount of compensation of our consular functionaries, than is invariably done in the case of our ministers abroad, and of our judicial and executive officers at home? Is any one at a loss to perceive where such strong temptations exist in the case of our consular agents? We could readily suggest many circumstances and occasions where they operate with peculiar force, and, it may be added, frequently with efficacy, under our present system. For instance, a "survey" is called for to determine whether a certain American vessel in a foreign port shall be condemned or not for alleged unseaworthiness. Her damage or deterioration may very possibly be only such as has resulted from ordinary wear, which, though it may have greatly diminished the value placed upon her at the time of her last insurance, is yet an uninsured depreciation. The certificate and official seal of the United States consular agent, if there be one at the port, is absolutely

necessary to render a return of condemnation of any validity at home. Is there no possibility of a chance for, and temptation to, collusion between all parties interested, and for the pecuniary benefit of each and all, excepting always *the under-writers*, to throw upon the hands of the latter, and at a high price, a piece of depreciated property which it is desirable to get rid of, especially if it can be done on such terms? It would be a great mistake to suppose this a mere imaginary case, one not likely to occur, or that never does occur. For other instances, it is only necessary to recur to the several ways, as already enumerated, in which pecuniary funds, derived from the disposition of the property of American citizens, may come officially into the hands of the United States consular agents; and it will be readily perceived how many temptations there are to malversation and breach of trust presented in the course of the discharge of their official duties. It would be absurd to deny that the influence and force of these temptations is increased or diminished very materially by the circumstance whether their official position does or does not secure to them the means of a reasonably liberal support.

It was probably in view of at least some of the evils which we have enumerated as arising from the defectiveness of our present consular system, that the President, as quoted in the beginning, recommends to Congress some further legislation for "the punishment of consuls;" referring in this particular, of course, to our own consuls. If the statute law of the United States was more deficient than it is, or rather, if it had made less ample provision on this point than it actually has,* this recommendation of the Executive,

* As regards our own consuls, further legislation on this point would seem quite superfluous. By existing Acts of Congress, not only are several specified acts of consular malversation made punishable by heavy fines and imprisonment of a greater or less number of years, but it is also provided generally in regard to these functionaries, that "for all malversation and corrupt conduct in office, they ["he"] shall be liable to indictment, and, on conviction by any court of competent jurisdiction, shall be fined not less than one nor more than ten thousand dollars, and be imprisoned not less than one nor more than five years."

In reference to foreign consuls resident in the United States, there is a Congressional penal enactment by which any such consul is made liable to a heavy fine in case he returns to any ship-master

we take leave to say, would not reach the root of the evils at present existing. This can only be done, and the evils themselves removed, by correcting the radical defect of the system itself.

It is an old and sound maxim, that it is better to prevent than punish crime. In the case in question, this should be done, so far as practicable, by the legislation of Congress, before recourse is had to further penalties by fine and imprisonment for crimes or malversations, to the commission of which strong temptations are needlessly permitted to exist through the unwise and impolitic neglect, by our Government, of this branch of the public service. The reason is the stronger for adopting this preventive course of legislation, by establishing a system of permanent salaries, inasmuch as the parties to be restricted and controlled by the recommended penal legislation, are resident beyond, and generally at a great distance from, the jurisdiction of the power which must prescribe and is alone competent to inflict such penalties. In this case the difficulty of detecting and effecting a legal conviction of the delinquent parties is increased a hundred fold over that of ordinary cases occurring *within* such jurisdiction. In a corresponding degree, also, are the chances of escape increased, and, by consequence, the force of the temptations to delinquency.

In regard to the large class of duties of a general and political nature, as they do not admit of exact specification, and as there is no criterion by which to determine the extent to which they are in any given instance neglected, it would be perfectly nugatory and absurd to attempt to enforce the faithful and zealous performance of them by penal enactments. It is therefore perfectly evident that no patching up of a radically defective system by half-way measures will remedy or appreciably lessen the evils at present existing. But on the other hand, let the great temptations to neglect of duty and malversation in the consular office be removed, by placing the incumbents in an

of the nation which he officially represents his "ship's papers" (of which such consul has the legal custody,) before such master shall have exhibited to him a regular custom-house clearance of such vessel.

(For the dates of these several Acts of Congress, and for most of them *in extenso*, see "Manual for United States Consuls.")

independent position under remunerating salaries, thus furnishing an inducement and incentive to a faithful and zealous discharge of all their official duties, of whatever kind or character; and let such reformed system be vigilantly presided over, and its faithful practical execution vigorously enforced on our consular agents, by the competent authority at home; and more will be effected in the way of checking such malversation, of reforming present abuses, and securing a thorough and efficient performance of the various consular duties, and hence, of fostering and protecting our great national interests abroad, than could be done by all the penal legislation which the ingenuity of Congress could devise from now till doomsday.

By thus reforming the system, the government and nation will have still another security for the fidelity of their consular agents. For the certainty of an independent and respectable support will induce a better and more able and efficient class of men to seek or accept the office, especially at those posts where the income from consular fees is small and insufficient for that purpose. Had such a system, vigorously administered at the seat of government, and, by rigid exaction from that quarter, added to the inducement of a liberal compensation, faithfully executed abroad, been hitherto in operation, it cannot be rationally doubted that the character of our foreign policy and national diplomacy would have been raised to a much higher level than that which it has yet reached: for our diplomatic functionaries would, in that case, have been materially assisted by the information and other aid furnished by our consular agents; in the same manner as are those already stated, the diplomats of Great Britain, as we have before noticed, by her consular agents.

Under such a system, thus energetically managed and executed, our national interests could never have been compromised in the manner and to the extent they have now in many instances been suffered to be. Affairs, as relating to or affecting them, could never have taken the course or come to the pass that they have in such nationally humiliating instances as those which have occurred in Central America and St. Domingo.*

There are enough others, more or less aggravated, resulting from the same cause; but these we have mentioned stand out more glaringly prominent, mainly, perhaps, because they lie nearer home.

There is one more point to which we wish briefly to advert. It relates to a practical evil which springs from a different source from that of those we have been considering, and might exist under any system. We refer to a certain careless manner in which consular appointments are sometimes made. In the case of some foreign states, where perhaps we have but one agent who is in direct communication with the State Department at home—a consul-general with other agents of the inferior grades to this, or a simple consul or commercial agent with deputies under him at the different posts within his general jurisdiction—an individual is sometimes appointed as such chief agent whose residence is neither at the political capital, though there may perhaps be no proper U. S. diplomatic agent, as *chargé* or minister, in such state, nor yet at the principal commercial port, but at some point distant from both, and having few relations of any kind with either; while the posts at these important points are filled by subordinates, generally possessing no political or diplo-

dollars and cents, we believe it would be cheaper to pay very liberal salaries at the principal consular posts, in such countries as the above named, connected with which we have important political interests, and in many other cases of a similar kind, than is the present, we were going to say, niggardly system. We believe, not without some good reasons, that more money has been paid out from the treasury for special agencies and missions, to those two quarters at least, within the last eight years more or less, than would have paid the regular annual salaries to the same countries of at least four consular agents. The difference is, that the returns of the latter would have been frequent and regular, as well as minute, thus keeping the State Department well and minutely informed of all that was transpiring there, and enabling the Government to take its measures and adopt its course accordingly and seasonably; whereas the reports of special agents relate only to particular occasions, and are given at wide intervals depending on the frequency with which those representatives are sent; the information they contain is in consequence generally unseasonable, by reason of its being imparted too late to be made use of when the occasion for so doing occurs. It is therefore filed away with care and a commendable forethought for future emergencies; and is almost invariably thenceforth entirely neglected and forgotten.

*Viewed purely as a question of economy affecting the national treasury, as a mere matter of

matic qualifications, and not unfrequently, especially in the case of mere deputies, very few of any kind whatever. The pernicious character of this occasional practice is perfectly obvious; and the serious nature of the evils that may and sometimes do result from it we need not particularize, even had we space to do so.

It only remains to consider the manner in which we propose that the reformation of our consular system shall be effected. This is very simple; for the needed reformation is confined to the one particular or principle which we have already stated and considered, with perhaps some minor and comparatively unimportant details; and from the records of the State Department can readily be obtained most of the elementary data from which to make the necessary estimates and calculations.

Let, then, a list be prepared of all the United States consulates (exclusive, if desirable, of those to the Barbary States) and commercial agencies, including the *vices* of each, throughout the world, with a table annexed of the annual amount of official fees derived from each. Next, let the actual and relative importance among themselves of each of these stations, in a political and national, as well as in a general commercial sense, be considered; particular reference being had in this connection to the circumstance whether in any given country or state we have or have not resident a regular diplomatic agent; and also, let the actual expense of a respectable, and for an official holding the position of dignity and responsibility of consular agent, reasonably liberal support, be as accurately ascertained in each particular case as possible. On the basis furnished by these latter data, let a tariff of salaries, if we may so call it, be carefully adjusted, and the amount assigned to each and all the consulates, &c., be set down in a tabular form against them in the above list of consulates, and opposite to the table of present consular fees. Leaving these last as they are now regulated by law,* let our consular agents be still required, as heretofore, to make regularly accurate and faithful returns to the State Department of the sources and amount

of their fees. And finally, let this amount of fees at each particular consulate, &c., be deducted from the gross salary assigned to such consulate, and the balance paid to the incumbent out of the United States treasury. In those cases—and there would probably be some twenty such—where the amount of fees is greater than would be the sum designated as the proper salary at such posts respectively, nothing of course would have to be paid to the incumbents, who should be permitted, however, to retain, as now, the whole amount of such fees as their lawful and proper perquisites.

As it cannot be expected that in every instance the law could at first fix the salary with equitable precision, the Secretary of State might be empowered, by a provision of the same law, to alter from time to time such salaries as further reliable information or experience should demonstrate to be either materially excessive or deficient. The extent of such discretionary power of addition or deduction should be limited to some definite proportion of the legally established salary, as the one fourth or the one third part. And if deemed expedient, to guard against favoritism, the Secretary might be required to report from year to year the alterations so made by him.

Such a system, established on a reasonably liberal salary basis, and vigorously administered at the seat of government at home, would possess, as we believe, all the efficiency, and insure all the practical utility of the British system; while it would have the further recommendation of being much more economical, and therefore better suited to our republican ideas in that particular.*

* We would except the item of 2½ per cent. now allowed for receiving and paying the wages due to discharged seamen. This ought to be stricken out from the list of consular fees.

* The gross amount of fees received at all the U. S. consulates, &c., is not far from \$100,000, a proportionately very large part of which is received at a few posts. Suppose the salaries under the suggested reformed system should be so adjusted as that their general average should be, say \$1,500 each, their total amount (taking 120 as the entire number of the consulates, &c.) would be \$180,000, say \$200,000, per annum. Deducting from this the gross amount of fees, or \$100,000, there remains to be paid out of the U. S. Treasury the like sum of \$100,000, or only about \$60,000 more than is now paid out, as we have already seen, to the incumbents of about fourteen stations. This increased outlay would go to make up various and often large deficiencies to a proper remuneration in the case of some seventy functionaries, many of them occupying very important stations, and all of them being required, in theory at least,

It is full time that this matter was taken seriously in hand by Congress. And if in its wisdom it can devise a better and at the same time an equally or more economical method of securing to our consular agents a stated, sure, and reasonable compensation—and nothing which stops short of this will effect any real and permanent reform, as the basis of a system which shall more effectually secure the various and important ends of its establishment—than the one we have proposed, let such better method be

adopted. The President has, to a partial extent, directed the attention of the national legislature to the subject; the interests of our rapidly increasing commerce, a wise policy in reference to the general good of the country, and our national credit, all alike urgently invoke prompt action on it; and the present session should not be allowed to close without the desired reformation being carried into thorough and complete execution.

POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF P. Y.

NO. III.

THE INCASTROS, OR INK FIENDS.

PROLOGUE.

My great work on the Philosophy of Folly was composed while I lived among the Incastros; whose natures are inverted, the brains in the belly. They wear their hearts upon their sleeves for daws to peck at. This while they are young; for, with continual pecking, they soon come to have none at all, which is their happiness.

They have a great and profitable trade, which I shall by-and-by describe to you. Do not imagine now that you know them: you have known men and women, but never an Incastro, who is neither. The Incastros have every thing the direct contrary. They see entirely with their ears, and hear with their eyes: whatever they have heard of any thing, so it appears to them; and they hear nothing until they see something they can touch and carry away.

At a distance they seem tall and formidable, but shrink and diminish as you draw near to them; which is the reverse of men and women, who grow greater as they ap-

proach. An Incastro at three thousand miles is bigger than a mountain; near by it is less than a man; within reach of the hand, a shrivelled ape. To each other they appear all exactly of a size, which is near that of a full-grown monkey. I must warn you, however, that all Incastros lead a double life; for at one time they are men and women, and at others Incastros. Their transformations are wonderfully sudden, and can be brought about by a very simple incantation.

The Incastros have no teeth, but revenge that defect with their breath, which scorches and shrivels, or blows up and inflates; like the mineral airs that breathe sweet or foul out of the chemist's retort. Sometimes, like the wizards and witches of the sea in old tales, they emit flames which inspire terror and dismay; but like the ghosts over graves, they are only a chemical light, which disappears as we approach.

I can assure you I was not at all delighted to find myself among the villanous tribe of Incastros; for they are all slanderers and liars by trade, and devote themselves wholly to the sale of falsehood. They have no souls, and are incapable of rational converse, but compose, issue, and vend daily, at hazard, insipidity, silliness and venom, in

to perform important services for our Government and nation, *without any compensation therefor*, precisely to the extent, in each particular case, of such deficiencies of remuneration from the regular consular fees.

two-penny parcels; and this is the trade by which they live.

The disease, or metamorphosis of Incastatism, is incident only to a certain race or kind of men, and follows hunger. The first symptom is a furious appetite for paper and ink. At the same time the invalid loses sex, shrivels internally, and becomes an Incastro. He is then admitted of the guild and sworn of the fraternity; for their proceedings are secret, and usually done after midnight. A genuine Incastro, like a lawyer, has no passions; the interior organs being entirely withered and empty, like a worm-eaten nut.

Incastatism is involuntary to those who fall into it, and results from a determination of hunger, as does apoplexy from a relaxation and engorgement of the vessels; but after a few times, the condition is voluntarily taken, until it becomes habitual and permanent, and the eyes ever after see things of the color of thought, as it may be.

There are men and women who hold counsel with Incastros, and conjure them, as wizards of old did the devils out of Tartarus. They are the only elves and fairies of these days, and work greater wonders than any in the silly romances or stories of hobgoblins.

If you look for an Incastro to serve your turn in the lying trade, you will distinguish those who are capable of that condition by the lines of their faces, as we recognize opium eaters by the contraction of the brow and a certain pallor; but the marks of Incastatism, once known, are plainer than leprosy, and cause the unhappy wretches who suffer with it to be shunned like pawnbrokers. When you have marked one and would use him, lay a bright gold eagle on the table. No sooner does your subject afflicted with Incastatism enter, his eyes wander up and down, and while he seems to be uneasily talking, with an epileptic squint he detects the gold. Immediately he withers inwardly, and contracts, and grows less and less, and will then bargain with you to emit a certain commensurable quantity of fair or foul words, of infamous, lying scandal, or lying praise, in the most received and admirable style, by which all the world shall acquire such opinions as it may please you to have vented to them by your paid liar of the guild. For a good word you shall leave him a half eagle; for a great bouncing malignant lie, a broad gold piece.

I have heard many fantastical origins as-

signed for Incastatism, by such as do not fully understand its nature. Some say it comes of the wind in a hollow tree; others, of the bubbles of running water; but you must not believe these tales. I, on the contrary, can assign a cause for it that shall take reason captive, and compel assent. The first thing to be understood about them is their double nature; that they are alternately human beings and Incastros, and never both at once. They are also nicely distinguishable from the tribe called Critics, by the fact that these latter never wholly lay aside the human nature, however much they be corrupted; whereas your Incastro has no more of man or woman about it than a serpent or a hog, the metamorphosis being for the time complete, and the moral nature utterly extinguished.

The Incastros are not a very numerous people, and you will easily miss them in the census, and among trades and professions. Nor are they limited by law to a particular district, but wander at will among the ordinary population of the city.

They live, if such an existence can be called a life, entirely by writing and printing lies. You are well aware, there is no law in the Decalogue against lying. And as the printed testimony of your Incastro, "*ink-fiend*," or "devil of ink," cannot be called a "bearing witness" in any sense, the trade of these abject and miserable paid liars, ink-fiends, or Incastros, who follow puffing and maligning for a fee, cannot be esteemed a violation of any commandment. Having occasion to destroy the character or business of your enemy or rival, you employ an Incastro, as you would a hound, to run him down; but it is *you* that are the villain for so doing, and your Incastro a soulless tool. It is only a withered intelligence which you employ, and not in any sense a human creature, with the character and passions of a man.

The Very Reverend and Catholic Doctor Gulligut desires an enlargement of his salary, by the method of a "call." Several Incastros, who are quick to understand the wants and wishes of a Reverend Gulligut, offer to celebrate his name. A bargain is struck, and over all the land, the columns of the country press are covered with commendations and anecdotes of the piety, eloquence, learning, and laborious industry of this discreet gentleman. Incastro devours the gold, and immediately appears like other men.

Demagogue aims at a great office. An hundred Incastros over all the land establish his praises, and decry, malign, and ridicule his rivals. Is he rude and ignorant, they cry him honest. Is he a swindling speculator, they laud his talent in finance. Is he a reckless Jacobin, they recommend his fresh and brilliant enthusiasm, the youth of his soul. Is he a gray-beard shifter, a political coward and weathercock, the wisdom of the man is clear. And all this for a consideration.

You will understand me when I say, that opinion is an article of trade, and that the Incastro is the manufacturer and retailer of the same. That his raw material is the dictionary, out of which his talent arranges for you any order of words you may have occasion for; and all for a fixed price or fee. You good, honest old women in the country do not know, when you read a pious anecdote of the generosity and charity of the notorious Quaterdollar, that Quaterdollar retains journeymen Incastros in his pay, who create for him so many columns of virtue and talent *per diem*, which they cunningly disperse over the land, affixing to it the two wings of wit and novelty by which it flies far and wide. Incastros at their work resemble journeymen printers: they set good ringing words in order, as the printer sets type. They exercise neither vice nor virtue in this, but are only afflicted with Incastrism, which, as I have already told you, is a disease, temporarily extinguishing moral sense, and converting a man into an Incastro.

The Incastro has no feeling for the character which he exalts or depresses; he does not live by the malignity or the urbanity of his own character, but solely by the facility with which he arranges epithets of praise or blame. As the experienced hangman, with equal *sang froid*, executes the innocent or the malefactor, the Incastro, with a gay indifference, maligns the virtuous or the vicious. With equal facility and dexterity he fabricates malignant insinuations or ill-deserved praises. Incastro does not know, nor desire to know, the real character he exalts or condemns. It is a *name* only which he vilifies or which he eulogizes—a name, and not a person; for not being himself a *person*, he knows none. Incastro produces praise or blame as the same soil, with equal tillage, renders to the husbandman the poisonous weed or the luscious fruit. It is *you*, the employer, who cast in the seed, as the devil

sowed tares. Now, I would not have you altogether despise, but somewhat pity, the wretch afflicted with this awful disease; for he is one who, in a free land, hath lost his birthright, liberty of soul; a vile temptation has led him away to go out of himself, and instead of a man, to become a base and feeble creature. He is not a thief, for he doth not steal. He is a laborer, though he liveth not by the sweat of his brow, nor by the sweat of his brain; for the brain of an Incastro is as dry—as dry as the withered carcass of Echo in her tenth centenniad. You will say Incastro knows praise and blame, else how can he distribute the two; how can he mingle them; how can he adroitly insinuate a compliment, if he understands not the nature of virtue and of praise? The Incastro is perhaps a species of bastard poet, who constructs for you, not odes and elegies, not yet sonnets or satires, but “leaders” for country papers, paragraphs, insinuating advertisements, foreign correspondence, compliments given with the face of blame. He is an artist, I say, of these things; nor is there any impossibility in this, nor contradiction in nature, for the faculty of art is by itself, being only the tool or organ of the soul. Incastrism is a disease of the faculty of art, whereby its fair proportions are shrivelled and diminished, and itself enslaved to abject necessities and hunger. As you will see a skilful mimic transform his countenance at will, from the visage of a man to the phiz of an ape, so doth this involuntary disease transform those who are afflicted with it into dry and wrinkled wretches.

The question has often occurred to me, where was the vice or the disease of Incastrism, where were the pimping slaves of letters, before the invention of the press? Has this great engine bred around itself a vermin of its own? Of the information circulated by the press, a vast proportion, especially that which affects the reputation and influence of men, is manufactured by Incastros or ink-fiends. As you will sometimes behold an unhappy type-setter bent into a mockery of man by the hard and penurious wages of his trade, wasting and breaking his feeble body; so do you see the disease of Incastrism setting in upon the soul of a man and deforming him into an ape. The type-setter unconsciously and innocently bends and breaks himself over the lies and blas-

phemies of the Incastro; Incastro in his turn unconsciously bends and breaks his too feeble spirit over the composition of those lies and blasphemies, those hideous abuses of the divine gift of words. The typist is injured in body, but his soul is free; Incastro has destroyed his soul. The one works with the body, the other with the spirit. The spirit will not endure the horrid bondage of corruption, and falls into an atrophy, an ink disease, an Incastrium, the leprosy of the press.

To set this before you in a very clear light, I will give you a history of Mendax, a noted Incastro, and perhaps the most ingenious fabricator of lies in all Pressdom.

In a pleasant village that lies under the shadow of an aspiring hill, (there are many such that are not mountains,) in the wise and witty country of the Cackepeans, or bad talkers, (you will know them by their slang and sneaking, when you pass through their borders, for they are a people who fight only with their tongues,) there lived, while the hero of my tale was young, an old codger and his Joan. This worthy couple, (worthy of what I know not!) found themselves happy in the possession of a son, whom they could not make their heir, because they had nothing to leave him. This, however, did not trouble them, for they knew him the master of a talent that should by-and-by gild the rainbow; and this was—a talent of words. The moralizer of the village, and Mæcenas of smart boys, had pronounced him, at twelve years old, a genius. The minister made him free of his library; the schoolmaster spared him the customary exercise of the ferule. He was a ruddy, fair-haired boy, of an open physiognomy, and his eyes were wide, and tender with the dreams of quick imagination. To those whom she intends for word-mongers, or rhymesters, Nature is lavish of her sensuous gifts; but she sometimes withholds from them a portion of the soul which is given in good measure to the homely and the prudent. The boy had but one fault: he *feigned*. You might have said, “he lied;” but I prefer, “he feigned.”

The boy was humored in “free talking” by those about him, until, from a fault, it grew to be a vice, *but still forgiven*. He acquired, by enormous reading, (for unless

he read incessantly his brain ached,) an inexhaustible treasure of good ringing words, signifying little, but giving a delightful sound, for they came out together in great mellow mouthfuls, like the chanting of a thrush.

All the village now knew that this was a Genius, not only by the words, but the feigning; and as the greater number of those about him thought it proof of talents to cheat, they minded not idle words, that fell far short of their own solid and prudent lying. By such encouragement, the faculty expanded and drew all the vital spirits to itself. He feigned himself awake when he was asleep; for he would often talk in the morning asleep, to make his mother fancy he was waking. He would come from a walk on Sundays and say off a good sermon with text and psalms, interspersed with solemn and appropriate remarks, though his foot had picked only the grass of green fields that day. He would run away and play at marbles with a blackguard, and coming home, describe him an excellent and worthy lad, to raise a good opinion of his choice, and all in fluent language. He recommended himself to the clergyman of the parish by discourses on Holy Scripture, which he learned freely by heart, and to blackguards and roistering village lads by good sounding oaths, and propositions for mischief. But he was tender of his reputation, and could be seldom caught so nearly in the fact as not to get away under cover of some fair excuse. Having a word for every thing, and a kind of plausible conscience, if he stole fruit, he asked for it after it was taken.

So ready and so fair a talent could not fail to draw the notice of the more observing, and the magnates of the village made a purse for him to become a scholar of charity and a preacher of the Holy Truth. To college, then, came he. But as it was the beginning of a second epoch, it merits a formal commencement.

With a warm ambition, and the gift of tongues, and a florid acquiescing manner, Mendax could not fail to shine; for in college, as in monasteries, where there are no women, the scholar shines not as a man by the power of heart and will, but by intelligence and the faculty of speech. Mendax found himself impelled by the least of the great impulses—by the ambition, not of

power, but of display. The talent of verse developed in his solitary rural life, by which he could indulge his feigning and his diffident word-faculty without curb, stood to him a perpetual envy and fame. By this he soon learned all the delicate and sweetish phrases of eulogy, and could prosify them with a mawkish facility. Nor was he less a proficient in the wordy and false lampoon, and would abuse with as much freedom as he praised; but these applications were made upon the backs of quiet creatures who would not, or cowards who dared not, avenge themselves; and indeed it was soon remarked that he was much more ready to attack the weak than to oppose the strong, and very readily swallowed his own words. It was on public occasions he shone most. His broad and fair forehead, shaded by rich brown curls, over fair eyes shining with the action of fancy; his low but graceful figure, delicately cared for; and the pointing vain projection of his ruby, forward lips, made him the true Hortensius of the college rostrum. It was just that the prize should be given to Mendax, for in that which all admired and strove for, he alone excelled.

I am wont to compare the regions of ideas and images in the mind to an unreclaimed wilderness, held by all manner of wild creatures, angels, fairies, and hobgoblins; the stuff that dreams are made of working within and throwing up yesty earth-bubbles, fair or fearful to the sight, but of no force or import. It is the paradise and hell of liars, feigners, and soulless poets, who have given to them this empire of unsubstantial forms. And this was the kingdom of the soul of Mendax, a soul devoid of power and of faith, to which passion had lent only desires and fears.

He curried favor with his tutor, by always protesting abundantly, in good set terms, against the meanness of betrayal, and lamenting the hard necessity of dutiful and conscientious men. He cherished the mischievous designs of idle rioters, but took good care not to be found among them at the moment of action. And though there was not a boyish or scoundrelly trick performed in which he had not some part, he was never once discovered, and kept a character unspotted with his masters. In secretly teasing and abusing those who thus favored him, by foul mischief, odious calumnies, dangerous traps, explosions, sudden ruin of their books and clothes, filthy bewraying of

their beds and chairs, watching and spying into all their privacy, and things which cannot be named, picking flaws in their discourses, and turning their grave advice into pernicious ridicule, there was none so apt as he. For fear lest that grave historian who shall hereafter write his eulogy may negligently omit them, I will relate to you some of his tricks.

At night, no one being in the secret, he would lay trains of gunpowder along the aisles of the chapel. Then, at morning prayers, the tutor opening his pew inadvertently would fire the trains by a little friction powder, cunningly placed under the door, by which the poor wretch would be cruelly burned and terrified, and a horrible uproar and confusion made, in the midst of which our knave would exclaim upon the wickedness of those who did this, and declare he desired nothing better than to see them brought to justice. Then, when summoned for testimony, with great reluctance and even with tears, he would confess that his suspicion rested upon such an one, naming a rival for a prize. After which, in great haste he would run to the accused, and describe the manly defense he had made of him against the atrocious accusations. Thus did he secure to himself the favor of all; but this rather to indulge a lively and dramatic turn of mind than from the impulse of an inborn malice; for, in truth, he bore no hatred against any man, and was always cheerful and free in his address.

He would stretch cords or wires across the entrance of a pulpit, and when he that entered fell headlong, rush forward to raise him up. Then would his countenance wear an expression of respect and indignation. He had an hundred mischievous inventions to incommode, terrify, and alarm. He would scatter itching powders over the congregation from a gallery during divine service, seeming all the time, even to those near him, to be absorbed in prayer.

None was more polite, or carried himself more respectfully toward his superiors and toward women, than he; but his constant endeavor in conversation was to fall inadvertently into some by-play of low sentiment, or double meaning, no person being equal to him in the use of words; while the absence of shame kept him always in countenance: a trait which silly people mistook for polish and courage.

In order to create for himself a sober reputation, he conversed and walked much with his elders, and learning to imitate the peculiarities of wise and experienced men, would talk and hear himself when he chose, like any Solomon; and this was agreeable to the profession of a clergyman, into which, with great favor, he was now about to enter, after bearing away the palm in all the studies of the university. A little reading soon made him master of casuistry and logic, and with a ready flow of words he captivated silly hearers, and became a noted exhorter and prayer maker. This was the third epoch of his life, and now he gave an unrestrained freedom to the talent of feigning with which he had been so largely endowed.

Practising no more the tricks of boyish scholars and young rakes, not only from a fear of detection, but because he found a larger and soberer exercise of his genius, he devoted himself to casuistry and the study of religious terrors considered as a means. His time was now occupied with the practice of exhortations, and inquiries into the secret motions of trembling and unstable souls, not only of women and children, but of grave and worthy men.

I cannot describe to you what a pleasure he enjoyed in this new and large hypocrisy; with what devotion and circumspection he guarded his outward sobriety, while secretly he indulged innumerable base and vicious propensities; with what care he kept up the simulation of an ever watchful and self-denying spirit, while his entire soul was plunged in a sea of stratagem and falsehood; how fervently he would pray, taking up every sign of favor, and redoubling his pious ardor, when his watchful ear caught the sighs of his female penitents. To what end was all this? What moved him to these pains, this ten-fold, thousand-fold, devilish deceit and feigning? Truly, it is a problem worth your study. I have to remind you again and again, that he took a pleasure in it. He was then, as ever, a kind of bastard artist, a sober histrio, a serious buffoon. There are plenty of them. Besides all which, he had his *interest*, which you are foolish enough to reckon the invariable first cause of all human actions. I, on the contrary, affirm, that those who please some vanity are the multitude, while the strict servants of their own greatest good, or as you say, "of their own interest," are the philosophical few: a con-

clusion which compels one to entertain a very slight opinion of a goodly number of politicians and vainglorious declaimers, whose faith in the stability of the great Republic leans upon the opinion that every poor and ignorant creature will know his own interest when it is shown to him!

It was not however intended by the Father of Lies, that his servant Mendax should advance further in this part of his career, without some little adverse check, by way of preparation for the part he was reserved to play. To prepare and harden^d him for the future, it was necessary that he should taste of infamy, and by experiencing the pangs of disappointed ambition, acquire the venom and the edge essential to a great and formidable maligner.

Growing insolent with success, and the impunity of first attempts, he pushed his devotional intimacies with certain devotees to an extent that finally led to his discovery, and expulsion from the sacred office. He fled into the city and hid himself there, until, with a new face, a new name, and a temper steeled by obdurate fortune, he could recommence his great career, and become at length a serviceable engine for the use of the grand masters of fraud and delusion.

His first plunge from the church into the world was attended with many vague and painful emotions, resembling remorse, but soon degenerating into selfish spleen and rage at his own imprudence. Quickly then he consoled himself with lively occupation, and in the office of a scurrilous paper, to which his ready talent at lampoon had introduced him, began a study of that veritable hell, the metropolitan press. Here he found the worst and the best crowded together, the devil elbowing the saint, the man of talent alternately ousted by and ousting the fool. With a rank and ceaseless appetite, his intelligence absorbed and assimilated falsehood and corruption. He became an adept in the wickedness of cities, and by daily assiduity secured for himself the means of nightly debauchery. Steeped to the lips in the Stygian waters, he became invulnerable to shame, and bore with equal calmness the vituperation of harlots, or the blows of exasperated gentlemen. With head erect and brow unfurrowed by care, feeling in his very marrow the security of talent in a market of large demand, he commenced author, with all the confidence of an opening career.

Acquiring soon the free manners of the town, Mendax made himself an agreeable and companionable man: his memory, aided by an expansive and absorbent fancy, retained all that was presented either to his sight or hearing; and with a facility truly wonderful he moulded his light and superficial experience into phrases that slid freely under the eye in print, or fell gently upon the ear in talk, leaving a momentary but agreeable impression. Mendax found himself in no great length of time a skilful news writer and anecdotist; nor was he unappreciated by others. He wanted only notoriety to attain the first stage of his low ambition.

Two paths were open to him. Excluded from the learned professions by disinclination, as well as by the accidents of his former life; too fine and tender for politics, as mostly a soft and fair exterior are disqualifications for that pursuit; he was content at first to seem a poet, joining with this his already adopted character of beau, or dandy. Nature had given him facility of rhyming, and he had a good ear for the music of verse. His recollections of rural solitude supplied him with abundance of descriptive imagery; his experience among pious men and women supplied him with the phrases of holy sincerity and sadness. To move now as a poet was as easy as lying; and a year of diligent rhyme gave him the entrée of those circles where the evil and the good meet together, under the sanction of letters. Here he found a kind of banditti of the manners and decencies; men who, under pretext of a high moral difference with human laws, substituted a base and puling sentiment for the hard requisitions of manly virtue; and under cover of new opinions and social reform, cherished the most infamous habits. Among these creeping sensualists, who lacked the force and courage of open libertinism, and made their silly metaphysical novelties the shield of every imaginable folly and irregularity, Mendax found many congenial souls, of both sexes, with whom he contracted a close intimacy. It was an orgie of vanity; commendation was a trade. The art of this select society was to keep each the names of all the others continually before the world in print. Every disposable corner of every newspaper in the cities and towns was filled with their names, their eulogy, their verse, and their prose. Their name was legion; their enlogy indiscriminate, enormous, ten-

der, soft, heroic and fulsome; their verse, the rhymed crookings and pulings and the puling and crooking rhymes of vanity and sensuality; or hollow imitations, verbal tinnabulations, and repetitions of sounds. These, the best: of the worst I speak not; they defy observation; a noise of cats and puppies. By the ingenuity of these prolific and industrious triflers, there appeared before the nation nine hundred and ninety-nine first-rate geniuses in verse, and a number of ornate heads in the lesser departments of essay and letters, enough to have overrun Mexico. It was a grass growth of arts and literatures, spreading for a season over the entire continent.

Of eulogizers Mendax became the very sovereign; of versifiers, the Petrarch, the Anacreon—nay, the Phœbus; and of his borrowed lights, gave lights to dozens of lesser luminaries who swarmed about him, happy in his eternal smile.

After a time, however, Mendax discovered that all this movement and stirring of pens and type, this rustling of silk dresses, interchange of compliments, gulping of viands, and settling of neckcloths, with "Madam, let me introduce you to Mr. Sonnet," "Miss Madrigal, Mr. Sonnet," ended only in the request for an introduction to a publisher, and a presentation copy of Flora's last new poem. Now Mendax was naturally subject, as other men are, to a very malignant and fatal disease called lack of money, which threatened, by repeated attacks, to throw him into a decline. It was his ready habit, as men of genius have usually a great horror of the regular doctor on these occasions, to get his nearest friend or neighbor to prescribe for him; which did but palliate the symptoms, and by no means tended to a radical cure. Mendax began to think.

Thinking is a laborious and painful exercise to those who are but little accustomed to it; and finding himself much fatigued by the operation, for the first time in his life he began to surmise that he had underrated himself and his abilities. Instead of the poet and ornament of society, he would now become its moralist and reformer. Sifting matters to the very dregs, as is the habit of your great geniuses, and meditating upon his own experience, another proof of originality, he seemed to himself to have discovered the cause and origin of all the evils that afflict society.

As I have before told you, he reasoned like a philosopher, from experience; and finding in his own career two mortal obstacles to happiness, the rocks upon which he had several times found himself utterly wrecked and broken, namely, the inequality of property, and the cruel and unnatural restrictions imposed by tyrannical guardians and parents upon the freedom of young girls, he conceived that in these two he had found, and could now strike at, the very top roots of the gigantic moral Upas tree, which overgrew and blighted all the world.

At length, after a four weeks' fasting and severe mortification of the flesh, in the manner prescribed by the hermits of the Thebaïd, with the silly difference (you will pardon me for naming it) that his was involuntary,—the affliction coming upon him from Providence, and not by the imperfect human wisdom of his own breast—a point in which he innocently conceived himself to have the advantage in sanctity over the holy flesh mortifiers of the desert,—he came out a reformer, and had no sooner commenced his mission than he found himself surrounded by a number of disciples, called to the good work by providential intimations full as stirring and powerful as his own.

It was a superfluity of philosophizing which led him and his disciples into a formal agitation of the question, whether, in view of the present lamentable condition of the world, it would be agreeable to the harmony of the spheres, and the grand system of the attractions, if they paid their debts; there being already among them a community of "shortness" or lack of money, which finely represented and illustrated that noble freedom which they went about to establish. Money they regarded as the root of evil; marriage, its topmost flower and fruit; infants, an incumbrance to be disposed of by charitable institutions.

Mendax therefore proposed to his followers a complete reconstruction of society, upon a grand triune system of universal bankruptcy, bastardy, and through which, as through the reversed end of a telescope, he had heretofore seen the littleness of the present order of things.

After this grand discovery, and its announcement, Mendax grew hugely meditative and solemn, and changing his exterior man, appeared in select circles with his shirt bosom open, to symbolize the sportive free-

dom, and his hair and beard uncropped, to represent the free tendency of nature, which he would not restrain. He was now twenty-seven years of age, well studied in the ways of men and women, and with the help of glib words and a little bear's grease made an excellent mock-progress man.

Mendax now divided himself between a variety of literary pursuits, of which his old drudgery at the city press, in the manufacture of news and criticism, was still a very important portion. He introduced the new feature of translating obscene novels from the French, with a view, he said, to shake the rotten superstructure of modern society, by loosening the veneration and rousing the passions of youth. If cautioned against the mischief he might accomplish in this career, he sneered very gravely at those who would hide the knowledge whereby virtue gains all her strength. Indeed, he won over to his doctrine a vast number of moral reformers, who conceived themselves greatly injured by the prevalence of vice, to think there could be no better way of suppressing the evil tendencies of youth in these days, than by diffusing a vast deal of prurient information. Our mock-progress man, meanwhile, laughed very quietly at the simplicity of these half-way reformers, saying to those who were in his confidence that, as in love and war all methods of attack are permitted, and the work he carried on was both of love and war,—namely, love for the cause and war against its enemies, the old-fashioned moralists,—he should hesitate at nothing. Meantime his dirty novels brought him a very fair addition to his income.

It must be confessed that, with all his foresight, Mendax had not anticipated the popularity and profit that followed his appearance in this new character. His party drew together a motley crowd of discontents and odd geniuses of both sexes, who, for reasons best known to themselves, saw fit to sympathize with the "movement," as they styled it. As the sick of all diseases—the maimed, the blind, the gouty, the scrofulous, the gangrened, the rotten and the musty—all run promiscuously to the same celebrated charlatan for a cure, so did every crackbrained enthusiast, by whatever malady of soul afflicted, run to Mendax for sympathy and solace.

His gravity and importance increased proportionately. Every word that issued

from his lips expressed a new principle. His eyes, from a wandering and timid stare, acquired an abstracted gaze, corresponding with the solemnity of the interior man. It was no longer the excitements of writhing devotees in which he exercised himself; he now became acquainted with the mysterious absurdities of quite a different passion. As before devotion, so now vanity, the common disease of eccentric souls, drew his attention and exercised his skill. In the mysteries of this protean malady of the human soul, himself an invalid, like those famous quacks who learn the trick of alleviating others by first curing themselves, Mendax was a proficient of experience. In the boy, it seemed an innocent fault; in the man, it was a bottomless pit, from which issued innumerable shapes of wickedness and deceit.

The first that followed in the wake of Mendax were those who, like himself, laid out a general scheme, and philosophized on the reformation of men and manners; a rout of desperate scribblers, the canaille of Parnassus, sottish, vain, cowardly, and irresolute. These needed only a little handling, with judicious flattery and prompting, to form a powerful phalanx. With these ran a number of women, ill maids, bad wives, and worse widows; silly-talking jades, fired like the prodigal's candle, and as full of folly and malice as an egg is full of meat. Then came a troop of Sybils and prophetesses, some of whom it was our luck to see squatted on the three-legged tripod of Mock Progress, (of which the three legs are universal bankruptcy, bastardy, and libertinism,) prophesying and poetizing like mad. Then was the muddy river of Scrub Literature, fed by the little urns and teapots of a thousand poetasters and poetstresses, poured in one vast, swollen, weltering tide, into the channel of False Progress. Toward what, my friends? If I be not mistaken, toward a huge sewer or drain called Yesterday, which empties into the sink of Oblivion.

Mingled with this rout were a number of parvenus; people of large means and low ambition, who called to their houses, in lieu of society, the notorieties of the day, and were soon contaminated and ruled by the people with whom they foolishly involved themselves.

Politics, religion, and manners were unknown here; and in their place, sentimentalism, ripening into disgraceful intimacy,

toyings, flatteries, fooleries, and all kinds of false graces, concluding, for the most part, in ways that I care not to mention. They hovered about the flame till their downy wings were scorched, and then dropped and crawled away.

Our word-wizard, Mendax, had still a new lesson to learn in the grand arts of delusion; all his experience to this time was only a gymnastic, or exercise of mind. He was training for the trade his master had in store for him. Once in a while, like a cool observer as he was, he would step out of his magic circle and take a view of it from the ground of common life. Looking at sentiment, moral slip-slop, and foolery, as an article of trade, he soon found it dull, and liable to fall down to an unprofitable figure. The great world, the solid body of society, paid no heed to it; they regarded it as a species of monstrosity which one will pay a shilling to see, and two, if need be, to forget. Mendax, for the second time in his life, began to think. Thinking, to those who are not in the habit, is a laborious operation of the mind. Mendax respected himself for being at the pains and trouble to think a second time. He threatened himself with conservatism. Even flattery becomes tedious; folly, however profitable, disgusts at last. The reading public had heard, over and over again, till they no longer heard, all the tunes of the music-box of Mock Progress; and had learned at length to laugh at the screams that came off the brazen tripod of Mock Moral Reform. The reorganization of society, having ended chiefly in the production of an inconceivable quantity of bad poetry, began to have the air of a nuisance. In vain prices were reduced and advertisements multiplied; in vain eulogy was piled on eulogy: the fate of a stale humbug impended over Mendax and his crew. The ship was going down; the more knowing rats had already left it. Mendax did well to think. But he even did more; he reflected.

He reflected on the instability of human affairs, and the mystery of what is called "success."

To succeed, he reasoned sagely with himself, is to accomplish one's wish, or to have it accomplished; which comes to the same thing.

To succeed, were it by the invocation of Hell—a phrase which itself answers the

question, "In *what* to succeed?" the invocation of Hell being for the most part of but little utility toward the accomplishment of a heavenly, or as we say, an honest intent.

A certain vivacious, but extremely reflective and observant writer has remarked, that men do not differ as to their aims, but only as to the way they take to attain them. Though it stands between me and the conclusion or *dénouement* of my story, I shall here amuse myself with a few philosophical reflections upon this remark. Let us observe,—and by *us*, I mean myself,—as I presume the reader will here ease his attention, and let it slip quickly and lazily over my ethical paragraphs, as the ploughman tilts the share to run it freely over hard and stony ground; let us observe, I say, how differently two men pursue the same object. Food, for example, which the robber commits a murder to obtain, the man of virtue earns; the one asserting his great agrarian principle, the other his common and vulgar honesty. Neither of the two is a philosopher or theologian; but in a surprisingly accurate manner illustrate, the one a selfish and barbarous, the other a social impulse. The one instinctively denies, the other roundly asserts, the existence of a soul. One advocates a community of goods, the other a community of spirit. One, seeking bread, seeks it without acknowledgment that he is one of many like himself; the other, seeking the same, reaches for it, as if his spirit were indeed a universal divinity, animating myriads of human bodies, and quite indifferent to the fate of any individual of them, even were it his own, that attempted to proceed in its own behalf without reference to the good of the whole. The great "Soul of Man"—we desire not by such phrases to jar any theological nerves, but simply to illustrate our comparison—refuses to recognize those animated creatures as men, who are not guided by its power, and very rudely outlaws and banishes them by the Jewish and other codes. But we have robbers, too, of all grades, who in seeking their bread seek it differently. One, crowned and throned, seeks it costly and served in many courses; another is satisfied with it plain and coarse. The one finds it necessary to destroy and spoil an entire people; the other rests satisfied with a single death. As with bread, so with all the cravings, longings, and necessities

of the body. We all seek them, but in different ways and by different paths.

Mendax differed not from Agamemnon or John Milton, in the fact that he sought to gratify his natural appetites. It was the manner and method only that distinguished him from either. He wished what they wished for, namely, to *succeed*. He reflected as they reflected on the excellence of food, drink, and other necessities and pleasures of the body. But as the method of the hero and poet, it may be supposed, was to become intrinsically worthy of that they might require, and of as much more as they might see fit to dispense to others, we discover between them and Mendax a striking and formidable difference, amounting in point of fact to a frightful inequality, democracy to the contrary notwithstanding. *Success*, in the estimation of the hero and poet, had not been fully achieved, unless all that the body required, and even desired, had been obtained. In that respect they differed not one iota from Mendax, whose constitutional demands of nature may have been, for aught I know, exactly the same in kind and quantity with those of the King of Argos. But neither the poet nor the hero would have been satisfied, nor have achieved *success*, unless the *manner* and the *way* of obtaining were also strictly agreeable to the demands of the soul. From which it would appear that virtue and heroism are not in the utilitarian category, being methods and forms more than substances.

Mendax, too, in his way, reflected much on the form and method of his life; and he selected cheatery and lies, being, as he thought, quite as apt to *succeed* as virtue itself. Mendax had a good healthy body, largely supplied with appetites. To *succeed* was to gratify them. The method or way he chose also satisfied him; he also succeeded after a fashion. His demands, it must be confessed, were easily satisfied. Your heroes and poets, your statesmen and great souls generally, are enormous and exorbitant in their requisitions as to the *way* and method, though simple as to the things sought for. They expend a life-labor to obtain that which Mendax procured by a little cunning. But even Mendax himself was here outdone by those worthy characters, the fox, the squirrel, and the bear, who, with less cunning and toil, and considerably less reflection than he, procure all that he

sought for, and on the whole may be considered more successful.

Mendax, as I have said, reflected. His reflections carried him over the various passages of his life, and showed him the secret of all the successes he had as yet achieved. Finally, he made the discovery that his talent, that is to say, the instrument of his success, lay in his art of praising and slandering, which he now resolved to reduce into a system and put to sale, as one would a talent for axe grinding. To invent and circulate slander or praise, in a thousand different ways, without the slightest regard to the subject, in fact, with a total ignorance of the person praised or abused, was conceived by Mendax to be his particular talent, specialty, or tool of success. He became an Incastro; in fact, the king of Incastros. As the reflections of some men end in madness, those of Mendax ended in the horrible spiritual malady called Incastatism, which we have sufficiently described.

I have traced from his original the career of a peculiar creature, a production of the modern age, for such I deem the Incastro, or ink-fiend. He is a creature in whom are assembled the several peculiarities of subordination, false bail, false eulogy and slander, but is held guiltless of all, in his subordination as tool or servant of all work. At the order of his employer he expands in eulogy over all the land the character of a person whom he never saw, and of whose life he knows not a single act. He vilifies and

covers with infamy, for a fee, men of whom he has never heard an evil word, but for whom it is his temporary duty to invent the most atrocious and contemptible of characteristics. He reduces all this to a system, by which the base calumny or baser praise is multiplied and scattered through the myriad openings of the press over whole continents.

In great cities, the filth and ordure of the entire population is absorbed and carried away by a few sewers. The quantity of the nuisance is not diminished; but, by being drawn all together into a few places, its evil effect is greatly abated through the city. In the same light we should look upon the peculiar tribe of the Incastros, as the common sewers of malignity, falsehood, and lies, into which every man should empty his particular baseness, were it not that from these arises a fine pervading mist of calumny, which threatens all the land with a moral infection. It were even better, we opine, notwithstanding the great doctrine of a division of labor, that the old trade of the devil, maligning and tempting, were still, as in former time, carried on a little by each man on his private account, and not reduced to a manufacture and monopoly. If for no other reason, we would condemn it as a violation of nature. Incastros ought to be shut up and provided for in hospitals of their own, and not be suffered by an humane public to be made the wretched tools of knaves and villains.

THE MYSTERY OF TIME.

THE night was far advanced, but the riddle of the infinite was still unsolved. Weariness oppressed my senses, while the restless, chafing mind searched through perplexing problems, of things material and things spiritual, for the rest of a demonstrated faith; a rest nowhere given it in nature. The gaunt and staring forms of the quaint old furniture that did the office of indifferent comfort and good cheer, grew indistinct and shadowy; and like the thin ghosts of comfortable tables and chairs, waved back and forth before my swimming vision. The only living things were the old clock, that ticked boisterously, as if time was the only thing of any account, and a rat behind the wainscoting or somewhere, that gnawed and gnawed still louder, still nearer, but to no other end than to gnaw on hour after hour, night after night.

I read from an open volume: "Eternity hath neither a past nor future, but is an ever-abiding present. Yesterday and to-morrow are ideas of sense—the succession of events; the orderly progression from cause to effect are notions of the sensuous understanding, a gentle acclivity by which it ascends to the elevations from which the eternal present is spread out as a boundless prospect. When understanding shall have fulfilled its office to reason, and the clearer vision shall encompass all essences and virtues, being will have shaken off the bands and shackles of time and succession, as the artist forgets the rules of his art in the sublime comprehension of its spirit. Then shall time, recollection, and hope utterly cease; thought shall nevertheless endure, springing from an ever-abiding present."

Who can fathom this mystery? I exclaimed. How shall sense penetrate beyond that which is palpable? And how shall reason explore where sense cannot reach? Are yesterday and to-morrow the same thought, the same substance? Are this moment and the next creatures of twin-birth? The hour hand of that steadfast honest clock points to twelve; an hour ago it pointed to

eleven. Is this a falsehood, and eleven and twelve but different expressions of an unchanging *now*? Four hours since I lighted that candle: it was then whole and straight; it now flickers in the socket, a shapeless wreck. Are the *what it was*, and the *what it is*, of that candle, one and the same? Is it a straight and comely candle now? Was it a sickly ember then? Was it a candle, when animate it laughed at harpoons among the icebergs? Will it be a candle to the end of time? Surely this is madness. A god on the summit of Olympus could see it is no other than a wasted, worthless bit of a candle-end.

I opened another volume that dealt with things substantial and palpable, at least that shall be so until the end of time—suns, moons, planets, rocks, rivers, trees, and such things as to think of makes good workmen, schoolmasters, and housewives—and read:

"The speed of light has been computed at about twelve millions of miles in a minute. Thus the light of the sun reaches the earth in about eight minutes, while from the most remote stars thousands of years elapse while it is passing to the earth."

Surely, I exclaimed, there are mysteries of the sense as impenetrable as those which defy the reason of man. The vastness of the finite is not less incomprehensible than infinity itself. If it be true that light travels like any other slow-footed creatures, with its stages and its distances, its travel-worn years and centuries, and these truths are seen with the eye, and comprehended with the understanding, and are tracked through their intricate paths by nimble-limbed figures, signs, and algebraic formulas, then may not the light that shot from yonder candle through the open casement into the serene night at the moment of lighting, have just reached some god not a great way off among the spheres, and may he not see it now, the veritable, straight, comely candle it was four hours since? May there not be a god floating on the wings of the Swan, or guiding the fury of Taurus, now watching

the drama of paradise? May there not be gods riding on every star, or careering with incredible swiftness through space, to whom every event that has transpired on this earth from the remotest past to the present is visible, not in the order of creative progression, but of the eternal present?

The very solid structure of the globe, and the order of things earth-born, gives no passive happiness to the soul of man, but lifts to the comprehension of things eternal and spiritual.

Reason and understanding are surely set to mock and jeer at each other, and thus to cheat the earnest soul of its birthright, truth and faith. That which reason declares to be true, sense proclaims to be impossible. That which sense hath fully compassed and weighed, reason strips of its substance, and turns forth to wail like ghosts in Erebus. Whither shall one turn in this labyrinth, when two confident guides point, the one to the right, and the other to the left? Yield to one and disregard the other, and you are lost, utterly lost, a wanderer in the dismal phantom land of vain philosophies and idealizings, or pushed foot-sore upon the harsh declivities of stony materialism.

This is a mystery indeed, but does not one pole of the needle point southward, while the other marks the north? And yet the needle speaks with one voice, and speaks truly. So may there not be an undiscovered language in which both reason and sense teach alike? Where are ye, ye genii, whether evoked from flame, or from the commingling of potent draughts, or from the power of mystic lines and incantations, who look directly into the essences of things, and may speak of such high mysteries? I will commune with you, though you be devils. Show me this mystery, and I care not whence you come.

Oppressed with troubled thoughts and unsatisfied yearnings, I leaned my head upon the open volume before me, and dreamed. Dreamed? no! I burned with thoughts like the central fires. Starting upward, I shot sheer through the resisting air, that sparkled and burned in a path of fire behind me. A sense of stunning oppression overwhelmed me, until, escaping beyond the last surges of the atmospheric ocean, I emerged, upborne through a sea of electric ether. The subtle element vibrated with elastic pulsations, dilating every sense to godlike strength and

clearness, and invigorating the spirit, as the nectar of the gods would kindle in human veins.

Upward with thought swiftness I sprang, until speed was left far behind. I now perceived that the earth lay an undiminished picture below; nor did orbit upon orbit, nor cycle upon cycle intervening, hide from my keen vision a line or shadow upon its surface. I gazed with wonder on the scene. There lay the old continents as they were upheaved from the deep. There stretched the great oceans, outpoured from the windows of heaven, sullen and sublime, though the eye that gazed upon them beheld them through a vista of myriads of such worlds. There were the rugged Alps, embosoming the hardy Switzer, and hurling back to the pole the northern blasts lest they should chill the breath of sunny Italy. Veteran sentinels they stood, worthy to guard the land which Roman glory once encompassed; firm at their posts they stood, though they frowned upon the soil they protected, for a race held it who crouched beneath the painted terrors of superstition, and in the intervals of slavish dread basked in the warm sunlight.

Beyond, Sahara burned like beaten gold, with here and there a toiling caravan, and the bleached vestiges of such as had sunk beneath the simoom.

There lay heaped up within the polar circles the ice realms, vast and desolate, where Aurora waves her torch through the dreary polar night. From hence my eye roamed over Europe, across the dead wastes of Asia, to where the sharp outlines of the Himalaya marked the farthest verge of the convex globe.

I observed, that while I saw the largest objects with a single comprehensive glance, no part, however minute, was lost to the sight. Cities, hamlets, and cultivated fields, castles and convents lurking in the fastnesses of the mountains, were vividly displayed below. There, too, were the nations busied with the deep concerns of life. Some were jostling through the crowded streets of cities with anxious, care-worn countenances; others tilled the ground, and smiled on promised harvests. Here a group danced responsive to the flute and tamborine; there one gathered and wept around a newly heaped mound. A lordling gazed with delight only half sated over his broad patrimony; a toil-worn beggar lay dying beside his hedge. A

wounded deer, that had only cropt the verdure that God gave it, was chased by a pampered hound. Armies were marching; before them women and children fled with terror; after them bones whitened upon the seamed and scarred fields.

I wondered at the scene; but onward, quicker than the impulses of thought, I darted, and vast worlds strangely peopled and full of wonders rolled backward from my flight. I observed with awed surprise that as I shot forward the scenes of the earth seemed to roll backward. Behold a mystery. Out of the sea rose a wrecked ship. The waves arose and dashed against its crushed timbers, and at each blow they became more firmly united. A fierce blast swept by, and the broken masts and tattered sails sprang upward from the bottom of the sea, and, firm and uninjured, breasted the storm like a proud combatant once overthrown who rises from the earth to conquer. Meanwhile dead bodies floated upward from the abyss, and, waking to the agonies of death, grasped floating spars. Struggling, they seemed to conquer death, and floated with the violence of the storm towards the vessel, until a great wave caught them in its giant arms, and, plunging them across the trembling vessel, left them a horror-stricken crew upon the deck, while it coursed the deep like a white-maned charger toward the horizon. No one of that rescued crew sprang forward to grasp his fellow's hand; but all were horror-stricken. Presently the sea became calm, and the mariners lay upon the deck, or lazily hung from the well-braced rigging, as if a blast had never upheaved the deep.

I beheld a plain covered with the habitations of a happy people. There were palaces and great edifices adorned with curious sculpture, and interspersed among them were rural cottages, and fields, and blooming gardens. Workmen were busily employed in taking down rich sculptured masses of the purest marble, vine-clad capitals, and graceful shafts. These were wrought upon with pains-taking chisels until they had grown to great shapeless masses of rock, and were borne to their native seats and wedded to the everlasting hills. Cottages and stately edifices one by one dissolved away, and were gathered to the earth or to the forest. Over their sites herds strayed and herdsmen wandered. A more wonderful change ensued: the fields became whitened with the bones

of men and horses. Shattered arms and warlike instruments rose like silent ghosts from the earth. Beasts and fierce birds gathered upon the field, and the scattered bones torn by them moved together, and under beak and claw reunited into ghastly bodies, torn by violence and blackened and begrimed. At length vulture and hyena stealthily slunk from the death-sown field. While I gazed awe-stricken upon the horrid scene, armed men in wild confusion rushed upon the field and fought together; the dead rose up and fought with them. The confused masses congealed into great squadrons, and moved back and forth upon the field in the firm order of battle. Presently the combat ceased, and two great armies fell sternly back and left the field in its primitive state clad with untrodden verdure.

I now cast my eye along the Mississippi, and lo! the *forests*, the Indian, and the buffalo marched from the west. The doom of the white man has come! I exclaimed, and the great Manitou has listened to the cry of his red children, and comes to revenge their wrongs, and to restore to them their hunting grounds. Onward they came, overlapping rivers, and driving before them the sturdy pioneers, beneath whose sharp axes and stalwart blows forests leaped upward in defiance. Upon the hill-sides the hosts gathered, and pressed downward to the margins of the rivers. The white man with his arts and civilization vanished before the marching forests, as the red man once stole vanquished away; but now comes back in their conquering arms, though with the sorrow of a captive rather than the proud joy of a conqueror. The valley of the Ohio, Erie, Niagara, Ontario, and the St. Lawrence are conquered back to nature.

The white man has gone; his ships have stolen back across the Atlantic, and the council-fires blaze again over a continent. Southward, the Mexican and the children of the Incas display their gorgeous rites from their stately temples, and the light of their sacred fires flashes upward among the spheres.

Upward I vaulted, disdaining the lazy pace of the fierce comets that toiled after me; but my eye was fixed upon my world-home, as one gazes from the ocean towards the receding shores of his native land.

Strange alterations were wrought upon

Europe. Forests there had conquered and obliterated the outlines of states. A fierce horde gathered to the wilds and morasses that overspread Germany; from the shores of the Mediterranean and backward across the plains of Russia they wandered towards the Orient. An empire rose from the ruins of European magnificence, outshining that from which it sprang. Legions armed with helmet, shield, and javelin, and dragging in their trains great engines, strove upon its borders, and moved back and forth upon colossal viaducts that radiated from the heart of Italy. Temples obliterated the ruins of cathedrals, and the statues of the ancient gods rose from the dust and swayed the worship of millions.

There sat Vesuvius on its ancient bed by the sea-side, brandishing a scourge of forked flame above the heedless nations. The earth shuddered while *Ætna* answered back the threatening sign. At the foot of Vesuvius lay outspread a dusky robe, stretching far and wide over the land. Under that fatal pall what mysteries were entombed? No seed of the vast life extinguished beneath its ashy folds put forth an animated germ: blank annihilation was all that remained.

While I gazed, Vesuvius, seized with sudden rage, opened its fiery jaws and gnashed upon choking flames. The pall is stirred as if death had quickened beneath; it rises from the dead, and hangs solemnly in mid-air; the monster clutches it with his fierce jaws, tearing and devouring it; suddenly a thousand towers flush with the golden sunlight, and gleam radiantly where desolation just now reigned. A stream of joyous life bursts forth like a mountain torrent, and flows in animated surges through the avenues of a princely city. Robes of purple and azure float hither and thither in festive joy and pride, and chariots and horsemen and gleaming armor display the long-buried glory of Pompeii.

Still farther to the eastward lay the blighted fields of Greece, encumbered with tottering ruins. Shapeless mounds rose in the valleys and on the hill-sides, covered by matted vines and moss that feeds on the death-damp of hoary decay, from which fragments of finely wrought marble jutted forth and stood above the grave of Grecian art.

As I receded upward, cleaving the pathways of great suns, I beheld the sites of a

thousand temples, and lo! the earth that lay upon them teemed with an unnatural life. Columns rose out of the dust and stood together in clusters, like groves of palm trees laid bare by frosts and tempests. These budded and grew, and put forth flowers and leaves that interwove and bent gracefully down. Sculptured entablatures spread their white wings and brooded above these strange children of the dust, so lightly upborne that they seemed to float in the air. The rugged face of nature, instinct with the great spirit of art, grew into the harmony and order of thought; forms of beauty, full of language, unfolded every where, with no other forming hand or informing spirit than that which wrought invisibly in the shadows of the landscape. The plains and valleys and sloping hill-sides glowed with thoughts of rural beauty. Terraced gardens, where the long-prisoned mountain stream leaped into the bright sunshine and trickled away, mimicking the flashes of the sportive playfellows of its bosom, that shone like flakes of silver and gold, looked out upon far-reaching prospects and sunny vistas, where lights and shadows mingled in intricate mazes.

Athens, the mighty intellect of Greece, rose sublime beyond the height of historic glory, wrought out by the same magic instinct of life, and there stood sweeping in a majestic train down from the summit of the Acropolis, and grasping the sea with a white arm outstretched to the Piræus. All forms of beauty that have floated through the imaginations of men, were grouped among her palaces and temples, like spell-bound dream-shapes.

I gazed with rapture on the scene. Just then an old man, standing at the foot of a statue of Mars, held a concourse of all conditions of the people of Athens in breathless silence; eloquence poured from his full eye, his broad and dark brow, and his impassioned and rapid gestures. Presently he ceased speaking, and the concourse dispersed, each one stealing away silent and confused, as if guilty of his country's dishonor.

I would have checked my upward course to have lingered upon those scenes, but a resistless impulse caught me up to where a star that I had watched, faintly flickering as if ready to dissolve into star-dust, blazed like a tropical sun. And now I saw the temples, the palaces, the theatres, and the statues of Greece falling prostrate to the

earth, and their fragments borne away and hid among the hills.

Egypt rose from her catacombs, and the dusky prisoners of the sarcophagus walked forth, and busily overturned temples, pyramids, and obelisks, obliterating the strange characters that once concealed a history, but now a prophecy.

My eyes wandered still eastward with the flight of man, and I beheld dead Asia awake. Men of great stature, armed with weapons of subtle temper, rose from her soil, as if it had been sown with dragon's teeth. They contended together upon the plains, and chased the beasts of the forest upon milk-white chargers, more implacable and fierce than their prey. Foul deeds were done in the name of valor, deeds that offend the sight of Heaven, so that their very record should be torn by the teeth of time.

My blood thrilled with dread at the sight, even in the midst of the ethereal element that sparkled with electric fire, and shot delight through my invigorated substance. I looked upon the great oceans to avoid these bewildering scenes, and lo! they rose from their ancient beds, and called to each other in fury across the sinking continents. Down into the abyss went Alps and Himalaya, Ætna and Vesuvius, struggling with fiery rage against the huge destruction. From the ice mountains of the north to the ice mountains of the south, one vast ocean rolled over the lost continents.

Upward still I shot so swiftly that thought could scarcely soar to the remotest orb ere it whirled headlong below. A more bewildering change fell upon the earth; darkness shaken from clouds, and tempest like the shadow of the fallen angel's wing, overspread ocean and continent like a pall fringed with silver light reflected from the polar snows.

A single spot appeared amidst the general gloom, radiant with light. There, in the midst of foliage that seemed squandered from the wealth of heaven, two beings of godlike aspect gazed upward in adoration, reflecting from their shining forms the purest light shot from the spheres.

Then darkness void and fearful fell upon the scene, and closed the awful record.

I shudder when I recall the visions of that night; but all that I saw and heard in that wild flight has not been told. I now felt myself borne up and down, back and forth through the spheres, now stooping almost to the atmospheric gulf that encircles the earth, now touching the ethereal horizon, now whirling in swift circles through the orbs. Every where in space where thought could go, there was I gazing always upon the mysteries of the earth's history. An awful vision was before me, all men who have lived upon the earth I saw; and in every action, whether of good or evil, stood confessed, living eternally in their actions. The spheres that shot their light upon the earth were their eternal witnesses. In infancy, youth, old age, and death, there they were. I gazed in horror, when a voice sounded through the spheres, and uttered these words in awful tones: "Time is no more! Judgment is at hand!"

I sprang from the table upon which I had slept, and trembled with awe. The old clock was just giving the last stroke for midnight. As I crept hastily to my bed, I exclaimed, "I have found the clue:—Motion is the key that unlocks eternity, and links spirit with matter, reason with understanding." Surely the Egyptian philosopher discovered this clue, for he has *represented eternity by the form of a winged sphere.*"

A SEARCH AFTER "DEMOCRATIC" PRINCIPLES.

A SEARCH after the principles of the Locofoco party is one of those curious investigations in which the result attained is very far from being commensurate with the labor exerted. Such a search may be aptly styled a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, and is only to be undertaken at any time from a sense of its occasional necessity. It is a difficult, a tedious, and an unprofitable research: difficult because of the thousand obstacles which a constantly shifting policy without principle places in your way; tedious by reason of the circuitous paths which you are obliged to take; and unprofitable from the scarcity of positive facts at which you at last arrive. Never in the history of the United States has any party, or any faction offshooting from a party, been so utterly destitute of distinctive principles as the modern Locofoco party. We make no mention of what Locofocoism was, ten or even five years ago; we are not speaking of antiquated reminiscences, but of present facts; we want no recurrences to the past of any sort whatever; but when we call upon Locofocoism to show its hand, to tell us what it will do in the event of obtaining absolute power, what are its designs, what, in fine, are the objects for the possession of which it makes such a continual and unappeasable uproar, we either receive no answer, or the reply is made up of a round of negatives which show not only a lack of principle, but a total aversion to any sort of principle whatsoever.

Democracy is a great and a significant word. At the present time there is no other political word under heaven so full of meaning, and so strong in attractive power. The idea which it suggests has been the soul of every free sentiment and of every exalted action in every nation of which we are told by history. It is the essence of all Republicanism, of all liberty of word and action, of all civil and religious toleration, of all reform and progress; and it is for this very reason that it is constantly liable to abuse and perversion. No term can be more easily beggared, or worn, or shaped to suit the

ends of designing treachery. But the worst use to which it can be put, is to apply it to one party of a nation, in which both parties are so essentially republican as those of the United States. It implies a distinction in precisely the only quarter where no distinction exists. It arms the stranger against political discussion the moment he sets foot on our shores. In *his* country the Democrat, the Republican, was a man who hated royalty and the thousand appendages of monarchic institutions with a bitterness intense and just. His democracy marked him out as an object of suspicion to despotic rulers, and often called upon him to testify to his faith in its sublime principles by the extremest sufferings of the martyr. To be the opponent of democracy, therefore, was to be the friend of despots, a cringer, or an executioner. Possessing only this knowledge, he asks no questions as to the differences between the parties of the country on whose shores he disembarks from the emigrant ship; it is enough for him that one of them is called "Democratic," and that it has an opponent. There is no change in his political feelings; there are few acquisitions to his political ideas; he is with the "Democratic" party, and he is safe; and the hatred which in the old world he felt with so much justice towards a tyrannical royalty and a servile nobility is transferred, with at first slight modification, to the opponents of his party, of whose principles he knows, and has sought to know, nothing.

Of all the rank and enduring mischiefs to which our nation is liable, this is very far from being the least. It is a bar against discussion, it is an utter extinguisher upon the inquisitive faculties of all those who from education or foreign disabilities have not become intimate with the political issues between which the nation is divided. Had the Genius of national bigotry been pushed to devise a party name that should realize the intensest phase of intolerance by at once excluding all others, that should forestall argument, array old and inveterate prejudices, and effectually delude the entire mass

of the ignorant and simple, he could hardly have originated a more suitable term than this same appellation of "Democracy." Itself, in the abstract, the highest expression of political freedom, broad and universal as the spirit of liberty itself, it becomes, when dwarfed to a party title, an unmeaning and deceptive name; a blind to all corruptions which bad men may choose to practise beneath its shelter; a cover to all follies, weaknesses, vices, intolerances, and false principles; and hardly less dangerous to the rectitude of the party by which it is assumed than to the success of the party against which it is perverted.

There is no exclusiveness in American Democratic sentiment, and no party or faction can with even the remotest show of justice assume its patent, or deny others an equal share in its title. A Democracy can only be a party in opposition to monarchists, or to monarchs themselves; and if we will but look at things as they are, we shall see that to apply the title of Democrat to one man, while we deny it to another equally liberal in his views as regards government, is simply an act of absurdity which we tolerate only because it is difficult to shake off a custom which time has rendered almost inveterate, and to whose evils we are not yet fully awake.

We have had enough of Buncombe, of gasconade, of roaring, bloated fustian, about progress! progress! progress! We have had the word dinned in our ears till we are sick and tired, not of hearing it, but of hearing it tortured, and misapplied, and used merely as the vehicle for every sort of dirty and hectoring ambition. What does it all amount to, this party claim to an exclusive love of freedom, of moving onward, of sympathy for the oppressed? What, in the name of truth, are we to think of the sincerity of such boisterous pretensions, so ill supported and so rarely proved? In a free nation like our own, whose every breath is an expansion, whose area goes on, and always will go on, widening, radiating its blessings and influences of every sort with constantly increasing power, it is only the vilest demagogism that has the assurance to claim this spirit of progression for any one political party to the exclusion of others, and only the most unthinking or uninformed portion of our citizens who can be imposed on by such ridiculous pretensions—pretensions

which are almost below argument, and are as disgusting to the better portion of that party by which they are assumed, as they are necessary to the sustenance of that lower stratum in whose hands is reposed the various machinery of tricks, lies, and corruptions which disfigure the outskirts of American republican institutions.

These pretensions have turned the term Young America into a by-word, where it should have been, and indeed was, before this unseemly interposition—a term suggestive simply of successful action and confident hope. In Young America, year by year, is reposed the action of the nation. It is Young America that is ambitious, aspiring, and full of republican ardor. A few years hence, and the young men who are inspired by these feelings will have tempered them with the sagacity and the logic of middle age. Then the same feelings will be manifested by another generation just arisen to a knowledge of their political privileges, and urged on by an irrepressible enthusiasm to a vague crusade against social evils every where, and often clamorous against the "inefficiency" of those who are older than themselves. But out of these two generations, out of the elements of the character of each, springs the real power of the nation; and it is only in their harmonious fusion that we discover the hope and the safety of republican principles.

Whether, therefore, we are Young America, or Middle-aged America, or Old America, we are constantly looking forward to a glorious destiny, whose ultimate grandeur we cannot with our imperfect vision realize. It requires no prophetic discernment to foresee the time when republicanism shall prevail over this entire half of the western continent, whether the name of the United States shall or shall not apply to the whole of its broad surface. With our genius constantly manifesting itself in the thousand enterprises for which we are distinguished, our institutions gaining new strength with each succeeding year, and our population increasing in a ratio to which the growth of no state, historical or present, can for a moment offer a parallel, it is not in reason to expect that we shall be barred by the territorial lines by which we are now bounded, nor have we any cause to hope for such a limitation. Condemning and repudiating the unprincipled clamor for wars of conquest

which enough of our politicians can be found to utter, we believe in the gradual and inevitable extension of our territory both north and south, nor will we allow for one moment the pretensions of any party to the exclusive advocacy of such an extension. With far greater justice might one party claim to be the sole defender of State rights, of free speech, of an independent press, of religious toleration, than of that progressive and expansive destiny by which we are being borne irresistibly on to a height of glory and honor of which history has yet furnished no example.

The Locofoco party, then, can put in no claim to republican progression as a principle. Let us see if they propose any measures which, in a tangible and definite shape, may be called peculiarly their own.

One of the cardinal principles of the Whig party is protection to American industry; protection directly applied to manufactures, and acting through them in a thousand beneficial methods upon American agriculture and finance. The only opposite to this doctrine is free trade; and if one is not accepted as the true doctrine by which the policy of the nation should be ruled, the only honest course is to abide by the other. The measure of tariff duties may vary with time and circumstances; there are many varieties of manufacture which do not need protection at all; but there is no stopping place between a protective tariff and absolute free trade. If any half-way measures are agreed upon, they result in just such perplexities, disasters, and confusions as are always induced by a temporizing and irresolute policy. An opponent of free trade must be a protectionist, or he can be said to have no principles at all; and for an enemy of protective duties to be unwilling to defend free trade in all its shades and aspects, free trade in every thing which the earth produces, and between all nations of the earth, is to confess that a certain amount of protection is necessary; and when so much is yielded, there is nothing on his part left worth fighting for.

The Locofocos are precisely in this latter position. They disavow the protective theory, and they call themselves free traders; but they dare not urge that entire repeal of duties which, were their free-trade professions genuine, they would be forced to do, and without which all declamations and protes-

tations against duties are insincere and empty. Nothing would be easier for them, did they dare to do it, than to lay down as the first article of their creed the total abolition of all duties whatsoever. This measure would save a vast deal of trouble in the shape of custom-houses, collectors, revenue cutters, and warehouse detentions; it would at once favor our nation, and all others with whom we deal, with that reciprocity of interests and of good-will which we have heard so unsparingly praised as the greatest national good to which we could attain; it would free us from all vexations of sliding scales, of appraisements, and of tedious examinations; it would relieve our importers of the temptations to false oaths, which are found so difficult to resist; it would break down that fearful monopoly now said to be enjoyed by Massachusetts, (alas for our stupidity that we have not as yet been able to discover wherein the monopoly exists!) it would turn the United States into one great corn-field and cotton plantation, bringing back the old Arcadian days once more when these horrid factories with their troops of workmen had no existence, and when each father of a family trotted to mill with grain in one end of his bag and a stone in the other to preserve the balance; and would, finally, spare us all the labor of making cloth, iron, cutlery, in fact, of making any thing, or of doing any thing besides tilling the ground, and sending our products any where we could, and getting any price we could, wherewith to buy English manufactures at just such prices as the maker might choose to stipulate for. If this is not free trade, in the shape which it must assume were we now to adopt it, there is no such thing as free trade; and the sole reason why the Locofoco party do not advocate this policy in its entire length and breadth, is because they see its absurdity and its ruinousness, because they are not so blind as not to perceive that the nation would not tolerate such a policy for a single day, and that it cannot by any possibility be put into execution. In spite of themselves they are protectionists; and, not daring to carry out what they defend, not willing to defend what they see to be reasonable and necessary, their attempts to steer a middle course are only not ludicrous because they are productive of so much real mischief.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a more

anomalous position for a political party than to be constantly repudiating a policy which they profess to be anxious to carry out. Your neighbor, reader, is a Loco-foco, and has learned the various phrases of his party oracles from his newspaper. Perhaps he is an active politician, and makes speeches at the clubs. He may have addressed anti-tariff communications to the *Journal of Commerce*, and probably figures as a desperate and determined opponent of all "mill lords" and "monopolies." And yet your neighbor knows well enough that if free trade was immediately established between this nation and others, that if all duties of every nature whatever were summarily done away with, there would not in a short time remain a dozen iron furnaces in operation this side of the Rocky Mountains; he knows that three fourths of our manufactories of every sort would go by the board, and that in less than a year there would be nothing left for most of us but to turn farmers. Now, farming is a noble and manly occupation, but it is only profitable when you have a market; and where, you may ask your free-trade friend, where would be the American farmer's market should the consumers whom he now supplies become producers like himself? What good would cheap iron or cheap broadcloth do him if he could not dispose of his crops? What possible advantage, in fine, would he gain in free trade where the trade was all on one side, where there was every thing to buy and where no one would buy of him, and where all his capabilities of becoming a purchaser were limited by the convenience of a foreign nation, whose own natural selfishness, a selfishness not at all to be wondered at or blamed, would lead them to look after their own interests first, before they concerned themselves with the interests of other people.

In this matter, our good Whig reader, you need not be afraid to charge your Loco-foco neighbor with a direct want of political honesty. He is either a believer in free trade, or he is bound to think with you. If he is in earnest in his anti-tariff notions, why does he not vote down all tariffs, and so bring about what he professes to desire? Why is he an anti-tariff man in South Carolina, why does he defend a revenue tariff in New-York, and why is he a downright protectionist in Pennsylvania? Why does he not in each one of these States stand up boldly and say:

"All tariff measures are a downright and wicked denial of man's right to trade when, where, and how he pleases; a means to build up the few at the expense of the many; a scheme for the enrichment of iniquitous governments; a tax upon commodities; and an injustice which can no longer be borne; therefore they shall be at once done away with." Then why does not your neighbor vote in accordance with these sentiments? Why does he not coöperate with his political friends in this State and that State, as he coöperates with them in other matters, as for instance, when a Mexican war is to be organized, or a favorite candidate elected? Why do not Buchanan, Cass, and Walker head this organization, and silence without delay the pretensions and the illiberal demands of American manufacturers, by throwing our ports open to the indiscriminate entry of the world? Why, in the name of Rantoul and Walker, is not this ridiculous thing called a tariff laid away in its eternal rest without farther ceremony? What hinders a Loco-foco Congress from declaring free trade this very day? We have given the answer once: it will do no harm to repeat it. The Loco-foco party *dare* not enact free trade. It is not a principle with them. It is simply a catch-word and a deceit. They have no other principle in the matter than to prevent Whig protectionists from gaining that success which would follow the establishment of a thorough protective tariff; and so long as this is done, and the question kept constantly open for debate and misrepresentation, it makes no particular difference to them whether duties are relatively high or low. Their policy, as regards duties, is entirely one of negatives, and will twist in any direction where it will command the greatest amount of popular favor for the time being. When it becomes necessary to change its direction, it is always found wonderfully accommodating.

Many years ago, even before the days of bank and sub-treasury agitations, the great doctrine of internal improvements by the national government was propounded by Henry Clay, as one of the distinctive principles of the Whig party. Since that time each Presidential campaign has seen the vigorous prosecution of internal improvements put forward more and more prominently among the articles of our political creed, until we have come to feel that the

existence of our party is bound up with that important system of measures. On all the shores of our great lakes harbors are to be inclosed and deepened, breakwaters erected, and dangerous bars removed. Our rivers, now filled with dangerous obstructions, are to be cleared. Lines of water communication are to be extended, and navigation from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico is to be made speedy and safe. The benefits of such a system of operations would be incalculable. The amount of property and life saved each year would be immense, and the expense with which it would be attended would be less than would be required to carry on a war for a single year, equally costly with our war with Mexico. In fact, the most rigid economist could not find fault with that plan of internal improvement, by which, as can be satisfactorily shown, the navigation of the lakes, the Missouri, Mississippi, Ohio, and Red Rivers, not to mention smaller streams, could be freed from all difficulties, and, with the exception of storms, against which no one can guard, be made absolutely exempt from danger, within the space of a very few years, not exceeding five, and in all likelihood falling much within that number.

Whether, however, the time be long or short, such national improvements ought to rest with the General Government. The interests which they affect are neither local nor temporary, but affect the whole nation alike. Their prosecution therefore rests upon the entire nation, and is demanded no less by advantage than by duty. It is the plan of the Whig party to set apart a fixed sum to be devoted to this work year by year—a sum not as yet decided upon, but sufficiently large to conduct the desired operations with liberality and success; and yet not so great as to perceptibly increase the amount of national taxation. The benefits which would result from the expenditure of even five millions of dollars a year on certain specific routes of water communication, in which the whole nation is directly, interested would cause the expenditure itself to shrink into the most utter insignificance.

But the consideration of this measure has led us to the recognition of a "Democratic" principle—that of opposition to internal improvements at the expense and under the direction of the General Government. "The best government is that which governs least," says our Locofoco legislator, and his vote

shows that he is well satisfied with his axiom. Our "Democratic" logician has no objection to carry the blood-red flag of conquest wherever the hasty finger of popular frenzy may point. He is perfectly willing at any time to make war for the benefit of a section, and leave it to the General Government to settle the bill, no matter how long it may be, or how large its several items. But his righteous soul will not endure the infliction of a tax upon the nation for a peaceful scheme of improvement, which, in his opinion, is of very little consequence, and should be carried out by separate States, if carried out at all. His boasted "progress" is a march over a conquered territory, not the development of the wealth of what he already possesses. He thirsts to aggrandize and enlarge, and forgets to enrich.

There is, indeed, something remarkable in this opposition to the improvement of rivers and harbors, and of our inland communication generally, manifested by the Locofoco party. Not only does it place a barrier in the way of national action, but it attempts to negative the rights of States. Of this peculiar phase of hostility the recent transactions in the State of New-York with relation to the enlargement of the Erie Canal—a work by which the entire West has been pushed forward by twenty-five years; by which indeed western New-York, and northern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois may be said to have been created—afford a memorable example. It was reserved for the "Democratic" party in this State to resist this measure in all its forms, and by every method, and at last to consummate their disgrace by a sudden and affected zeal for the success of what they had all along plotted to prevent. Our Southern readers, far removed from these extraordinary scenes, and possibly distracted by conflicting accounts which long companionship could hardly hope to reconcile, may not have fully examined this local issue; but to those of us who were more directly concerned in the contest, the game played by the opposition faction presents a lasting example of the tortuousness, the illiberality, and the deceit of modern Locofocoism.

Beyond this code of opposition, the search for the principles of the "Democracy" becomes indeed hopeless and desperate. Human research into the ways and motives of men is bounded by profession and by action; but the professions and the actions of the

"Democratic" party leave us wholly in the dark. We would like nothing better than an explicit declaration of what they intend to do in case of success, either at the next election or at any other time. We put it to them after this explicit and categorical fashion: Gentlemen, what do you propose to do with us? If you are nursing the nauseous scheme of indiscriminate conquest, out with it like men, and tell us what wars you are about to undertake? If you are meditating a crusade on Cuba, Hayti, and the rest, say so without circumlocution or prevarication. If you cannot wait another year for her Britannic Majesty's Canadas, tell us as much, and we will see what can be done for you. Or if you wish simply to confine yourselves to an opposition to all positive measures whatever, to an opposition to our manufacturing interests, and a consequent indirect opposition to agricultural improvement; and if the highest activity to which you aspire is to fight against the agencies by which we would clear our rivers and set the shores of our lakes with safe retreats for shipping; tell us in plain and unmistakable terms what your intentions are, and we will give them the consideration they deserve. But, to speak candidly, gentlemen, from the entire sum of resolutions passed by the late "Democratic" State Conventions, from Maine to Texas, we have not been able to extract the recognition of a single definite principle, and this inability is shared by the nation at large. To ask the suffrages of the people, and to give no reasons for the demand—a novel proceeding this for a political party. How long do you expect to feed the nation with the east wind of empty boastfulness, and lying declamation? How long will the game of being all things to all men, "everything by turns and nothing long," satisfy the demands of sensible men for consistency and veracity? What reason, in fine, is there why you should succeed in obtaining a majority of popular suffrages; or what consolation can you have in your impending defeat?

But, perhaps, it would be unjust after all to deny the "Democracy" the possession of that principle, at whose worn-out phraseology we have hinted. Common humanity prevents us from refusing them its possession, just as it prevents us from knocking away the crutch of a cripple. "The best government is that which governs least." Poor "Democracy," to be reduced to such

a watchword as this! How low the condition, how narrowed and short-sighted the views of a party that could adopt as its creed this worn-out pretense of cunning and ambitious despotism!

In the real sense of the term, in this Republic of the United States we have no subjects, we are not governed; we are all rulers and governors, making laws for ourselves, and repealing our enactments whenever they appear unsuited to our wants. If a man is in the best condition physically when he omits his ablutions, suffers his clothes to hang in rags, and his hair to grow uncombed and uncut; or mentally, when he takes no care for the cultivation of his intellectual faculties; then a republic may be said to be prosperous when it is governed least—that is, when no principles are laid down for the regulation of its various progressive movements, when its various members are suffered to grow disproportionate, or to come into collision with each other, and when all precedents of stability are ignored, and society is left entirely to its radical impulses. But so utterly absurd are such notions, so totally destitute not only of statesmanship, but of common sense, that it is hardly worth while to give them notice. To attack them is like beating the air. There can be no argument for them, and they are not worthy to be argued against. There is no reasoning against any thing that is intrinsically ridiculous. And yet the "Democracy" wax valiant over this idea of the "least government," as if we were not our own governors, and in duty bound to take proper care of ourselves, mentally, physically, and politically.

Why, dear, deluded citizens of the Loco-foco party, you are a dozen centuries behind the times, you that are filing this old saw, and trying to make it of some value in political carpentry. The idea is monarchic, first originated under a despotism, and to a despotism it is alone applicable. The despotism that governs least *is* the best, and why? Simply, because the less we have of a bad thing the better. Here is your maxim: apply it if you can to republican institutions, see how it fits *true* Democracy. "The best despotism is that which is felt the least." Very true, but what has all this to do with republicanism? Is that the best republicanism which is manifested the least, and which has the least influence with the people? Gentlemen, the maintenance of this maxim in

this country puts you in a dilemma, and you must either hold that republicanism and monarchy are synonymous, which you will not for a moment think of doing; or you must allow that you have been talking nonsense by applying a measure to our institutions with which they have no connection whatever. Think over this, and rid yourselves of such antiquated and unseasonable follies as fast as possible.

What then will you do for a good, old stand-by of a catchword wherewith to tickle

the ears of the people? Now you are asking too much. *Cela n'est pas mon affaire.* That is not our business. We will change the metaphor, and simply advise you to take care that the next maxim you bestride shall be worthy its noble burden, and shall be able to sustain it; for if it is a strong horse that carries double, what must be the power required for that miraculous steed that shall sustain the many-headed, many-bodied monster of Locofoco "Democracy"?

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

WITHIN the last month, European affairs appear to be rapidly and surely approaching an important crisis. The extraordinary revelations so opportunely made through the agency of *The Times* newspaper demonstrate the existence of a league between Russia, Austria, and Prussia, which strongly menaces the tranquillity of Europe. These three powers protest against any assumption of absolute power on the part of Prince Louis Napoleon. They declare any such assumption to be a direct infraction of the treaty of April, 1814, by which the Emperor relinquished for his family all hereditary domination in France, and also of the treaty of 1815, by which the Bonapartes were altogether excluded. The despotic manifesto further states that they only suffered the Prince-President to attain his present position because, at the time the event took place, European affairs were so complicated and unsettled, that they did not think it prudent to interfere; that now also, on the same grounds of expediency, if he chooses to ascend the Imperial throne of France, they will perhaps look on in silence; but that if he attempts to form a new dynasty and perpetuate the Imperial dignity, they must refuse to recognize the new government, and protest in the strongest manner against so unwarrantable an usurpation. This is the spirit of the secret treaty between the new allies in the cause of despotism, and which was by some mysterious agency disclosed to the world through the columns of *The Times*. The principles contained in this document are supported generally by arguments derivable from old and worn-out systems of government, and are utterly inapplicable to the exigencies of the present age. The maxim that regal power can only be lawfully assumed when it is hereditary, or reached through the right of transmission, is simply ridiculous. English history gives it the lie, and every succeeding age will

falsify it still further. The Bourbons are not to be trusted with the governance of a nation. When they were virtuous, their virtue was simply negative; and when they were vicious, they were insupportable. As yet, Louis Napoleon appears to be the only man capable of ruling France. He began his career amid the scoffs of Europe, and now his movements are watched with an interest which indicates a full recognition of his ability and power. Some of the greatest men in France had an opportunity of playing the same game before he appeared on the boards, but they packed their cards unskillfully. Their governments fell to pieces, their plots failed, and the tide of popular opinion swept away every trace of their authority. But the Prince-President appears to possess rare qualifications for the perilous task on which he has entered. He is cautious, silent, dissembling, and unscrupulous. All his acts are his own, but the ideas germinate with others. He has large receptive powers, and seizes upon a plan or thought with eagerness, digests it in silence, and eliminates it, properly prepared, at the critical moment. He is a man of decision, and does not shrink from consequences. He also possesses a rare ability for presenting some dangerous topic before the people in a penetrating and effective point of view, but so skilfully pared of all its rough edges, that it is no easy matter for his enemies to take hold of it and expose it more conspicuously than he wishes. In fine, he is a man who thinks well before he acts, and then acts upon what he thinks. What effect the disclosure of this tripartite league which now menaces his position will have upon his conduct, it is difficult to say. The probability is that he will watch how the tide of public opinion in England turns, and be mainly guided thereby. In the event of these matters being pushed to extremities, we do not see how England can adhere to her usual princi-

ples of neutrality. The same arguments which Nicholas and his colleagues apply to Louis Napoleon's usurpation of Rome are equally applicable to her own government; and if the Bourbon dynasty is to be restored to France, may we not hope to see the race of Stuart seated on the throne of England?

ENGLAND.—The Derby Cabinet still, "like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along." The political apathy of England at present is not the least remarkable of the many singular features of the times in which we are living. We see there a weak, disjointed, and utterly incompetent ministry, patiently permitted to fill all the important offices of state, and pervert the little power they possess to riding rough-shod over the most sacred liberties of the people. We cannot conceive what extraordinary spell enchaind the energies of Englishmen while the Derby administration forced through Parliament one of the most obnoxious and oppressive measures with which the land was ever burdened. A military conscription is, of all other systems, the most hateful and ineffectual way of raising an army; and yet on the night of May 17th, in a country where liberty of the subject is ostensibly held as sacred, a bill for the raising of militia by conscription was carried through Parliament by a majority of seventeen, without its meeting with the slightest opposition outside the House.

Should it ever be attempted to be carried into execution, we foresee the worst results to England. If a man is forced into military service against his will, there is a strong probability that, in a country like Great Britain, where so little surveillance exists, he will have little scruple about transferring himself, his property and allegiance, to the protection of some other power. No one has any difficulty in getting out of England, and we have very little doubt that, if a military conscription is enforced in that country, we shall have an emigration of deserters to our shores which will seriously affect the internal prosperity of the mother country.

A general election is now at hand—an event which usually begets the most active excitement; but we do not see any very vigorous preparations on the side of the Liberals to set up their champions. A most singular and unprecedented stagnation of political energy seems at present to have settled over the English people.

France appears to be very well satisfied with the present Cabinet. The *Constitutionnel*, in an article of a very pacific nature, quotes the speech of the Earl of Derby at the Mansion House, and connecting it with the address of Louis Napoleon, to the army, deduces therefrom a conclusion that both governments are actuated by the same friendly disposition. In this instance, it is more than probable that the wish is father to the thought, as, in the event of an aggression upon France by the Northern allies, Louis Napoleon would no doubt endeavor to form an alliance with England.

Lord Campbell has delivered judgment against the London Booksellers' Association, and advocates free trade in books.

The new scheme for the reërection of the Crystal

Palace has deservedly met with the most enthusiastic support. The building itself is to be subjected to several important improvements, and greatly enlarged; the entire of the capital required, \$500,000, has been subscribed, there being applications for double the number of shares that could be issued.

The Funds still continue to hover about par, and every thing indicates a settled aspect; how long this will continue becomes a matter for grave thought, when we direct our glance towards the threatening exterior of Continental politics.

IRELAND.—The emigration from this country still continues to be the great feature, and is already producing the most material results.

The *Cork Constitution* says:—A very large number of emigrants from Ireland choose the route by Liverpool; the number sailing from that port to the United States is upwards of twenty thousand a month, or a quarter of a million of souls per annum. The great mass of these emigrants are Irish and German agricultural laborers. The emigration to Australia through English ports is also very considerable: from the depot at Birkenhead alone, the number averages 2,000 a month. Within the past fortnight, two large ships have already set sail from Birkenhead for Australia with 1,300 emigrants; and, on Saturday four first class vessels proceeded to the same place from Plymouth, with their full complement of passengers. Cork furnishes its quota to swell the number of emigrants from the English ports; the number which left the port of Cork during the past month in steamships for London, calling at Plymouth, Liverpool, Newport, and Bristol, being 3,054; and if we include the first two weeks in May, it will be 4,845. These have distributed themselves thus: seven ships for London, 1,799 passengers; twelve for Liverpool, 1,820 passengers; twelve for Newport, 755; thirteen for Bristol, 395; and one ship for Cardiff with 70 passengers. Total, 45 ships, 4,845 emigrants. It will be observed that these numbers show a steady augmentation in the number leaving this port, an increase shared by all the other ports in the kingdom. Limerick, within one week, sent out four ships with 465 passengers; and the emigration returns give a grand total of 22 ships, with 3,309 passengers direct from Limerick this spring. The arrivals at the port of New-York during 1851, were 289,601; being an increase over 1850, of 76,805. Of these, 163,256 were from Ireland. The whole emigration to the United States in 1851 is estimated at over half a million; and the emigration agents in America contemplate an augmentation for the year 1852. The result of this and other causes on trade, in checking consumption, is stated in the government return as follows:—The diminution in wheat, 187,459 qrs. per month; flour and meal, 334,815 cwt.; provisions, 20,120 cwt.; butter and cheese, 41,810 cwt.; animals, 8,222; coffee, 205,267 lbs.; sugar, 373,690 cwt.; tea, 4,245,491 lbs. The value of the foregoing in money would have been upwards of £2,500,000, which is a diminution in consumption at the rate of £30,000,000 yearly.

Notwithstanding this terrible drain on the

country, the Irish Exhibition of Manufactures progresses favorably, and promises to be much more important and imposing than was originally anticipated. No doubt the country will have fresh food for excitement in the ensuing elections, and we hope they will return more efficient representatives than they are in the habit of doing.

FRANCE.—The 10th of May has passed, and Louis Napoleon still retains the name of President. There is little doubt but that he looked forward to the fête of the Champ de Mars as a favorable epoch with which he could link the proclamation of the Empire. Menaced as he was by the Northern Alliance, he very naturally did not wish to take the initiative. He relied upon the associations connected with such an event: his name, the connection of the eagle with the Empire, the memory of his uncle, the splendor of the pageant; and expected some outburst of popular enthusiasm which should thrust greatness upon him. He waited for the army to thunder *Vive l'Empereur!* but the army was silent. Like a wise man, he deferred to this dumb indication of public sentiment. He saw that the time was not ripe for the fulfilment of his ambitious projects, and made up his mind to wait. The Empire then, is only postponed, not annihilated; and the probability is, that Louis Napoleon, when he does determine on its proclamation, will do it quietly but effectually, and without any accompanying pageantry.

The fête of the Distribution of the Eagles was one of the most magnificent which Paris ever witnessed. We quote an account from the *News of the World*.—

"The weather could not possibly have been more propitious. To a golden, cloudless sunrise, unruffled by a breath of air, succeeded a clear noon, of delightful temperature. The immense area, stretching for two thirds of a mile from the front of the Ecole Militaire to the Pont de Jena, held the sixty thousand military actors in this splendid pageant, and was surrounded by five times that number of spectators. A multitude outnumbering the population of some of the largest capitals of Europe was crammed in the stands of the amphitheatre erected for the occasion, or stood densely massed on foot on the borders of the square unobstructed by these temporary buildings."

DEPARTURE OF THE PRESIDENT.—The President set out from the Tuileries on horseback, shortly before noon. He wore the uniform of a lieutenant-general of infantry. His only decoration was that of the Legion of Honor, of which he wore the star, the broad red ribbon over his breast, and the small silver cross and medal in his button-hole. He was accompanied by his uncle, the Prince Jerome, who wore the uniform of Marshal of France, by General de St. Arnaud, Minister of War, General Magnan, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Paris, Marshals Reille, Harispe, Excelsmans, and Vaillant, with their aides-de-camp, and a numerous and brilliant staff of general officers, besides the Prince's own military household.

ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT.—The Prince reached the Pont de Jena punctually at noon. His entrance into the Champ de Mars was announced by a salute of twenty-one guns, and by acclamations

which were drowned in the peal of the artillery. First he galloped down between the lines, acknowledging, by repeatedly taking off his cocked hat, the chorus of acclamations uttered by the troops.

PRESENTATION OF THE FLAGS.—Immediately the Prince reached the platform, the ceremony of the distribution of the colors began. The colonels of the regiments stood in ranks at the foot of the platform on which the Prince was stationed. At a given signal, the first colonel on the right ascended the steps of the platform towards the Prince, followed in single file by all those of the first rank. The President, taking the colors from the hand of the Minister of War, delivered to the colonels in turn the banners of their regiments. These officers, descending in the same order, on reaching the ground formed again at the bottom of the staircase. There were 184 stand of colors, and so rapidly was this operation executed, that the distribution of the whole did not occupy more than a quarter of an hour. After the distribution of all the colors, the colonels of the regiments, at a given signal, reascended the staircase of the platform altogether, and stood upon the steps while the Prince came forward and came down to the first landing-place. He took off his hat, and held a paper in his hand, from which he read the following speech:

"Soldiers! the history of peoples is in great part the history of armies. On their successes or on their reverses depends the lot of civilization and of the country. Conquered, they are followed by invasion or anarchy; victorious, by glory and order. For this reason, nations, like armies, bear a religious veneration towards those emblems of military honor which sum up in them a whole past of struggles and of triumph. The Roman eagle, adopted by the Emperor Napoleon in the beginning of this century, was the most striking signification of the regeneration and grandeur of France. It disappeared in our misfortunes. It was destined to return when France, recovered from her defeats, mistress of herself, should seem no longer to repudiate her own glory. Soldiers! resume, then, these eagles, not as a menace against foreign countries, but as the symbols of our independence, as the souvenir of an heroic epoch, as the badge of nobility of each regiment. Resume, then, these eagles, which have so often led our sires to victory, and swear to die, if need there be, to defend them."

This speech was no sooner uttered than all the colonels extended their right arms towards the Prince, and exclaimed, "*Nous le jurons!*" "We swear it." The President walked up again to his seat, while the colonels, shouldering the standards, descended the steps together and walked together towards the altar. The Archbishop of Paris, in his rich gold-embroidered cope and mitre, descended the steps from the high altar, attended by his grand vicar and clergy, to the first landing-place on the staircase, while the colonels, with their standards, remained grouped at the foot of the steps. He then preached a discourse, the length and rhetoric of which, accompanied by animated gesticulations, contrasted strongly with the brevity and sedate gravity of the President's speech.

The Commander-in-chief then set his troops in order to file off, and the colonels of regiments re-

turned with their colors to the head of the troops and the deputation. Immediately after, the Prince mounted on horseback, followed by his staff, and the filing off commenced. It was rather more than half past one when the filing off commenced, and before three the whole manœuvre was finished. Each regiment, as it passed the Prince, cried, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" The filing off commenced with the schools Polytechnic and St. Cyr. The St. Cyr ran by at the *pas gymnastique*, and were loudly applauded. Then came the Invalides, in blue, all decorated, holding lances with tricolored flags, who made their exit by the gate leading to their fine hospital. Next followed the dark masses of the famous Chasseurs de Vincennes, at a trot, who were loudly cheered. Another sight, which drew applause, was the phalanx of deputations, crowded with colors to be taken to the regiments of the Departments. They also passed out at the Invalides gate. Twelve battalions of Chasseurs de Vincennes passed. Then the lively note of the trumpet, corresponding to the *pas gymnastique*, ceased, and the drums began to beat as the infantry marched by. The President removed his hat to the colors as the regiments passed by. At this moment a lady, holding a petition, threw herself at the feet of Louis Napoleon, who received it and handed it to his aide-de-camp. The deputations of engineers, the municipal guards, pompiers, gendarmes, and deputations of gendarmes (much applauded) passed in turn. Next came the artillery, whose complete silence produced a deep sensation. Last, the cavalry, with the Arab sheiks, the spahis, zouaves, and the new regiments of guides, in their bonnets and green coats, with orange embroidery. The whole went off without an accident. The address of Louis Napoleon to the army on distributing the colors has been placarded over all Paris.

Thus ended this great ceremony, which had no other result beyond producing a pageant of unequalled magnificence before the glitter-loving Parisians, though in the President's speech many people discover indications of a more warlike policy than would appear on a superficial observation.

The refusal of the Generals Lamoricière, Bédau, Changarnier, and Cavaignac to take the oath of fidelity, has caused much sensation throughout France. It is an event which, however, will not lead to serious consequences. Louis, in his progress to absolutism, has been hitherto so unscrupulous and unserving, that it is not likely that he will pause in his course because three or four men, most of them actuated by personal pique, and none of them by patriotism, refuse to lend him their support. The very fact of his giving their letters publicity through the columns of the government organ, is an ample proof that he does not fear them. M. Arago has also refused the oath, but out of respect to his name, his age, and his services, he has been made an exception to the ordinance.

The gigantic league which has been lately formed at the North against the Prince-President, becomes a matter for the gravest consideration, not only for the chief actors, but for the other nations that will have to play the part of lookers-on. A crisis cannot be far distant, and it will be no easy matter for professedly neutral powers to escape being involved in the whirlpool.

RUSSIA.—The absence of the Emperor and Empress is almost the only event to be chronicled. All interest in Russia centres in the Czar. He is its history; the point round which all events, social or political, continually rotate; and it would seem that with his departure the circulation stops. The eyes of all Europe, however, have followed him in his journey to Berlin. It is a movement full of importance to foreign powers, and none, probably, watch it with more intense interest than the Prince-President. The *Siccle* states that Russia has interfered in the most imperious manner between France and the Sublime Porte, relative to the holy places, and peremptorily demanded the maintenance of *status quo*, which was modified by the Lavalette Convention in some points, to the advantage of Catholics. Those who have seen the Czar during his late visit to Vienna, allude to the inroads which time has made upon his once splendid person. He has grown bald and gray, and stoops very much.

SWITZERLAND.—The usually complicated politics of this country appear to be more involved than ever. The Grand Council have passed a new and stringent law for the repression of abuses of the press. The articles of the code are of a most tyrannical nature, and equal, in every particular, the enactments of Louis Napoleon. The inhabitants of the canton of Fribourg, encouraged by the success of Berne, have opened a campaign against the radical government. The *Suisse* of Berne states that the Fribourgers are about to make a pacific demonstration, on a large scale, against the Constitution. Of 22,000 inhabitants of this canton, 18,000 refused to take the oath; and of the 4,000 who did take it, the greater part were forced to do so, to preserve their places or to escape fines. It is now proposed to get up a monster procession to the Great Council, to complain of the Constitution never having been ratified, and to explain their political views.

PRUSSIA.—The reconciliation between the young Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, of which the Czar's visit to Vienna was the harbinger, has evidently been dictated more by policy than good will. They have a common enemy to work against, one of no despicable power, and they have smothered all personal and hereditary enmity in order to crush him the more surely. The reception of Nicholas of Russia at Berlin was most enthusiastic, and indicates a strong *entente cordiale* between the two monarchs. As usual, the chief amusements consisted of playing at soldiers, and a grand review took place on the morning of the 19th May, on the Tempelhofe Feld. There were 25,000 troops on the ground; but the chief interest of the scene centred in the two monarchs and their magnificent *suite*. Nicholas played the popular with the officers of the army by addressing them as "his brave comrades;" and his short address was received with immense enthusiasm. All this is not done for nothing, and it is not at all improbable that the summer of 1852 may prove quite as convulsive as that of 1845.

THE BURMESE WAR.—The English troops appear to be in for another and dangerous Indian War.

The Governor of Rangoon has refused, in the most insulting manner, to make any apology for the alleged insult to the British flag, or to give any compensation for the losses inflicted on the British subjects who have been pillaged at Rangoon. The reply to Lord Dalhousie's missive to the Governor was sent by a common laborer, in a dirty fishing-boat. The English *Lion* has been completely aroused, and there is at present anchored in the Burmese waters the largest collection of war-steamer ever collected together for the purpose of actual warfare. Late advices have informed us that Rangoon has fallen; but the Burmese have taken advantage of the delay of the English in commencing hostilities, to fortify their coast in the most effective fashion. The entire town of Rangoon was destroyed by the inhabitants in an incredibly short space of time, and out of the materials thus obtained, three large and formidable forts were erected with singular rapidity. This determination and energy amongst people that we are accustomed to look upon as exclusive savages, teach us what results we may expect from our extraordinary expedition to Japan. We are much mistaken if this ill-advised movement does not terminate in some unexpected and sinister result.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

The proceedings in Congress during the past month have been unusually devoid of interest; and we cannot point to the debate of any important question, or the consummation of any important measure. The Homestead Bill still lingers in the Senate, although petitions for its passage by that body are coming in by dozens almost daily. Few of the items of the Deficiency Bill have been disposed of. The provision granting additional aid to the Collins Steamers by increasing their number of mail trips, and by allowing them thirty-three thousand dollars each trip, instead of the former annual compensation of two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars per annum, is among the most important which have been agreed upon.

On Tuesday, June 8th, in the Senate, Mr. Sumner of Mass. submitted the following preamble and resolutions to the consideration of that body. For the present they are laid upon the table, but will be soon and thoroughly discussed, and unless we are greatly mistaken will be passed by a large majority:

"Whereas, the inland postage on a letter for a distance within three thousand miles is three cents when paid and five cents when unpaid, while the ocean postage on a similar letter is twenty-four cents, being a burdensome tax, amounting often to a prohibition of foreign correspondence; and yet letters can be carried at less cost on sea than on land:

"And whereas, by increasing correspondence, and also by bringing into the mails mailable matter, now often clandestinely conveyed, cheap ocean postage would become self supporting:

"And whereas, cheap ocean postage would tend to quicken commerce; to promote the intercourse of families and friends separated by the ocean; to multiply the bonds of peace and good-will among

men and nations, and thus, while important to every citizen, it would become the active ally especially of the merchant, the emigrant, and the philanthropist: Therefore—

"Be it resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to open negotiations with the European powers, particularly with the governments of Great Britain and France, for the establishment of cheap ocean postage."

Another measure of immense practical utility, and which has been most unaccountably neglected, seems now to be in a fair way of being carried through. We refer to the establishment of a branch mint in California.

Under the present system of things, the losses which the miner is obliged to sustain amount to a very considerable percentage upon the bulk of his earnings, and a much larger percentage upon his profits. Having landed with his gold, we will say, in one of the Atlantic cities, he has one of two courses before him; a choice between loss of time and loss of money. He can send his gold to the Philadelphia mint, already full of orders for many months to come; or the broker will purchase it of him at a shave of from one dollar seventy-five cents to two dollars on the ounce. It is not pleasant to submit to this shave, but it is the only alternative to a tedious delay at the U. S. mint in Philadelphia; a delay to which an Eastern resident might submit, but which a Western miner for very obvious reasons is disinclined to put up with. It results that the gold is sold to the broker for less than its value, and the miner returns home a poorer man by one eighth than he would have been, had facilities of coinage been granted him at the mines, or what is the same thing, at San Francisco.

On Tuesday, June 8th, in the House, joint resolutions relative to the establishment of a branch mint in California were introduced and referred to the Committee of Ways and Means.

Mr. Marshall, of California, asked the consent of the House to allow the Committee of Ways and Means to report to the House and Senate the bill to establish a branch mint in California, which he said had been before the House from the third day of the meeting of Congress. He did not believe that one single member in this House could urge an objection against this bill. It was one of the most vital importance to that class in California which he as well as his colleague peculiarly represented. It was believed in this House and in the country that the crude material gold was worth seventeen dollars an ounce. This was not a fact. From the hand of the laborer it was turned into market at sixteen dollars per ounce, while it was worth seventeen dollars and a half at the very lowest; indeed, the average value of gold was nearly eighteen dollars an ounce. The produce being half an ounce a day, each mining laborer in California paid upon his day's labor a tax greater than the entire wages of the same class of laborers in any part of the United States. This was an outrage which they had suffered long and patiently, against which they had expostulated often and temperately; but which had resulted in the loss of twenty-one millions of dollars by that peculiar class of laborers in California since the discovery of the mines.

After some further remarks, Mr. Marshall con-

cluded by insisting on speedy action upon the bill providing for the establishment of this mint.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

We give a succinct table of the various ballotings that took place at the late "Democratic Convention."

RECAPITULATION OF THE VOTES.

The following is a recapitulation of all the ballots:—

VOTES.	Cass.	Buchanan.	Douglas.	Marcy.	Butler.	Houston.	Lane.	Dodge.	Dickinson.	Pierce.	Scattering.
1st.....	116	93	20	27	2	8	13	3	6
2d.....	118	95	23	27	1	6	13	3	1	...	1
3d.....	119	94	21	26	1	7	13	3	1	...	3
4th.....	115	89	33	25	1	7	13	3	2
5th.....	114	88	34	26	1	8	13	3	1
6th.....	114	88	34	26	1	8	13	3	1
7th.....	113	88	34	26	1	9	13	3	1
8th.....	113	88	34	26	1	9	13	3	1
9th.....	112	87	39	27	1	8	13	...	1
10th.....	111	86	40	27	1	8	14	...	1
11th.....	101	87	50	27	1	8	13	...	1
12th.....	98	88	51	27	1	9	13	...	1
13th.....	98	88	51	26	1	10	13	...	1
14th.....	99	87	51	26	1	10	13	...	1
15th.....	99	87	51	26	1	10	13	...	1
16th.....	99	87	51	26	1	10	13	...	1
17th.....	99	87	50	26	1	11	13	...	1
18th.....	96	85	56	25	1	11	13	...	1
19th.....	89	85	63	26	1	10	13	...	1
20th.....	81	92	64	26	1	10	13	...	1
21st.....	60	102	64	26	13	9	13	...	1
22d.....	43	104	77	26	15	9	13	...	1
23d.....	37	104	78	27	19	6	13	...	1
24th.....	33	103	80	26	23	9	13	...	1
25th.....	34	101	79	26	24	10	13	...	1
26th.....	33	101	80	26	24	10	13	...	1
27th.....	32	98	85	26	24	9	13	...	1
28th.....	28	96	88	26	25	11	13	...	1
29th.....	27	98	91	26	25	12	13	...	1
30th.....	33	91	92	26	20	12	13	...	1
31st.....	65	83	92	26	18	8	13	...	1
32d.....	93	74	80	26	1	6	1
33d.....	123	72	60	25	1	6	1	1	...
34th.....	130	49	53	33	1	5	...	16
35th.....	131	39	52	44	1	5	...	1	15
36th.....	122	28	43	58	1	5	...	1	30
37th.....	120	28	34	70	1	5	...	1	29
38th.....	107	28	33	84	1	5	...	1	29
39th.....	106	28	33	85	1	5	...	1	29
40th.....	107	27	33	85	1	5	...	1	29
41st.....	107	27	33	85	1	5	...	1	29
42d.....	101	27	33	91	1	5	...	1	29
43d.....	101	27	33	91	1	5	...	1	29
44th.....	101	27	33	91	1	5	...	1	29
45th.....	96	27	32	97	1	5	...	1	29
46th.....	78	28	32	98	1	5	...	1	44
47th.....	75	28	33	95	1	5	...	1	49
48th.....	72	28	33	89	1	6	...	1	55	3	...
49th.....	2	...	2	...	1	1	282

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

1st Ballot. 2d Ballot.

Wm. R. King, of Alabama.....	126	277
Gideon J. Pillow, of Tennessee..	25	..
David R. Atchison, of Missouri...	25	..
Thomas J. Rusk, of Texas.....	12	..
Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi...	2	11
Wm. O. Butler, of Kentucky.....	27	..
Robert Strange, of North Carolina-	23	..
Solomon W. Downs, of Louisiana-	30	..
John B. Weller, of California....	28	..
Howell Cobb, of Georgia.....	2	..

The Platform upon which the "Democracy" propose to stand is constructed as follows:—

Resolved, That the American Democracy place their trust in the intelligence, the patriotism, and the discriminating justice of the American people.

Resolved, That we regard this as a distinctive feature of our political creed, which we are proud to maintain before the world as the great moral element in a form of government springing from and upheld by the popular will; and we contrast it with the creed and practice of Federalism, under whatever name or form, which seeks to palsify the will of the constituent, and which conceives no imposture too monstrous for the popular credulity.

Resolved, therefore, That, entertaining these views, the Democratic party of this Union, through their delegates assembled in a general convention of the States, coming together in a spirit of concord, of devotion to the doctrines and faith of a free representative government, and appealing to their fellow-citizens for the rectitude of their intentions, renew and reassert, before the American people, the declarations of principles avowed by them when, on former occasions, in general convention, they presented their candidates for the popular suffrage:

1. That the Federal Government, as one of limited powers, derived solely from the Constitution and the grants of power made therein, ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the Government; and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers.

2. That the Constitution does not confer upon the General Government the power to commence and carry on a general system of internal improvements.

3. That the Constitution does not confer authority upon the Federal Government, directly or indirectly, to assume the debts of the several States contracted for local internal improvements, or other State purposes; nor would such assumption be just and expedient.

4. That justice and sound policy forbid the Federal Government to foster one branch of industry to the detriment of any other, or to cherish the interests of one portion to the injury of another portion of our common country; that every citizen and every section of the country has a right to demand and insist upon an equality of rights and privileges, and to complete and ample protection of persons and property from domestic violence or foreign aggression.

5. That it is the duty of every branch of the

Government to enforce and practise the most rigid economy in conducting our public affairs, and that no more revenue ought to be raised than is required to defray the necessary expenses of the Government, and for the gradual but certain extinction of the public debt.

6. That Congress has no power to charter a national bank; that we believe such an institution one of deadly hostility to the best interests of the country, dangerous to our republican institutions and the liberties of the people, and calculated to place the business of the country within the control of a concentrated money power, and above the laws and the will of the people; and that the results of Democratic legislation, in this and all other financial measures upon which issues have been made between the two political parties of the country, have demonstrated to candid and practical men of all parties their soundness, safety, and utility in all business pursuits.

7. That the separation of the moneys of the Government from banking institutions is indispensable for the safety of the funds of the Government and the rights of the people.

8. That the liberal principles embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, and sanctioned in the Constitution, which make ours the land of liberty and the asylum of the oppressed of every nation, have ever been cardinal principles in the Democratic faith; and every attempt to abridge the present privilege of becoming citizens and the owners of soil among us ought to be resisted with the same spirit which swept the alien and sedition laws from our statute-books.

9. That Congress has no power under the Constitution to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that such States are the sole and proper judges of every thing appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts of the abolitionists or others made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions.

Resolved, That the foregoing proposition covers and was intended to embrace the whole subject of slavery agitation in Congress; and therefore the Democratic party of the Union, standing upon this national platform, will abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the Compromise measures, settled by the last Congress—the act for the reclaiming of fugitives from service or labor included, which act, being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency.

Resolved, That the Democratic party will resist

all attempts at renewing in Congress or out of it the agitation of the slavery question, under whatever shape or color the attempt may be made.

Resolved, That the proceeds of the public lands ought to be sacredly applied to the national objects specified in the Constitution; and that we are opposed to any law for the distribution of such proceeds among the States, as alike inexpedient in policy and repugnant to the Constitution.

Resolved, That we are decidedly opposed to taking from the President the qualified veto power, by which he is enabled, under restrictions and responsibilities amply sufficient to guard the public interest, to suspend the passage of a bill whose merits cannot secure the approval of two thirds of the Senate and House of Representatives until the judgment of the people can be obtained thereon, and which has saved the American people from the corrupt and tyrannical domination of the Bank of the United States, and from a corrupting system of general internal improvements.

Resolved, That the Democratic party will faithfully abide by and uphold the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798, and in the report of Mr. Madison to the Virginia Legislature in 1799; that it adopts those principles as constituting one of the main foundations of its political creed, and is resolved to carry them out in their obvious meaning and import.

Resolved, That the war with Mexico, upon all the principles of patriotism and the laws of nations, was a just and necessary war on our part, in which every American citizen should have shown himself on the side of his country, and neither morally nor physically, by word or deed, have given aid and comfort to the enemy.

Resolved, That we rejoice at the restoration of friendly relations with our sister republic of Mexico, and earnestly desire for her all the blessings and prosperity which we enjoy under republican institutions; and we congratulate the American people upon the results of that war, which have so manifestly justified the policy and conduct of the Democratic party, and insured to the United States "indemnity for the past and security for the future."

Resolved, That, in view of the condition of popular institutions in the old world, a high and sacred duty is devolved with increased responsibility upon the Democratic party of this country, as the party of the people, to uphold and maintain the rights of every State, and thereby the Union of the States, and to sustain and advance among us constitutional liberty by continuing to resist all monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and by a vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution which are broad enough and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it is, and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacities of this great and progressive people.

We shall have something to say on these resolutions in a coming number

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MUSIC.

Music, Retrospective and Prospective.

A nation must have its amusements. Bind men as you may, the restless longings of their hearts will periodically burst forth in free and elastic expression of some sort; and happy is that people, therefore, which counts among its wise men those who prudently provide for its wants in this respect. Large cities, in particular, need all the restraining influences which religion and art can bring to bear upon them, that their floating thousands, educated in comparative idleness, may not directly barter with crime.

It is well if, from some eminence, we can number the spires and towers of Christian churches by the hundred, and feel a glow of heavenly joy that our lines have been cast in such pleasant places. Almost as satisfactorily do we observe the solid fronts of the seats of learning. Libraries and benevolent institutions nearly fill out the picture of architectural repose which a Christian city should present. But stop! Where shall the "poor rich" and the "rich poor" meet in sweet sympathy, and, for a time at least, forget all social inequalities? Pardon us, Christian philanthropist, if we claim that the representation-place of art should have, in these latter days,

"A local habitation and a name."

In Europe, letters have their universities, painting and statuary their academies, and music its conservatories; and all are nursed and protected by Government, which thereby is more than repaid in the increased intelligence and refinement of the people. Here, learning is more generally diffused, thanks to our venerable forefathers and legislators. Painting and statuary are acquiring honorable distinction among us; but where sits music?

It may be instructive to look back, and carefully observe that, while church music has held on its way with but few radical changes in two centuries, the Oratorio, that grand religious drama, which stands midway between the church and the world, maintains, as yet, but feeble hold upon our people. A hundred years ago, Handel, by the single force of his genius alone, established it in England, where, amongst the religious working men, and to a great extent amongst the sedate and wealthy classes, it has ever since been well studied and represented. It is, indeed, the highest, truest, best exhibition music at present known.

No intelligent Englishman or American should doubt for a moment that the Samson and Messiah of Handel are more direct and telling upon the common mind, as works of art, than are the "Samson Agonistes" and "Paradise Lost and Regained" of Milton, since the latter are obscured, except to the scholar, by mythological alloy. What is needed

in order to a due participation in and enjoyment of these glorious works, is simply this: that the study of music in schools should be looked upon by large-hearted and beneficent men as one branch of an education. In view of this, let all teachers be required to teach music in the same way that they teach any other branch. Of course, the higher the institution of learning, the higher must be the qualifications of its musical doctor, and so the musical acquirements of the pupils would be correspondingly thorough. In this way would soon appear a generation of music-loving, music-practising people, ready to examine and hear the compositions of the best masters; and following in due order, conservatories for the education of the exclusively musical student would, in time, be organized. Germany has been thus blessed ever since Luther, three hundred years ago, established music in her schools as one branch of a Christian education. Boston, in our own country, has thus far set a most excellent example. The Handel and Haydn Society, formed there nearly forty years ago, still continues to meet and make itself familiar with the best thoughts of those mighty musical men of the past, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn. Other societies have sprung up around it, but they do not seriously interfere with the older society, nor with each other, by reason of the existence of a large population, the majority of whom are singers, and there is room for all. This general musical ability among all classes is the direct and natural result of a state provision for teaching music in the schools, which has been in operation there for twenty years. So the Bostonians, in consequence, are a singularly united and homogeneous race of singers; and the success which has attended the advancement of the art in that favored city, is in great part due to the early, indefatigable labors of Mr. LOWELL MASON.

In the meantime, the oratorio in New-York has passed through a stormy and almost fatal ordeal. The Handel and Haydn Society, formed here contemporarily or thereabouts with its sister society in Boston, was divided soon after into three distinct societies—the Handel and Haydn, the Amateur Fund, and the New-York Sacred Music Societies. The two former, after struggling for eight or ten years, sank into hopeless decline. The New-York Sacred Music Society continued for twenty years to present, in a worthy manner, the grand oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, Neukomm, Spohr, and Mendelssohn, and during that time it paid its own way. Disaffection sprang up among its members about six or eight years since; bad management ensued; it became heavily involved; its charter from the State has since expired, and the Society itself is now no more. Upon its ruins arose the American Musical Institute, which held together about four years; and two years since

was formed the Harmonic Society, which, after the sore discomfiture it received in the refusal of Jenny Lind to sing in oratorio in connection with it, is this moment panting for a beggarly existence, while the new Cantata, the Waldenses, by Mr. ASAHEL ABBOTT, now in rehearsal, will with difficulty be able to guarantee it. We hope for its continuance, both for the credit of our city, and for the sake of the new American composition it has in hand.

At first view, we might suppose that New-York is, at heart, indifferent to the highest forms of vocal musical art. But this appearance can, we believe, be accounted for to a degree. Foremost in causes of this neglect is the want of a proper knowledge of these severe and lofty compositions amongst musicians themselves—an ignorance partially accounted for in the fact of the music making no appeal to the fashionable world, and therefore not paying well. It is certain that musical men would not long remain unskilled in this class of music, if it but paid its way even. Then the cosmopolitan character of our society generates cliques innumerable, each of which fancies itself a standard of opinion; making unanimity of feeling and action an utter impossibility in the premises. The establishment of schools such as have been named, which would mould the children of this many-minded parent into one common and sympathetic whole, and give them the opportunity to study the best masters, as the art "grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength," is the evident remedy for this evil. Last, and perhaps not least, of depressing causes, is the remnant, not yet destroyed, of that old religious prejudice which still looks at every thing dramatic as in some sort a lie. This is that dogmatic blindness which rejects the parables of Christ, because, forsooth, they were the offspring of his own imagination, but had no foundation in strict fact. Cannot a truth be represented, *acted*, as well as *said*? No remedy but that of a more charitable and enlarged Christian feeling will ever discipline this obstinacy into decent subjection. But time works wondrous changes, and we do not despair.

Meanwhile, instrumental music has shared a better fate among us. Pianos as "thick as peas" have made their appearance, and military bands innumerable have sprung up, until, as a climax to all previous efforts, Dodworth's incomparable cornet company stands confessedly the most excellent, at once the pride and the indispensable accessory of our military and civic *fêtes*. Of societies for the rehearsal and public performance of the instrumental works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and later composers, the *Euterpean* is the oldest, and socially the best. Half a century has elapsed since its formation, and still it continues its regular rehearsals of classic music, giving yearly its public concert and social *réunion*. It has sustained great loss within three or four years, in the death of some of its oldest and most active members; but no faltering has shown itself among those who are at heart its friends, and we wish it new and better success in coming years. The *Philharmonic*, established about ten years since, has a large number of performing, non-performing, and associate members. The majority of its performing

members are Germans; a fact which has its influence in attracting to their rehearsals and concerts the most wealthy and musical German families, and such other Americans as associate with these latter, or are musically governed by them. The Philharmonic Society's performances are of a high order, and give unqualified satisfaction to their patrons, notwithstanding the exclusive and unrepudiated character of the Society's *régime*.

Of all kinds of exhibition music, the opera has the strongest hold upon the regard of our people. Seeing this, we are inclined to look briefly into its short history in New-York. How well remembered by thousands is that old Garcia company! What a sudden glistening of the eye have we beheld in a lady, softly, musically speaking of "the Signorina," afterwards Mlle Malbran! True it is, that upon the minds of those most spiritual and musical, Malbran always left the impression of her angelic nature, rather than a musical impression solely; so that the good people of Gotham, in their first taste of the Italian Opera, enjoyed the delicious tones of a scarcely less than divine interpreter. What wonder if we are now particular and hard to please! Contemporary with the Garcias, and later, appeared various English troupes. The English opera, or rather, the Italian, French, and German opera, "translated and adapted," was, for a time, highly successful. In those days came pretty Mrs. Austin, Miss Hughes, and Mrs. Wood, with Charley Horn, of Magic Flute, "Deep, deep sea," and "Rosalie" memory. Sinclair (father of Mrs. Forrest) too, how very Scotchly he was in singing "Hey! the bonnie breest-knot;" and little Jones, so long primo tenore of the old Park, how charmingly he sang "My sister dear" in Masaniello. And what a figure was Peter Richings in the market-scene of the same opera! And Placide, and Barnes—and—but stop! too faithful memory! As thus we glide into the past, and look upon the forms and hear the voices of "twenty years ago," involuntarily will steal upon our ear that tender strain from La Sonnambula, heard at a not much later period—

"As I view those scenes so charming,
With fond remembrance my heart is warming.
Oh! my breast is filled with pain,
While those days ne'er come again."

Following these came that talented Richmond Hill company, Pedrotti, Maroncelli, Montresor, Fornasari, etc., including our present resident musicians, Rapetti and Baglioli. They were successful, and gave some of Bellini's operas in excellent style. Two or three years later sang Fanti, Ravaglia, and Fabj, etc., in the National, corner of Leonard and Church streets, under rather unfavorable auspices. John Wilson, Miss Shirreff and Seguin next took the operatic field, and a right merry and profitable harvest had they of it, in W. M. Rooke's "Amilie," the most unique and chaste of modern English operas. It only remains to mention the opera at Palmo's, in Chambers street, that of Astor Place, and the Havana company. Borghese, Pico, Antonigni, and Valtellina; Barili-Thorne, Benedetti, and Benevenuto; Tedesco and Perelli; Truffi, Steffanone,

Bosio, and Parodi, with Salvi, Lorini, Vietti, Badiali and Marini, are yet fresh in the memory of opera-goers; in fact, most of them are still in this country. Thus, in the short period of twenty-five years, the opera has been fairly lodged in the affections of almost all classes of our people.

It may not be amiss to notice that the unfortunate managers of opera in America, from Simpson to Maretzek, have, most of them, retired from the operatic field bankrupts. Let it be understood, therefore, by the projectors of the new "ACADEMY OF MUSIC," (a misnomer, by the way,) that all efforts for the permanent establishment of the opera among us, which do not thoroughly recognize an equalized and republican condition of the people on the one hand, or which are not fortified, on the other hand, by the possession of an *impresario* who is at once an irreproachable financier, and a lawgiver and a law-enforcer to his troupe, will ultimately prove abortive. We know of but one man who approaches the standard of these requisitions, and that man is WILLIAM NIBLO. Twenty-five years ago, his keen eye perceived the curious union of religious conscience and love of humor and song in the American character, and with due deliberation he commenced catering for its wants. The common voice of the public, and, more particularly, the prompt fulfilment of his pecuniary engagements with artists, amply testify to his success. Then he is a reformer, in his way. He has banished those old abominations, the groggery and third tier, and has kept, and still keeps, a watchful eye upon the *morale* of his exhibitions. The age demands this; for in this country of the "largest liberty," your singer or your actor, filled with excess of freedom, knows not, at all times, what is due to modesty and strict propriety. Honest and religious men of families, therefore, will not be slow in appreciating that sort of merit in a manager which obliges his troupe to conform to his wishes, and so, very naturally, to those of the people, in these respects. And thus, as we dwell upon the prestige of success which attends our friend Niblo in the management of his beautiful Art-Temple, may we not expect to witness triumphs in the future, which shall equal, if not excel those of the past; in particular, that the honest, legitimate, musical (operatic) wants of all classes of people will receive his candid, careful attention? Already we have the promise from him of an excellent French operatic company from New Orleans, soon to appear. This is opportune for the summer months, and the enterprise has every prospect of success.

BOOKS.

Isa: A Pilgrimage. By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

"'Tis but a dream!
It is a thought."

New-York: Redfield, Clinton Hall. 1852.

Somebody has remarked, and very truthfully too, that this is an age of skepticism. There is a disposition in the world to mistrust all old faiths and creeds, to disregard the old landmarks in almost every thing, and to mark out new paths

through untravelled wildernesses. These innovations are attempted alike in material and spiritual things. But, amid the Babel of creeds and beliefs that has been evolved, is there one that in any measure does or can compensate for those so perseveringly sought to be overturned? Can the new fill and take the place of the old in the human mind?

Isa is the embodiment of these questions. Her talent, her beauty and genius, are swallowed up in the great problem: Can the New compensate for the Old?

Her intellectuality is of that order which sacrifices love, affection, happiness—nay, every thing but will, to the one idea of, not reform, but progress; and this progress is in a path not toward light, but toward a deceptive darkness, which she mistakes for light. In her self-deception, for such it is, she concludes there is no God but human will, and, as that is God, it must be infinite. She invests her own soul with some of the attributes of divinity, and, in her health and strength, fails to see the falsity of such investiture; but when, in weakness of body, and a rapid approach to dissolution, she still fails to perceive it, and persists in her infatuation, we are utterly lost in surprise. Human weakness, which seldom fails to abase the proud and humble the lofty, fails utterly to affect her. Even death, that stern foe to human pride and self-will, does not possess the power to awaken in her spirit that humility which every human being must feel.

Isa was a woman. We see this in her love for Wearre Duganne, imperfectly developed as it was, and in her affection for his mother; in the power of her affections at her first two partings from Wearre, when the woman triumphed over the will. She loved as a woman loves; but she strove against that love as woman never strives when the object is worthy. She deemed it beneath her to love; and yet, when Alanthus Stuart could woo her to what the world calls dishonor, her will was merged in his will, and she fell. But to the last she was unconscious of her fall; to the last, she maintained the superiority of will; to the last, her soul clung to the soul of him who had ruined her, both in the estimation of the world and of Heaven, with an intensity of devotion, not love, not affection, which centred the more strongly on him, because she willed that she would love no other. We here see the necessity of love, the inevitable necessity of loving, to every human being, the strongest in mental power, as well as those who are weaker.

With the character of Gansevoort Norton we can have little to do. His is by far the most truthfully drawn of the prominent ones in the book, except, perhaps, that of Wearre Duganne. Norton, talented as he was, gifted as he was, and with all those powers of fascination so unsparingly exercised, is but a type of the unlawfulness in passion that exists more or less every where, and far more generally than is suspected. We would not make humanity worse than it is; but this illicit passion, although it may, as it ever should, be voiceless and unexpressed, is far more general in the world than is often thought, or even cared. An antidote to the poison in this character of Norton, may be found in Mary Irving's cool and virtuous repulse of his

advances. Although her marriage, and the revelation of her feelings to Isa, would deny it, she was the stronger woman. She failed at the first, but overcame at the last; while Isa overcame at first, but to fall more surely and for ever. The authoress, no doubt, intended to contrast Isa with Mary Irving, and Wearre Duganné with Gansevoort Norton. In some particulars she has succeeded; in others, how she has failed may appear to every reader. Isa's death, horrible as it was, as it should have been, after such a life, and such principles put into such practice, was not yet horrible to her. Mary's death was calm and peaceful; Isa's was also calm; but whitherward did the portal of death unclothe the way? To one it led to her reward; to the other, did it not likewise?

Amid all the trumpany about "Woman's Rights" and the reorganization of society on a superior marital basis, we can hardly discern what the authoress would teach us. Whether it were better for us to "dissolve the marriage contract," to repudiate all connections but those founded on desire, (there is no other word,) or whether it were better that we should continue to "marry, and be given in marriage," is left almost wholly in the dark. Almost, but not quite; yet it is only by a circuitous route we arrive at the conclusion that she would have the marriage relation sacred, modified, perhaps, by superior facilities for divorce.

It is well, perhaps, to rise as much as possible above the mortal and sensual, to be as far as in us lies freed from the bonds of the body, and as unmindful as we can be of earthly influences; but if it is well to do as did Isa, to leave the pure love of a noble, an intelligent, upright man, for the teachings of impurity, for sophistry, and the unlawful intercourse of sociality, judge ye. This was Isa's choice: a life of abandonment, yet only as to one, rather than lawful love for another. But we are getting on too fast.

She says of music:

"I love to hear the human heart breasting the waves of feeling, and leaping upon the beach of sound, saved, because it can find expression. I think that in this world of misery, none are so perfectly miserable as the voiceless; and such are the more to be pitied, if they are not conscious of their deprivation."

Such beautiful passages as this are not uncommon in this remarkable book. Isa is a genius; her soul is a struggling, eagle-like soul; yet it is not the clear sun of truth that it seeks, but a bright and dazzling meteor, flashing and brilliant, which she takes, wills to be the goal of her aspiration, and she follows, overtakes, and upon it rests her eternity.

What displeases most our ideas of propriety is, that evil-doing does not meet with its reward. We look upon one in the arms of death—one who is just now to exchange the present for the future—as about to receive their reward; but Isa, although she had sinned—and the authoress hesitates not to call it sin—dies peacefully, calmly, with the awful word "God" on her lips; she is launched smoothly, and with love, such as she had rejected and such as she had accepted, into the future. And Wearre Duganne, he whom she had deterred from his duty as a minister of the gospel, whom she

had loved, then spurned, whose cup of life she had poisoned with her bitterness, he stood beside her; and then pressing his cheek to hers, now cold in death, departed from her presence—for evermore.

Miss Chesebro' appears to entertain the fashionable idea—one very prevalent since the days of Lord Byron and Mrs. Hemans—that persons of intellect and genius must of necessity be unhappy in their domestic life. That they are sometimes so, none will or can deny; but that they are so oftener or more intensely than others of like capacities, cannot be sustained. Evidences of the most conclusive character lead us to assert, that artists of every kind, that intellectual and commanding persons, are as happy in domestic life as are others. Unhappiness does not follow greatness or brilliancy, but is caused by its own peculiar causes, which causes exist wholly separate and apart from the degree or quality of talent. Talent has nothing to do with congeniality; nothing with evenness or acerbity of temper; nothing with those thousand trifling things and incidents which go so far toward making up our every-day life. There is as much unhappiness among those who are not talented as among those who are so; although the contrary is often—always asserted.

But in view of this, she tells us that the union of Isa with Stuart, founded as it was on other considerations than that love which should ever be the base of the marriage relation, that union which was acknowledged by none save themselves, was happy and enduring. It is singular, while love, the influence to which we look for permanence and strength in this thing, fails to prove sufficient, that something else, something wholly foreign, although it was mental sympathy, should have been so successful. Would it not have been better, had the issue of this union been of that kind which we imitators and followers of example would not care to have brought home to ourselves? Would not their "experiment" have exerted a more healthful influence on public mind, on the public, and, as of course, on individual morality, and consequently, security, if the result had shown in its true, its life-light, the consequences of this, as every other violation of that domestic law which cannot be violated with impunity?

The fault of the book, in short, lies in these two things: Isa makes of her self-will, her intellectual progress, and her ambition, a threefold deity; and she unites herself to a man as his wife, yet while she is not so, and is happy in the union! We, every-day mortals as we are, must sorrow to see the bulwarks of our purity and faith levelled without so much as acknowledgment of wrong. What we prize is dear to us. What has protected us during our whole lives, what we have learned to love with every lesson we have ever taken, must not be discarded without at least some shadow of reason. Perhaps Miss Chesebro' intended to show that the course of Isa, that her choice in life, was wrong; but it is only by very roundabout and unsatisfactory reasoning that we arrive at this conclusion. That the book is beautifully and energetically written, all will allow; but of the influence which such a character and the contemplation thereof is calculated to exert, we

cannot in conscience think or speak favorably. Such influence had better remain for ever unexercised; such character for ever undeveloped.

Supernal Theology, and Life in the Spheres; deduced from alleged Spiritual Manifestations. By OWEN G. WARREN. New-York: Fowlers & Wells. 1852.

It is the custom to make fun of all such books as this; and where one is disposed to ridicule, it must be confessed they afford an excellent opportunity. Most people hold it to be an unanswerable argument against the reality of supernal manifestations that they never participated in them, which is certainly very unreasonable; for there might be such a thing as fire, even if you had never seen a spark; or ice, even if you had never seen frozen water; or rockets and pin-wheels, even if you had never smelt gunpowder: for, to speak logically, your ignorance of any thing is no proof against its existence.

For ourselves, we say candidly, we know very little about spiritual manifestations. The rappings, as far as our own observation goes, are very mysterious; and if they are nothing but a trick, they certainly have the merit of being both clever and successful.

It is, however, no relief to our skeptical impressions that the "spiritual communications" are generally of too vague a nature to be readily comprehended; and it operates as a damper upon our critical research that they are usually quite uninteresting. The present volume is less liable to objection on these points, and we will quote a passage or two, almost up to the style of Swedenborg:

ACCOUNT GIVEN BY A SPIRIT OF HIS SENSATIONS AFTER DEATH; WRITTEN OUT THROUGH THE HAND OF THE ELDER MEDIUM, AT A FEW SITTINGS, AS FOLLOWS:

"After I became conscious, I felt like a person waking from a sleep—from some unpleasant dream to a reality too beautiful and exquisite to describe. I saw below me my friends, who all seemed mourning for some one; and upon noticing particularly, I found that it was I for whom they were weeping; and I thought how strange it was that they could feel so badly about one who was so beautifully situated. I then saw around me many friends that I had lost, and was at a loss to account for my seeing them. Not till then was I conscious that I was dead—that is, what you call 'dead,' but, in reality, an opening into life, and life eternal.

"The next thing I realized was, that one spirit in particular seemed to hover around me; and when I looked at her particularly, I found that it was my sister Caroline. She was so transcendently beautiful, that at first I did not recognize her; but she soon made me conscious that it was she.

"And then there came to meet me another beautiful spirit, who was my sister Maria. She seemed to descend from some place above me, which looked as we see the sky—as you usually call it—looks to us. She seemed so happy to see me, and told me that she was in the Third Sphere.

"The space into which I was ushered was per-

fectly empty; and I was told that I could have in it what I most desired.

"First, however, I must tell you that it seemed to be a large garden, surrounded by a wall of flowers. I forgot to mention that the size of the space depends upon the length of time that the person is to stay in it. Mine was not large, as I did not stay in it only when I wished to meditate and pray; for I went to other homes to be taught.

"My teachers were persons who were appointed to teach each spirit as it enters. The first ones are called preparatory teachers. Their names are alike, but they are not brothers. They teach the same things. First, they endeavor to eradicate all false doctrines which had been inculcated during their sojourn in the world.

"You ask if they teach all persons. No, only their division—I mean that part of the Second Sphere which is given to their care. Their division is called the seventh. There are seven divisions to the sphere. Into this one persons go who are not to remain long in the Second Sphere.

"I should now like to tell you about our meetings. Every week a party of us meet together. It is a party of friends who are congenial, and who enjoy themselves as they most desire. These parties are called 'Affinity Meetings.' The numbers are generally from fifty to sixty, many times much less. If any one thinks the slightest wrong, he is not permitted to attend. That occurs very seldom. We devote our time in these parties to music, and the friendly discussion of interesting subjects from which we could be mutually instructed, and which would give food for thought. We do not meet for any specific purpose—only for our amusement.

"You ask concerning my studies. They are so numerous, it would be impossible to tell you. I will, however, give you some few of the most prominent.

"History occupies a good part of our study time.

"Geology, botany, physiology, and other sciences, from many books upon each one of them, by different authors; and then we discuss their respective merits and truths at our society meetings.

"The books upon these subjects are by authors unknown to us; but we are informed that they are transmitted to us, some from the First Celestial Sphere, and others from the sixth and seventh of our spheres.

"There are fixed laws, requiring us to study a portion of each day—say six hours; and two hours also each day to teach those in other divisions. After this, we can occupy our time as we choose, provided it be not against the laws.

"The penalty for disobedience depends, of course, upon the offense. There is a certain amount to be learned in each division, and one is obliged to remain there until he has learned it. If he neglects his studies one day without permission, he must remain just one day longer than was at first ordained."

The Elements of Geology; adapted to the Use of Schools and Colleges. By JUSTIN R. LOOMIS, Professor of Chemistry and Geology in Waterville College. With numerous illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1852.

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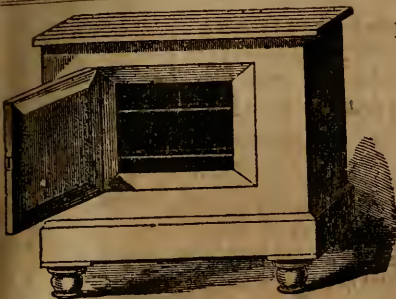
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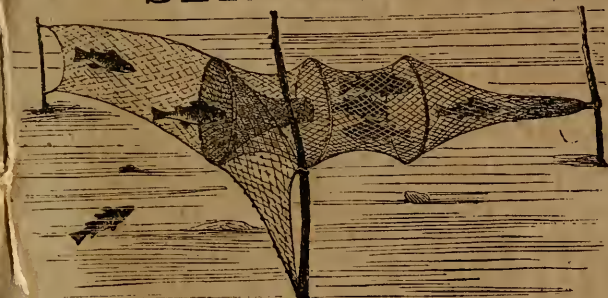
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